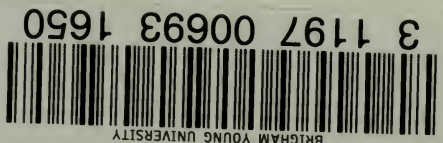


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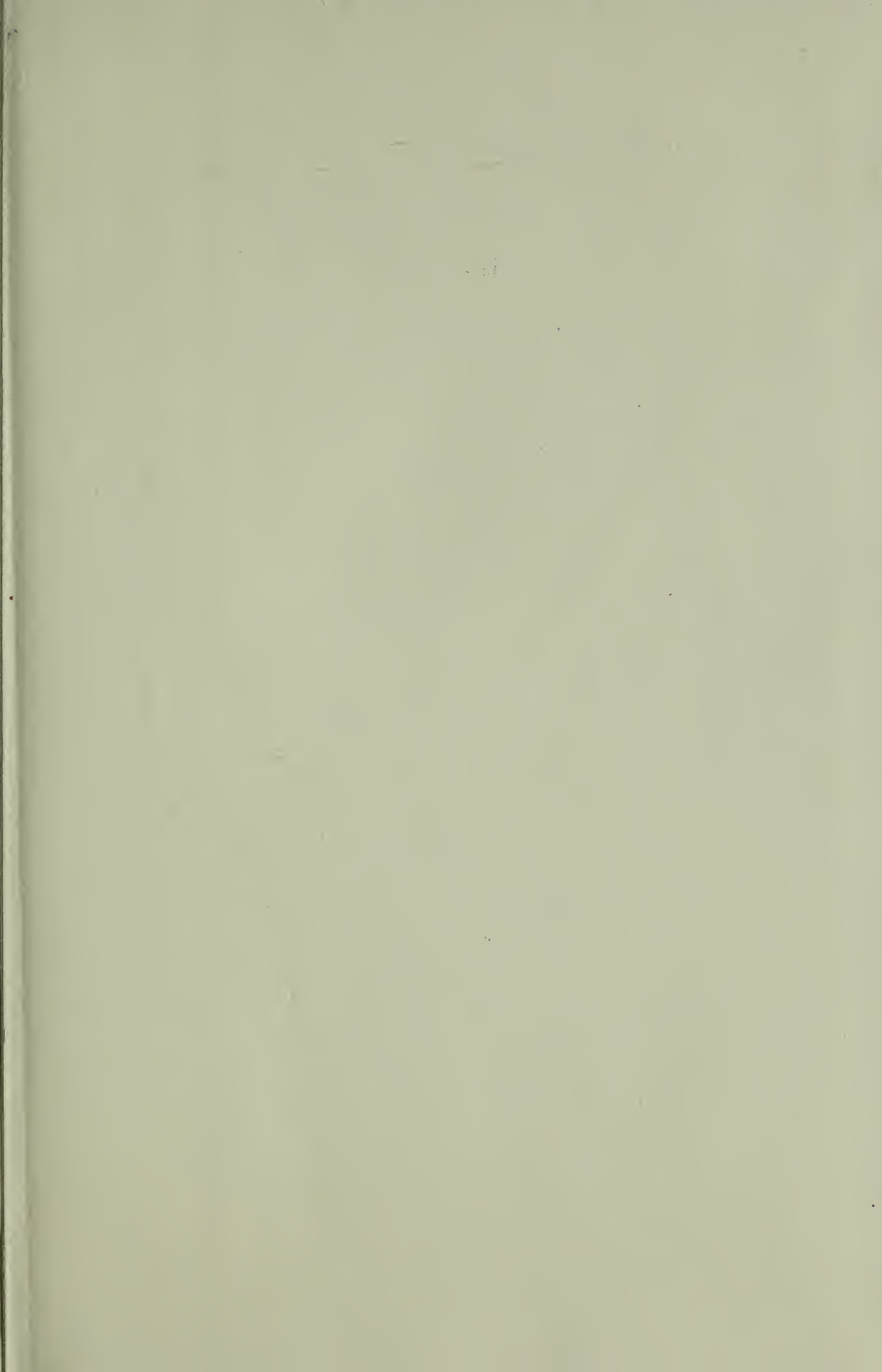
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JOSEPH HAYDN:

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ VON SEEBURG, BY THE
REV. J. M. TOOHEY, C. S. C.



J. A. LYONS:
NOTRE DAME, IND.
1884.

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To
VERY REVEREND EDWARD SORIN, C. S. C
SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF HOLY CROSS,
AND FOUNDER OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND.,
THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY ONE
WHO DURING MANY YEARS OF A LIFETIME
HAS PROFITED BY HIS INSTRUCTIONS AND EXAMPLE
AND HAS EVER FOUND HIM
A SINCERE FRIEND, A DEVOTED FATHER,
AND A
GENEROUS PATRON OF THE NOBLE ART
OF WHICH
JOSEPH HAYDN
IS SO EMINENT AN EXPONENT.

Dec. 25, 1883.

JOSEPH A. LYONS, A. M.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

Some time ago I happened to run across the life of Joseph Haydn, published by Fr. Pustet & Co., of Ratisbon. The work at once took my fancy. The chief incidents in the life of Haydn are brought out in such clear, beautiful, and attractive colors, and that life abounds in so many examples of Christian virtues, that I at once spoke to Father Hudson about it, offering to translate it for the *Ave Maria*. Accordingly I translated the work, making very few alterations in it beyond omitting a considerable part of one chapter, which did not please me quite as well as the rest.

When the last instalment of MSS. was ready, Father Hudson expressed regret that there was not more. "Why, how is that;" I remarked. "I thought you wanted it boiled down if possible." "Yes, but I did not know how good it was."

It seems that the readers of the *Ave Maria* were delighted with the work. Therefore it has been placed in the hands of Prof. Lyons, who is bringing it out in attractive book form, so that others besides the readers of the *Ave Maria* may be edified and entertained by its perusal.

Catholics are making great efforts to multiply good books, in order to counteract the debasing tendency of much of the popular literature of the day. That "Joseph Haydn" may help in the good cause is the earnest wish of the

TRANSLATOR.

JOSEPH HAYDN:

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, stands the Kapellhaus, an institution wherein boys were instructed in the principles of music. During the reign of the Empress Maria Teresa, the sceptre of authority there was wielded rather unmercifully by Reutter the Kapellmeister.

Three lads are lounging in the niche of a window in the long flagged hall, and each of them is munching a piece of dry, black bread. They are bright, intelligent-looking youths, with clear, sparkling eyes, from which their overflowing spirit of fun and mischief flashes forth. One of them, however, has a look of more than common seriousness—that short, plain-looking boy, with the pensive eye, who presses close to the wall and follows the chatter of his companions with a quiet smile.

“Reutter the Kapellmeister treats us altogether too meanly,” remarked one of the boys to the others,

in a low tone ; “it looks as if he meant to get rich by starving us. When I get out of the Kapellhaus and can have a good full meal for once, I think I shall dance on my head.”

The silent youth slowly raised his eyes. “It is very well for you to say that,” he remarked, somewhat sharply.

“And why is it easier for me than for any one else?” asked the other, quickly. “Are we not all hungry? When we recover our liberty, I think it will hardly be a sin for us to rob a bakery, we are so nearly starved.”

Haydn sadly shook his head. “When you go back to your father and mother,” he replied, “you will find a steaming kitchen and a well-filled store-room. But when I go home, want will meet me and be my companion.”

“What! are you going to despair?”

“Despair? surely not. Some have plenty, others nothing. Perhaps these latter are not so much to be pitied, after all. For my part, I do not mean to break my heart about the future. To-morrow, at least, we shall have plenty for once.”

“Ah! you are thinking of Klosterneuberg. Yes; a golden day is in store for us there. Our Empress Maria Teresa is to visit the monastery, and we young folks, who are taken everywhere to sing

like begging musicians, will for once have the pleasure of singing before her. This is one feature of our happiness; another is, that with the monks we may hope for a hearty meal, such as we have never enjoyed here; the good monks would sooner starve themselves than let a student, or even a choir-boy, go hungry from their cloister."

Haydn nodded a cheerful assent.

A tall, hard-featured man glided noiselessly along the corridor.

"Reutter!" whispered the boys.

The old man fixed his piercing glance on the three lads. "It is singular," he said, "that youngsters always have time to waste, whilst we old folks can scarcely find time enough for our work. To your spinets,* or it will be the worse for you. No one is feasted here in idleness." Thus saying, he glided off as he had come.

"Did you hear that? He talks about our being feasted here."

"Then we ought to be well filled!"

"Yes, indeed! I doubt if Columbus himself could discover a well-filled corner in us any day."

The boys separated with a titter. "Hurrah for

* The spinet was a small instrument of four octaves, whose cords were fastened to quill-points.

to-morrow and a good dinner!" they whispered, before parting.

It was still quite early in the morning when the boys were on the road to Klosterneuberg. Fresh as the dew, or as the song of the lark in the sky above them, were the songs of the joyous band. A certain feeling of freedom, the charms of surrounding nature, and the anticipations of a pleasant day, were calculated to excite in Haydn and his companions feelings of the most unbounded happiness. And yet the nearer the boys approached the grand old monastery, so much the more serious did Haydn grow. He took no part in the jokes of his companions, and was indifferent to the splendid view presented in the early beams of the sun. Sunk in thought, he let his friends run on before him, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground. His brother finally stood still to look at him.

"Joseph, what has come over you of a sudden?" he asked, sympathetically; "are you ill?"

Haydn shook his head. "There is nothing the matter with me," he answered. "All at once some sort of a gloomy foreboding crossed my mind. You know that my voice is not what it used to be, but I hope it will soon get clear again—"

He did not finish his sentence. Michael came close to him and pressed his hand. "See here,

Sepperl,"* he said, with brotherly affection, "you are the best singer of us all. Perhaps you think I say so because you are my brother and are older than I; but it is not so."

The two brothers walked along in silence, hand in hand.

The party of boys soon reached the monastery. Reutter, who had preceded them in a carriage the evening before, met them with a scowl. "You look as if you had passed through a flour-mill," he said, in his snappish way. "It will take an hour's scrubbing and brushing to make you fit to be seen. Go and make yourselves presentable."

A monk standing near Reutter smiled. "Come, boys," said he, in a friendly voice; "first of all you must get the dust out of your stomachs, which surely have suffered on the road! You can afterwards brush your jackets and cool your heads at the well."

He led them to the refectory and served a plentiful breakfast to them. Whilst the boys were enjoying the feast with such an appetite as only boys are blessed with, the monk looked on kindly and approvingly at the havoc made on the viands.

* A pet name for Joseph, formed from the second syllable, *Seph*, *Sep*, *Sepperl*.

"You seem to relish your breakfast," he remarked, with a smile.

The boys only nodded assent, for their jaws were too busy to talk; but their eyes shone with pleasure. • Young persons, especially when they have to travel the rough paths of poverty, take no account of the past or of the future. They are satisfied, perfectly satisfied, when a ray of light falls on their hearts, which meet every pure joy with quickening pulse. . It was not simply and solely because the boys sat down to an abundant table that they gave full scope to their satisfaction; no, the look in the monk's eye as he watched them fell upon their hearts like a greeting sunbeam after a long winter night. Genuine charity converts its gift into gold even when it bestows only a scrap of bread; the haughty rich man, who coldly and without a word of sympathy throws his gold to the poor, turns his gift into dross.

Joseph Haydn alone was sad in the midst of his companions. He was hungry, but he could not eat; his lips were parched, yet he hardly tasted the wine in his cup. His brother Michael, who sat next him, looked at him almost angrily. "Sepperl, it is a real sin for you not to eat," he whispered. "It is long since we had such a feast as this."

Joseph smiled. "You are right, Michael. It is given to us with a cheerful heart. The bread of

the monastery is baked at the fire of charity. But don't trouble yourself about me ; I am all right."

As soon as the repast was over, the boys were summoned to the music-hall by their stern master. Already a crowd of guests and monks were assembled there, chatting. The music-sheets were distributed.

"You will sing the solos, Michael," growled the Kapellmeister.

Joseph Haydn was thunderstruck. He fixed his great bright eye on Reutter.

"And why not I as heretofore?" he asked almost inaudibly.

"Because you do not sing, but croak."

Joseph's countenance burned with shame and indignation.

"And do you know," continued Reutter, with a yawn, "who has pronounced this decision? Our most gracious sovereign herself. So you may rest content."

When the empress, accompanied by the abbot and by a number of grantees, entered the hall, every one saluted her with a profound bow, except Joseph Haydn, who stood bolt upright and looked at her as if he would say: "It was not nice or kind of you to inflict such a pain on me."

The concert began. At the first notes Joseph

Haydn was himself again. Nothing could calm his soul and make it happy like music. "Michael, sing out boldly!" whispered he encouragingly to his brother. "You are also a Haydn, and you will see that I do not croak, as the empress thinks."

The two brothers sang like nightingales, encouraging and inspiring each other; and during the pauses, they looked into each other's sparkling eyes. Joseph threw his whole soul into the music, and every note came out clear as a bell.

The concert was at an end. The tired musicians set down their instruments and wiped the perspiration from their brows. Even Reutter, who never praised anybody or anything, said: "Well done, boys! You made no mistakes. Michael, you sang splendidly; Joseph too. I would hardly have believed it. Well done, very well done indeed!"

Both Haydns listened to this praise with an almost defiant curl of their lips. Michael felt no satisfaction in being praised at the expense of his brother; and Joseph was of too noble a spirit to accept the compliment flung at him as a compensation for the wantonly inflicted wound. He wanted no alms of compassion from the heartless Reutter. There was one thing, however, that consoled him, namely: if he was put aside, it was his brother that received the preference.

“You are a Haydn,” he whispered to him, “and for that reason I heartily rejoice at the honors bestowed on you to-day. Believe me, I feel no jealousy. I have long been in favor, and now that I must step aside, I am well content that you are brought forward.”

The boys left the hall and rambled about wherever their fancy led them. They chatted and laughed, forgetting all but the pleasures of the moment. A brother, hurrying out to them, interrupted their discourse. “Which of you is Michael Haydn?” he asked, almost out of breath with his haste.

“It is I.”

“You must come at once before her majesty the empress.”

Michael looked at his brother with a feeling of reluctance, almost of terror. “I will not go,” he said.

“Foolish boy!” answered the monk, “no one in his senses would answer thus. You must come with me.”

With these words he took the boy by the arm and led him into a large hall. The empress sat there surrounded by lords and ladies; her countenance was majestic, and yet exceedingly kind.

“Your majesty,” said the monk, introducing the boy, “this is Michael Haydn.”

The empress fixed her kindly eye on the blushing chorister, whose face was bent to the ground. “You sing splendidly,” she said, “much better than your brother Joseph.”

Michael raised his eyes. They were flashing. “Your majesty,” he stammered, “my brother Joseph—is a thousand times better—in music—than I am—but to-day, if he cannot sing as well—”

The poor boy was out of breath with excitement.

“Speak on what you have to say.” •

“Your majesty, Joseph—he is my dearest brother—Joseph wept bitterly to-day; but he will sing songs for the world that will never be forgotten; and when the name of Michael Haydn is no longer remembered, that of Joseph will be still held in honor.”

The empress looked in astonishment at the boy. “What is it you mean?” she asked with something of sternness in her voice.

“It is so, your majesty,” replied the youth, with growing courage. “My brother Joseph is like a nightingale, which sings songs that no one thinks of. You have never heard him when he sings his thoughts at the spinet; but I have heard him a thousand times; and if I am proud of anything, it

is of my mother who loves me so truly, and of my brother who can think and speak in music as no one else can. No one can despise Joseph without wounding me in the heart."

The eyes of the empress were moist. "You are a good boy, for envy has not yet poisoned you. It is good of you to love and praise your brother, and your empress will reward you. Here are twenty-four ducats for you. Be ever a good Austrian."

Michael Haydn could not tell how he made his way out of the hall. He only saw, as through a mist, that there were figures moving and nodding around him, and the floor under his feet seemed to him like a ship tossed on the waves. Having reached the yard, he found his brother Joseph waiting for him with anxiety. Without uttering a word, he held out his hand filled with gold to the admiring gaze of his brother.

"From the empress?" asked Joseph, without removing his eyes from the money.

Michael nodded assent, and said: "Do you know what we shall do, Joseph? We will divide."

Joseph drew back a step and put out his hand in refusal. "No," he answered, firmly and calmly. "You must keep the money yourself, Michael. I will not take a penny of it. But believe me, that

as long as I live I will never forget the empress or the pleasure she has conferred on you."

"Or else," continued Michael, engrossed with his own thoughts, "I will buy you a spinet, or a new coat, or—"

"No, Michael; you will not buy me anything," said Joseph, laughing.

The brothers would likely have continued their noble strife much longer had not Reutter come up to them. His eyes were fixed greedily on Michael's hand, in which the new gold coins glittered in the sunshine. The Kapellmeister counted them over, piece by piece.

"This is really too much money!" he muttered. "And what are you going to do with it?"

"I do not know," answered the boy, annoyed at the interference.

"Good! good!" replied Reutter, hastily, "I will keep it for you."

Joseph cast at him no friendly glance, but he only said: "Father has written to us that he lost his only cow. I think Michael ought to send him the money to get another."

The look cast on Joseph by the Kapellmeister was a dark scowl, but he instantly let his eyes fall to the ground and said, in a soft tone: "That is right, quite right; send twelve ducats at once to

your father; with that much money he can buy a splendid cow. I will keep the other twelve ducats for you. It is certainly not good for an inexperienced boy to have so much money."

Michael hesitated a moment, and then placed twelve ducats in Reutter's hand. The old man smiled contentedly, and slipped back into the building.

"Poor Michael!" said Joseph, "you should not have done that. If either of us ever has any money to spare, I think that father and mother should get it; but I would never trust a penny to the Kapellmeister."

"There you do him wrong, Joseph," answered Michael, sorrowfully.

But Joseph Haydn was, unfortunately, right. Reutter never returned the twelve ducats entrusted to him, and never was money more unfeelingly withheld.

Summer was drawing to a close. Reutter stood in his room in the Kapellhaus, his countenance foreboding a storm. The open windows were covered with dark green curtains, which admitted a dim light. The Kapellmeister looked at his door in expectation of some one, like a tiger awaiting his prey. There was a knock, and the victim entered. It was Joseph Haydn. The youth was serious,

almost sad, and yet there was about him a determined, almost defiant attitude. Reutter walked up to him and measured him with scornful look from head to foot.

"Do you know what you are?" he asked, in a shrill voice. "You are a contemptible fellow."

Haydn felt a shudder pass through him. He pressed his lips firmly together, and then asked, in a low voice, "Why?"

"You have had the daring to cut off a pupil's hair."

A smile flitted across Haydn's countenance. "The boy wore his long hair plaited into a tail on his shoulders. That seemed to me such an outlandish fashion that I cut it off. I consider that merely a joke; certainly it was not a wicked act."

Reutter nervously tapped Haydn's breast with his finger. "Do you know what is to be done to you? You shall be whipped."

Haydn's form expanded; indignation flashed from his eye. "I will leave the Kapellhaus at once, but I will not take a whipping."

"You are right," said Reutter, mockingly. "You may go wherever you like; but you will get your whipping first."

Neither entreaty nor defiance was of any avail. The boy's hands were held by a servant, and the

appointed number of strokes given. Then Reutter said, in cold mockery: "Now you have had your chastisement; you may leave the Kapellhaus."

It was evening when Joseph Haydn stepped out into the street. His hands were burning like fire, but his heart burned still more fiercely. He stopped for awhile at the foot of the stairs to take a long look at the building. All the memories connected with the institution crowded thick and fast upon him. Then he went out from the great city; and in proportion as everything grew silent around him, and the shades of evening thickened, so did his soul grow more tranquil. At last he became joyful, and even felt inclined to sing. The moon rose above the hills and poured her silvery light over the earth; the woods seemed to be nodding in their sleep; and even the brook murmured more softly over its pebbly bed. In the hedge a nightingale is singing. Haydn, leaning on his staff, listens with joyful heart. One loud, long trill from the little songster, and silence reigns around.

Only a solitary traveller pursues his way over the dusty road—homewards.

CHAPTER II.

YONDER, surrounded by fruit trees, lies Rohrau, Haydn's birthplace. The castle, with its somewhat neglected park, stands a little aside from the insignificant village. Near the end of a side street is a one-story house, surrounded by various parts of wagons—wheels, spokes, hubs, etc., sufficiently indicating the trade of the occupant. The windows are small and low, the walls are beginning to crumble, the obliquely hanging shutters are heavily daubed with red and green paint. The roof is in bad condition, patched here, torn there. From the chimney rises a thin bluish smoke in the still evening air.

The farm-boy drives the lowing cattle through the zigzag streets, sometimes blowing horrible sounds from his horn, sometimes cracking his whip with great zest. This is the concluding event of the day in Rohrau. The stables are bolted; the father of the family lights his pipe, the mother takes up her knitting, and a quarter of an hour is spent in chatting on the bench beside the door ere the wearied laborers seek repose.

Old Haydn knocks the ashes out of his pipe. He does so with a certain reluctance, for this evening it seems to have gone out too soon, and he would gladly fill and light it a second time; but he must be sparing for the sake of his children, of whom he has several. With admirable self-denial he lays aside his pipe and tobacco-pouch, and looks over at his wife, whose fingers are moving indefatigably at her knitting.

“Near time to quit, isn’t it, old woman?” says Haydn, in a kind voice.

“A few stitches more will finish this stocking,” answers the wife, without raising her eyes from her work.

Old Haydn looks at his wife with grateful love. He understands perfectly that the best man with a lazy wife may be reduced to beggary, whilst a poor man with an industrious wife will succeed. His love and respect for his companion had rather increased with each passing year, and now, after more than twenty years of married life, he can truly say that he loves her better than in the days of his courtship. Silently he presses her hand, but this silent pressure says more than words; it declares his heartfelt love and ardent thanks.

The woman smiles a happy smile.

“The moon is rising above the hills,” she remarked, after a few moments; “it summons us to rest.”

At the door, she stopped and said: “I wonder does the same moon shine down so brightly and kindly on my Joseph, and how the boy is doing now!”

A traveller comes rapidly along the street. The pale, trembling rays of the moon reveal his form, but not his features.

“Father! Mother!” he calls out from the distance.

“It is Joseph,” she whispered, looking steadily towards the traveller; “it is he!” and mother and son were soon folded in each other’s arms.

And now they sat down in the low apartment, Joseph beneath the crucifix, and father and mother beside him. The moon, whose soft rays found their way in through the narrow window, was their only light.

Old Haydn allowed the first transports of joy at the meeting to pass by without appearing to share it. When at last there was a slight pause in the conversation, he asked, in a careless tone: “Joseph, have you vacation already?”

“No, father,” was the answer, given with some embarrassment.

“So I thought; otherwise Michael would be with you. Is it not so?”

“Yes, father.”

“And why have you returned alone before the time?”

Joseph Haydn hesitated a moment for an answer. He gathered courage and tried to give his voice a firm and cheerful tone. “Father, be not angry with me. I have not done anything to be ashamed of, but I was turned out of the Kapellhaus.”

The old man started up. His countenance became stern. “You know your room,” he said, in a cold tone of authority. “Go to it, and sleep as best you can. To-morrow you and I will have much to talk about.”

With these words the father left the room. Hardly had the door closed behind him when the mother placed her hands on Joseph’s shoulders, and asked him, in a gentle voice: “Is it true, Joseph, that you have done nothing wrong?”

Her voice was so pleading and kind, so trembling and yet so hopeful, that her son’s eyes and heart overflowed.

“It is true, mother,” he whispered, rising and pressing his lips to her forehead; “I have not done anything wicked. Your son returns to you virtuous as he left you.”

“God be praised for that, even if they have turned you out. Good-night, my darling boy. I anxiously await the morning, for I have many things to say to you.”

She went to the holy-water vase and sprinkled herself and her son.

“Praised be Jesus Christ!”

“Forever, amen!”

Sleep fled from the eyes of father, mother, and son. Their minds were too busy; their thoughts were sometimes pleasant, sometimes sad, and occasionally even bitter. But at last their weary eyes closed, and all dreamed. The old man saw his son beside him, learning the trade of a cartwright; the mother beheld him at the altar singing his first mass; and Joseph dreamed that he stood in the midst of a breathless audience, the musicians around him playing his compositions, which sounded wonderfully beautiful—like the tones of a harp played by angel hands.

The morning was wet and gloomy, the sky overcast, the air damp and cold, and from time to time a drizzling rain fell.

Old Haydn sat, without speaking, behind a large tureen of milk-soup, which he served mechanically, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and he slowly carried his spoon to his mouth, thinking of

something else. Joseph made the appearance of eating, but he kept his eyes fixed on the immovable countenance of his father rather than on his breakfast, to which he was quiet indifferent in spite of his hunger. The old man laid down his spoon, said a short prayer, and made a sign to his son to follow him into an adjoining room.

“So you were expelled in disgrace?”

“Expelled, yes; in disgrace, no!”

“What was it you did, then?”

Joseph candidly related the whole affair. The old man rubbed his chin. At one moment he looked as if he could scarcely refrain from smiling.

“That was a foolish piece of business,” he said. “But you are turned out, and so there is no mending the matter. What do you intend to turn to now?”

The youth could make no answer.

“You do not know?” said the father. “Well, then, let me decide for you. I do not wish you to become a strolling musician, of whom we have hundreds, who, after tramping about the world and making it disagreeable for honest people, at last lie down to die behind a hedge. I will make a cartwright of you: this is my final decision.”

The old man left the room, and slammed the door after him as if to give emphasis to his words.

Josph Haydn stood for quite a while with his arms crossed and his head bowed down. "A cartwright!" he exclaimed, suddenly straightening himself up. "Never! I would rather follow the gypsies barefooted and play the fiddle at their dances than engage in such work! Father is a good father, but he is hard. I cannot follow his advice in this. Mother must help me: mothers are always the last refuge of their children."

Joseph went to the dark, smoky kitchen, where he found his mother occupied in preparing the dinner. He sat down on a stool in the corner, and heaved a deep sigh. The good old lady cast a scrutinizing side-glance at him. She knew that her Joseph had come to her to unburden his mind; but she felt in about the same predicament as he did. Her heart and head were full of serious preoccupations about him, but she did not know how to express them most clearly and to the best advantage. Each waited for the other to begin.

"It is too bad that the weather is so disagreeable to-day," said the old lady, setting a pan on the fire; "otherwise you could be out in the open air, instead of sitting silently in this smoky kitchen."

Joseph slowly raised his head. "Mother," he said, "even if the weather were as beautiful as it

could be, I would not go out to day. I must be near you, for I have something to tell you."

"Well, what is it, my dear boy?"

The mother looked at her son with moist eyes, from which beamed love and anxiety, such as only a mother's eyes can express.

"Father has just told me that I cannot be a musician."

"Right, quite right," she answered promptly. "That is also my opinion."

"And do you know, then," continued Haydn, "what father wants to make of me? A cartwright!"

The mother walked over to him and placed her hands upon his shoulders. "No, Joseph. As long as I live and have a word to say about my children, you shall not be made an artisan, least of all a cartwright. Our good God has given you talents for something better."

Haydn listened with joyful hope.

→ "You must," said the old lady, in a gentle but firm voice,— "you must become a priest."

The youth was stunned, and became pale as a corpse. "I do not wish to be a priest!" he said, almost bitterly.

"And why not? Is not the priestly state the holiest and most honorable in the world? Does not

every one take off his hat to the priest, and has he not his income free from worldly care? And what a happiness would it be for your parents to have a son ministering at the holy altar, in whose company we could end our days in peace?"

"No, mother: it cannot be. All my life your word has been sacred to me, as sacred as if God himself spoke; but what you say now sounds hard and impossible. If God does not make his voice heard in one's soul, calling him to the priestly state, he should never attempt to force himself into it. And it would be a crying wrong on the part of parents were they to bring their parental authority to bear on their children in order to make them what God does not will. And do you think that I would be influenced by the desire of honor, or the imaginary life of freedom from care? No! Young though I am, I see too well that the life of a good priest must be filled with a thousand anxieties of which the people of the world have no idea. His battles in God's service are too frequent and too fierce to leave any occasion of speaking of an easy life. Beside the bed of the sick and dying the priest may occasionally pluck flowers that fill his soul with consolation; but what if he finds only thorns? The soul that has not only to contend with all the sufferings and errors of mankind, but which is also to be a saving leader

and adviser, must be anointed to the priesthood by God's own will. Here father and mother have only the one right, the one duty—to be silent. It may be that the cassock would render it easier for me to make my living ; but I should prefer to starve as an honest beggar, than to be an unfortunate priest with plenty. If I must choose between the two, I would say: 'Better far be a cartwright without a vocation, than a priest without one.' ”

Young Haydn had arisen and stood before his mother with sparkling eyes.

“Let me go my way in peace, mother. I will be no discredit to you, for you have taught me to be good. Even if want and hunger lie before me, do not be uneasy : a strong will cannot be so easily broken.”

The mother's eyes were cast on the ground. Her son's words sounded like reproaches in her soul, and yet the good woman could not so readily lay aside her darling hope. Sadly she raised her eyes at last and asked, with trembling voice: “And do you really not wish to be a priest, Joseph?”

“No, mother : I do not wish it, because I cannot. I am sorry that I must disappoint your cherished hope, but I cannot do otherwise. Still I promise you to remain a virtuous man ; so that if I live to be old, I can stand by your grave with a clear con-

science and say : Thank God ! mother, I owe it to you that I have kept on the right path. But do not urge me. The stars have their appointed paths, and so have men ; it would be wrong, and would bring you no blessing, mother, to force your son out of his path."

The fire had gone out, but the mother hardly perceived it. Thoughtfully she watched her son, that son who had never caused her so much sorrow and joy as on this day when he shattered her fondest hope. From her eyes beamed self-denying sorrow and cheerful hope, both proceeding from her mother-love, and glorified by it.

"Joseph," she said timidly, after an interval of silence, "what do you wish to be? I know not why it is, but on you and on your future hang all my hopes."

The youth looked on his mother gratefully. "I do not know, mother," he answered, smiling ; "I only know that as the flower pines for the sunshine, so does my soul pine for music. You do not ask the flower how and why it has grown ; you love its beauty and inhale its odor ; but the *why* is God's affair, who has placed in the flower, as well as in the soul of man, something of heaven."

"I do not fully understand you, my boy ; but I think you mean that you want to be a musician."

“A strolling musician I do not want to be, mother,” answered Joseph, laughing cheerily. “Perhaps want and hunger may drive me to that for a time; the charming butterfly must for a while be an ugly caterpillar. I want to become like your soul when it draws a whole heaven out of the hymns in your prayer-book. I wish to express my thoughts and feelings in soft, full notes, and every song will be joy and consolation to my soul, and praise and adoration of God.”

The good old mother shook her head gently. “Joseph, of all that you have just said I understand very little. One thing you have made clear to me, however, that you must follow the call of your heart, for it is the call of God. But, dearest child, one thing you must promise me; never to turn your talent to evil, and never to become bad yourself. Whether good fortune smiles on you, or danger threatens, do not put yourself in preference to God’s holy will. Many, after their first success, have set aside their God and their faith as something that they no longer needed. And if want and poverty are your portion, other dangers will have to be encountered. The poor man sometimes despairs of the love of God, because he does not give him all that he wants. Bitterness of soul follows all his

undertakings, charity dies, and when charity is dead the soul is lost."

A few days afterwards Joseph was leaving home. His father was stern, and sparing of his words.

"Go, and follow your own way," he had said, "since thus you expect to find happiness. You need never write to me for money, for I have none to spare. Bring no disgrace on the name of Haydn, otherwise you would bring your father to his grave before his time. One thing more. If, as you are likely to do, you go around the country with strolling musicians, keep away from Rohrau. I do not want to see you as such. You may thank your mother if I give you a blessing on your journey instead of the leather apron of an apprentice. It is not by my will that you thus go out into the world."

The mother acted differently. First she placed her hands on Joseph's shoulders, and looked long and earnestly into his eyes. Then she took holy water, and whilst she sprinkled her son with it, her lips moved in fervent prayer. She then kissed him on both cheeks. She wept, but did not speak again as Joseph tore himself from her arms.

CHAPTER III.

THE rays of the sun beat down fiercely on the sandy road. Not a breath of air is stirring. The grass is parched; the foliage of the trees is a dull gray, and hangs lifeless, as if ready to fall before its time. Even the brook is warm, and moves languidly along in its bed. A hazel-tree grows beside the road—a dry, dusty-looking collection of branches and leaves. Beneath it a youth of some sixteen summers has stretched himself. He is far from being a beauty, but he has an eye that flashes like lightning, and which nevertheless is gentle and clear. The perspiration rolls from his brow, but he does not wipe it off. He is humming a tune, his eyes fixed on one spot. Not a bird answers him. On such a scorching day a thoughtless boy may sing, but certainly a bird will not.

Suddenly the youth springs to his feet; he is short and thin, and has a half-starved, weary look. “The whole world is mine!” he exclaims, “if I can only conquer it. But no! I would be satisfied with a very small corner of it. I want room only for a

spinet and a large amount of happiness ; but I do not want hunger to approach. I have had enough of that. How much a boy can endure—it could hardly be believed !” Thus soliloquizing, the travel-worn, ill-clad youth proceeded on his way as well as his weary feet could carry him.

The summer day is drawing to a close ; the trees cast long shadows, and the shades of night are descending on the woods. The rays of the sun still rest on the tree-tops, making them seem as if on fire ; then comes a gentle breath of air as if to extinguish the last glories of the day, On the hill, yet bathed in the purple light, stands a monastery, grand in its architecture and in its proportions, and in the midst of it the tall and commanding spire of the church.

Joseph Haydn stands in silent contemplation. His sparkling eye rests immovably on the place flooded with light ; the gray veil of twilight gradually falls over the picture but a moment ago so beautiful ; a cool and invigorating breeze comes down the valley ; and the sound of bells, full and solemn, but unspeakably sweet, like an “ *Ave* ” sung by angel choirs, is borne to the ears of our traveller.

Completely exhausted, Joseph Haydn makes his way to the neighboring inn ; his feet, unaccustomed to long journeys, are burning, and his poor stomach

cries out for food, like a child whose meal has been too long delayed. The tavern is lighted by a single tallow-candle, around which are grouped a number of thick-set men, drinking beer. In the midst of them is the host, a man who looks as if he might stand to represent the seven years of plenty. Turning slowly on his chair, he looks sideways at Joseph as he enters. After a while he condescends so far as to rise and go over to the table at which the young stranger sits apart.

“Food and drink, eh?” he says, inquiringly.

Haydn laughs and nods assent.

“Beer or wine?”

“Wine, cheap wine.”

The lips of the host curl into a smile of contempt, as if to say: With your miserable dress, you need not tell me that you cannot afford to pay for good wine.

“And what will you have to eat?”

“Plenty of bread, and a sausage.”

The landlord looks at him for a moment, and then bursts into a loud laugh. “Who in the world are you?” he asks, rubbing the back of his fat hand across his eyes.

Haydn was for a moment at a loss what answer to make. He would not say that he was a chorister, for he was such no longer, and besides, that word

smacked too much of the school-boy. The fact of the matter was, he was nothing ; but neither did he wish to confess this. Finally, he stammered out, " A travelling musician."

" A travelling musician !" repeated the host, standing erect. " Travelling musicians are light wares ; they are ready to play for all,—good or bad, it makes no difference to them, if they can only pick up a few pennies. Here, sit at that table yonder with those men. I cannot afford another light."

Haydn went to the place assigned him, not quite satisfied. The countrymen eyed him with contempt ; but he troubled himself little about this, for his contented disposition made him look at the bright side of everything. And when a half-loaf of black bread, a substantial sausage, and some light wine were set before him, he for the time being forgot his surroundings, as well as the sad days that he had passed, which had left no cankering memories behind them in his soul.

The morning was fresh and bright. At the break of dawn Haydn arose from his miserable pallet, paid his trifling account, and hastened to the monastery of Maria Zell. Timidly he gazed upon its walls of dazzling whiteness and its countless tall windows, and pictured to himself the monks within, so earnest and friendly and cheerful. But the

thought that was uppermost in his mind was, what kind of a man was the *regens chori* (director of the choir). Is he a dark and hard man, cold and distant, and indifferent to the hopes and prayers of a struggling young spirit? With such thoughts as these Haydn stood, looking on the roll of paper that thrust itself out of his pocket. For a while he remained motionless and thoughtful, striving to gather courage and resignation; then he directed his steps across the monastery yard and rang the bell, but even as he held the handle he seemed to hear a voice that said: Joseph, retire; your hopes are vain! And yet he stayed.

The brother-porter shook his head. "Father-director of the choir has much to do; it will be hard to see him to-day."

There must have been a look of keen anguish in Haydn's countenance, for the brother looked at him with compassion.

"But perhaps it can be done," he added. "Come in."

The young man was led into a large room, whose walls were occupied by drawers filled with music; near the window stood a spinet; on the chairs were violins, flutes, and other musical instruments. The *rector chori* sat at his work-table with his back towards the door, and fingered the notes of a

piece of composition, evidently sunk in profound study.

“ Well, what do you want ? ” he asked, without turning to look at his visitor.

The youth drew a deep breath. “ I am Joseph Haydn, and I was a choir-boy at St. Stephen’s in Vienna. I was told that I can sing well and that I know something about music. Reverend sir ! when I only think of music, all my nerves tremble and dance with joy. My head is like a great and endless score, and the melodies that float through my soul will not even be silent in my sleep.”

The monk turned so suddenly that the youth stopped short in his speech.

“ Well ! what more ? ”

This the monk said in a manner that was neither severe nor yet gentle. He was emaciated and bald, and the eye that rested on the youth had more of a piercing look than of one calculated to draw out his confidence.

“ Whilst I sang in the Kapellhaus with Reutter, and studied, I set down to note all the melodies that I heard within me. I have often been scolded for this by Reutter, and especially when I composed a *Salve Regina* for twelve voices. But I still kept on, and—”

The father had risen from his seat and stood before Haydn.

“What else?”

Haydn drew the roll of paper from his pocket. “I have continued ever since to compose,” he went on. “This is my best.”

“You want our monastery to buy it, I suppose?” asked the monk with a searching glance.

“No, Father!” was the firm and almost indignant answer. “I have not left Vienna to be a peddler; I have come here as a pilgrim to Maria Zell; I am, God knows, only a poor boy, but I do not come for money. I simply ask the favor to have my composition played in the church here.”

The monk opened his eyes in astonishment, and answered; “No!”

“Even if I beg and entreat?”

“No. Go down stairs to the guest chamber, where you will be well furnished against hunger, for we do not allow any one to go from our house fasting; but as to what you call your compositions, take them away with you.”

Haydn felt crushed.

“I repeat that I was a choir-boy at St. Stephen’s, and that—”

The monk interrupted him quietly, but in a man-

ner that was final. "So many people travel here from Vienna who proclaim themselves to be finished musicians, and when they are put to the trial they cannot sing a note." With these words he turned away and sat down again at his work.

Haydn pressed the roll of music convulsively in his hand, paused for a moment, and then walked off. He knew not how he made his way out of the cloister. The floor beneath his feet seemed to be sinking, the pictures on the walls to bow towards him, the stone steps to be mixed up in such a manner that he almost fell. It was only when he was outside of the monastery, and the gentle warmth of the morning sun and the cool breeze kissed his forehead that he recovered himself. He went down the slope of the hill and sought the shade of a tree. He laid himself down and dreamed with his eyes wide open. At first his feelings were bitter, but by degrees he became tranquil. And when the bells sounded in sweet accord for mass, Joseph Haydn laughed gleefully. "Cannot sing a note!" he said. "I will prove to him whether I can sing or not!"

Haydn slipped into the choir. At first he stood timidly near the corner of the organ. A casual observer might imagine that he had strayed in by mistake, and that in this crowd of monks, men, and boys, he was afraid; but a glance into his eye

would have discovered that it sparkled with a purpose.

The sheets of music were distributed amongst the singers and players. Haydn stood beside one of the boys, whispered to him for a few moments, told him about the Kapellhaus in Vienna, and that he had been considered a good singer there ; then he asked the boy, in an apparently indifferent manner, to let him look at his sheet of music. The latter handed it to him, and in a few moments Haydn had caught the melodies.

“ Let me sing in your place ? ” whispered he.

The boy looked at him in amazement. “ I dare not do it. The *rector chori* is too severe ; it might not please him.”

Haydn searched in his vest-pocket. He held one of his last pieces of money—a silver coin of seventeen kreuzers—temptingly before the boy’s eyes. The latter looked at the money eagerly ; there was an internal struggle, which could plainly be read on his countenance,—when, just in the nick of time, the bell rang announcing the beginning of mass. The organ sounds in a full peal through the wide arches of the house of God ; the choir-master casts a glance over his musicians like a general surveying his army, and strikes his music-stand ; Haydn had gained possession of the sheet of music, and in

a voice clear as a bell he begins to sing the *Kyrie eleison*. The choristers look at their leader with open mouth, and the latter smiles approvingly on Haydn.

The *Kyrie* was at an end.

“Keep on singing the rest of the mass,” said the monk to Haydn, in a whisper.

Haydn was overflowing with bliss, and his voice sounded so full and clear, so glad and exulting, so full of devotion, that his singing appeared to be the very soul of music.

The mass ended. Haydn put down his music, went up to the choir-master, and, in a tone wherein modesty and jest mingled, asked him: “Can I sing a note, Father?”

The monk looked at him earnestly, but through his serious glance shone a quiet satisfaction. He grasped Haydn’s arm. “Come with me.”

In the garden of the monastery they walked side by side. “Who taught you to sing?”

“Reutter, the Kapellmeister.”

“That hard man? Yes, he may have taught you the notes; but it is not from him that you caught the spirit, the soul of song.”

Haydn knew not what to answer. He had not the courage to say that he sang so well because his whole soul was music.

“Do you know how you have sung?”

“No, Father,” was the timid answer.

→ “Then I will tell you: you sang as if you yourself had composed the mass. I can give you no higher praise than this; for the poet in word as well as in music is his own best interpreter. I composed the mass, and to-day it has filled me with inmost joy and thanks to God. You are not simply a musician, you are a child of song in its noblest sense.”

Joseph Haydn was more than happy. Such praise as this he had never before received. He had never heard a word of encouragement when he did well, but for the least neglect he was sharply rebuked; and now, such praise! He no longer felt the ground under his feet; he seemed to be transported into paradise.

“What do you propose to do now?”

This question at once brought our Haydn back again to this prosy earth. He drew his solitary coin from his pocket. “This is all my wealth. With this and with the talent that God has given me I must make my way in the world.”

Those words sounded both playful and sad. The monk looked sympathizingly on him.

“You are poor indeed in earthly goods, but rich in talents. Tell me, are you a virtuous youth?”

“What shall I answer?” said the boy in a timid voice. “You do not know my father and my mother. They are both so pious that the catechism itself could not ask more of them. When I was yet a child, and only knew that I was to look upon my good mother as a mirror, there grew in my soul a pious love and devotion that have not left me as I grew up. No one must praise himself for having faith and love; but if I must confess what are the sentiments of my soul, I can only say: for me, God is above all things: and I am willing to become anything, only not to be bad.”

The monk took Haydn by the hand, but said nothing. Thus they walked side by side for a long time between the blooming and fragrant flowerbeds, over which many-colored butterflies cast their shadows in the clear sunbeams. The monk had dropped the boy's hand and crossed his arms over his breast. His head was slightly bent forward, his look serious, and mild withal. Haydn gazed with delighted eyes on the beautiful flowers, from out of every calyx of which he seemed to hear a note, till all had blended together in an enrapturing melody. He was startled when the monk addressed him again.

Haydn accepted the invitation to the holyday dinner, where, after having been introduced to the

assembled Fathers as the singer of the morning, he was welcomed by them with genuine pleasure and admiration.

It was a happy week that Haydn passed in the spacious cloisters, the welcome guest of all. And why should not the good youth be happy? Could he not play on the great church organ and make its sounds tributary to the feelings of his soul? Might he not rummage and riot in a rare kingdom of musical treasures, which the *regens chori*, who had now become his fast friend, allowed him to use as he pleased? Did he not then know, when the stilly night had long established her reign, and the silvery moon stood over the monastery garden, and poured her light down upon it until each flower became inhabited by a living and moving sprite—could he not then foreshadow those symphonies in his soul which his lofty genius sang after a few years?

The admirers of great men seem to imagine that a Schiller is satisfied with his glorious verses, a Haydn with his melodies. No: our good Haydn was like other mortals to that extent that he felt the pangs of hunger, in spite of his genius; unfortunately, he was often without anything to eat; and if he enjoyed it, it was no disgrace to him.

The last day of his sojourn had come. Haydn bade his friends good by. It would have been pain-

ful to him to ask to be kept any longer, and he was both grateful and modest. He did not express his thanks in many words. "It was a delightful time that I have passed here," he said, as he gave his hand to the monk. "It was not fruitless for me, for I take with me a whole library of thoughts from this quiet paradise. They will grow and turn into melodies. Father, bless me. My mother told me that I must not let any blessing pass me by. I have thus far followed her advice, and I will continue to do so."

Haydn knelt and bowed his head. The monk's look was a reflection of his overflowing soul.

"God be with you! You will be great long after I am dead."

He pressed something into the hand of the youth and turned back to the cloister gate. Joseph Haydn went on his way through the monastery yard and down the hillside with sad thoughts; his soul was with the monk who had just blessed him. He sat down beside a bush to let his feelings have their way. Long his thoughts, like figures in the clouds, chased each other to and fro in his brain. At last he remembered what the monk had put into his hand. He opened the rough paper. Bright silver, sixteen gulden,—and the wish expressed in writing: "A blessing on your future." Haydn let

his head sink upon his hands in prayer ; then he sprang to his feet and with a lighter heart went on his way.

It was with a feeling of sadness, almost of desolation, that Haydn entered the outskirts of Vienna on a bright, warm evening. The beautiful city, with its towers, its cupolas, its palaces, its proud and its lowly dwellings, lay stretched out at his feet in the waning light. Some of the convent bells were inviting the people to evening devotions. From St. Stephen's was heard the rumbling sound of the tower clock announcing the hour—eight deep, full, solemn strokes, which were caught up and repeated by countless other bells,—and then all was silent once more. Haydn leaned on his staff, and, from the eminence where he stood, looked down thoughtfully on the city,—a truly attractive picture for such as could call one of those roofs on which he gazed his own dear home. But what a wall of stone it was to him who was obliged to say and feel : “I am a stranger everywhere, in every street, at every door ! No one that knows me ; no one to welcome me, no one to love me ; I am a stranger to all. Yonder I see clearly in the twilight the high roof of the Kapellhaus ; but even there I am a stranger. I was beaten with a stick and turned out like a dog. I entreated, but all in vain. Reutter kept his word :

‘You will first be beaten, and then turned out!’ And now I return to this city in which all are strangers to me. But with my youth, and what people are pleased to call my talent, I will strive to establish my fortune. God knows I should hardly enter the city were I not encouraged by the mysterious call of the bells that invites me from the church towers. God with me, I will venture it.”

There was no lack of boarding-houses, but our traveller felt a loathing for the rough ways of those suburban inns. He walked on into the heart of the city, and felt unconsciously drawn to the neighborhood of St. Stephen’s and the Kapellhaus. It was a long, narrow street through which he walked; at last his strength gave out, and he made his way to a boarding-house. He troubled himself little about food and drink; he slept on his hard bed till late in the morning, and when he awoke at last, care and anxiety again stared him in the face.

Haydn went to St. Stephen’s Church. Its high, dark aisles were the first to greet him kindly as acquaintances. How often had he here poured forth his soul in song till pillars and vaults sent back the echoes! Now he knelt in an obscure side-chapel, where deep silence reigned around. His soul repelled the thoughts of the outer world, and he prayed long and in childlike words. With a

lightened heart, and clear, beaming eyes, he left the church. New strength and courage animated him. He looked boldly up at the proud houses around, and at the men that passed him on the street. Whither now? This question threw a slight shadow over his spirits; for, short though it was, he could find no answer to it. With his hands in the pockets of his threadbare coat, and his little bundle containing two shirts under his arm, he went from street to street, looking at the bills announcing rooms to rent. “A *salon*, with bedroom richly furnished, on the first floor.” Haydn read, laughed, thought of his few gulden, and went on his way. “What a figure I should cut in such a distinguished place!” he said, looking down at his dress.

Thus talking to himself, he came to the Kohlmarkt. Here he noticed a high, sharp-gabled house, over the narrow door of which was marked the number 1220, and to the right of that hung a small piece of card-board with the announcement: “Room to rent. A poor person can find a sleeping-room in the attic very cheap.” Haydn read and re-read the simple words, and at last clapped his hands, so that the passers-by stopped to look at him, some with wonder, others with distrust. But the youth paid little attention to them; likely he

did not even see them. "Sepperl," he laughed, "the sign was put up for you, and for no one else,—just as if the good people up there knew you. A poor person,—a room in the attic—very cheap! Nothing could be better." The steps ran up, like Jacob's ladder, in a long steep line from the door to just under the roof. Haydn crossed his forehead to invoke a blessing, and then he began his ascent up some hundred and fifty steps. At the top, he incautiously struck his head against a beam of the roof, startling a cat from her repose. He now stood at the door. The bell-handle—a bit of string—hung at the side, and as the youth gave it a rather vigorous jerk, a harsh-sounding bell answered his touch as if it would call down a storm. An old man opened the door, and when he saw the youth standing outside, he shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, and said: "Good friend, I do not give beggars anything, because I have nothing to give them."

"But I do not come to beg."

"Ah!" and the old man pulled his skull-cap off his bald head; "excuse me. What can I do for you?"

"You have a sleeping-room here to rent to a poor and honest person,—have you not?"

A slight bow was the answer, and the door

was thrown open. Haydn entered. In the large room sat an old woman, with a coffee-mill on her lap. "What does that stranger want?" she asked; but her husband motioned her to be silent. There was a small room opening in from this one. A little dormer window threw a scanty light on the damp walls, the dark and worn floor, the little bed, and the pine-board table, near which stood a high-backed chair with a ragged cushion.

Haydn, the humble, unassuming Haydn, was somewhat undeceived when he beheld all this finery, and he looked into the old man's countenance.

"I can recommend the room to you," the latter declared, bowing again. "You are a student I suppose?"

"No: a musician."

"Ah, a musician! So much the better. I assure you that the charming little room there is as quiet as any spot you could find, even out in the forest. No noise from the streets comes up here to disturb one, and you can sing and play as if you were alone in the world."

"A great advantage, truly," answered Haydn, reaching the old man his hand.

"I feel an affection for you growing in me, young sir. I think we can come to an under-

standing. You will take the little room, and my wife and I will make things as cosy as possible for you. What is your name, if I may venture to ask?"

"Joseph Haydn."

"Ah! I have not had the pleasure of hearing that name before."

"Well, what do you want a month for the little room, remembering that it is for a poor and honest musician?"

The old man rubbed his hands undecidedly. Then he called out into the next room: "Lisette, the gentleman wishes to do us the honor of staying with us in the little spare room. What do you think if I ask a gulden a month?"

Madam Lisette measured the guest from head to foot: her look was searching, but not unkind.

"For him," she said, "we will be content with forty-eight kreuzers in the beginning; it will be well for him and for us if he can pay so much punctually."

"Good!" said Haydn, joyfully, although he could hardly be sure of the ability to pay this small sum for three months.

"And your baggage?"

Haydn held out his bundle in both hands; and if he had looked into the eyes of the old couple he

would have perceived in them something like distrust and compassion.

"I have the coffee ready; let us sit down together; we can speak more at our ease over a warm and fragrant cup; besides, the gentleman looks as if he were hungry."

Haydn considered himself fortunate that his new landlady could see so well and be so practical. The three were soon seated at the family table: the old lady placed four cups, a pewter vessel with yellow sugar, the bread-basket, and two cans with coffee and milk. Haydn watched the proceedings, and was only troubled in regard to the fourth cup.

"We are simple stocking-weavers," said the old lady, pouring out the coffee. "Our trust is in God, and we eat when we have something to eat. And besides we hold fast to our hopes in Heaven, and we bow to the will and law of God."

"And so it was that my good, kind parents brought me up," answered Haydn, warmly. "I thank God for having led me to you. Now my little room is doubly dear to me."

Frau Lisette's eyes rested on the youth with maternal satisfaction. "And I am glad," she replied, "that you have such good, Christian sentiments. I begin to think that I shall like you."

"Mother, you are right," said the old man. "It

seems that in this gentleman we have taken a good guest into our house. I think that we can live together and pray together."

To this Haydn readily assented. "So let it be," he said; "but—you expect another guest. I do not wish to be in the way."

The old man laughed. "I do not know why our girl stays away so long to-day. We have a daughter, sir, a really good girl; the fourth cup is set for her."

Haydn became quite nervous and fidgety. Looking into his empty cup, he was thinking of some plan of escape, when the door opened, and a young woman of about twenty entered.

"Our Mary has come!" cried the old stocking-weaver, reaching out his hand in welcome. "Sit down, pet! You kept us waiting for you quite a while to-day. Don't be uneasy; the young gentleman has rented our little room there. He is the Herr von Haydn, a real good and pious young man, with whom we shall get on famously."

Haydn felt his cheeks burning and his tongue tied. He could not attempt a reply to the silent bow of the girl. As he had before studied his cup, so now his eyes were fixed on the door. He had no baggage to go for, knew not a single person in

Vienna on whom he could call,—but hold! There is the Kapell-director, Reutter.

“Permit me to say good-day for the present. I wish to visit an old patron in the Kapellhaus.”—Haydn felt that he was not speaking the exact truth when he called Reutter his patron.—“I will be back soon.”

In a few moments he was at the foot of the staircase. He drew a deep breath.

“Whither now?” he asked himself. “H’m! I will not make my words false: I will call on Reutter. Let me see what kind of a reception the old man will give me.”

His feelings were strange and peculiar as he entered the well-known house and walked through the long, stone corridor to the Kapellmeister’s room. His heart beat loudly as he ventured to knock at the door. “Come in!” was said, in a sharp, harsh voice. He entered and stood humbly near the door. Yonder at his writing-table sat the old man, his countenance as hard as ever, only his hair had grown somewhat thinner and whiter. Reutter fixed a long, dark look on Haydn, and then arose and walked over to him.

“What do you want? Are you not the Joseph Haydn whom I turned out?”

“Yes, I am the same. I simply came to pay my respects.”

“To what purpose, then?” was the sharp reply. “I have been accustomed to expect that my scholars turn out well, provided”—and his voice here had a vicious sound—“provided they have not been expelled. Now I am really curious to know what the good-for-nothing Haydn has learned to do, who composes for eight voices before he knows how to sing correctly. What are you, then?”

“Nothing!” blurted out Haydn, as he felt the hot tears welling up to his eyes.

Old Reutter smiled a grim smile of satisfaction. Thrusting his hands in his coat pockets, and moving his head from side to side, he said: “That is just what might have been expected. Good, very good! You have fully realized the expectations that were entertained in regard to you. You are turning beggar now, I suppose? Here is a kreuzer for you; buy a loaf of bread with it, and be a begging musician; whether Vienna has one more or less of such vagabonds is a matter of indifference to us.”

“Sir, I have not come to beg, though I am poor enough, God knows. But—”; he could go no further, for the tears choked him.

The old man was uneasy. “What do you want from me, then?” he asked.

Haydn wiped away his tears. "I have come to Vienna to learn music and to make that talent fruitful that God has given me. My parents tried every means to turn me away from my purpose. For a while filial love and the love of my calling struggled in my breast ; the latter conquered, and I left home, leaving a weeping mother, whose pious hopes I disappointed, as she wished to see me, her favorite, a priest at the altar. I cannot tear the heart out of my body, and I cannot impose silence on the melodies that float through my soul. Even my dreams turn to music ; yes : the very pulsations of my heart beat time to some melody."

Reutter smiled, not mockingly now, but rather compassionately.

"Help me to obtain my daily bread ; more I do not ask, and I want no alms. I wish to earn every morsel that I eat. I am willing to teach from morning until night, so that at night I may be able to study and compose."

"You forget, my dear Herr Haydn, that if our good city of Vienna were not paved with stones, it might be paved with music-teachers, there are so many of them. And do you think that anyone would trust the unknown Haydn? Yours are the fanciful plans of youth, on which experienced age looks with a cold eye. I will give you a good advice,

however: Learn something first, and then pupils will come to furnish you work and bread."

With these words, Reutter motioned to the door. Haydn stood proudly erect, and fixed his eyes on the wrinkled face of the old man.

→ "Many a tree which stood solitary and neglected by the roadside has produced rich fruits; God willing, so shall it be with Joseph Haydn; and even if no man stretches out to him a helping hand, and no human heart feels for him, there is still a God, whose mercy accompanies the honest poor man in his struggles."

Firm and almost joyful were his steps and mien as he walked once more out of the Kapellhaus. Prayer is a remedy for every sorrow, and he entered the neighboring Church of St. Stephen, where he poured forth his soul with childlike simplicity before our gracious and merciful Lord. Then he went homeward in a quiet frame of mind, and his soul was full of melody. The stocking-weaver's daughter let him in and accompanied him to the door of his room.

"All is as well prepared for you as thoughtful poverty will permit; I hope you will be pleased with your quarters." So saying, the girl returned to her work.

Haydn leaned his burning forehead against the

window. "Oh, if I only had a spinet or an organ under my hands now," sighed he, "how I would like to sing and play."

He buried his face in his hands and wept. Then the gentle evening breeze bore to his ears the soft notes of a song from a neighboring dwelling; he listened in a pensive mood, as if he heard angels singing; then he laughed and clapped his hands and sang with all his soul. It was a gentle flash of light in the dark and desolate night.

One day followed another with tiresome monotony. Haydn, in spite of all his economy, had come to the end of his funds. And notwithstanding all his inquiries and entreaties and tramps through the city, he had not succeeded in obtaining a single pupil. He would have been satisfied with the most trifling remuneration, but no one wanted his services, and those to whom he modestly offered them treated his offer with contempt, not wishing to admit into their houses a begging musician, as they considered him. Now and then he was asked to compose new dances for a band that played in second-class hotels and beer gardens, or occasionally he took the place of a musician in the band. But the former did not bring him enough to meet his wants, and the latter made his heart bleed to see music so abused and to take part in the degradation

of the noble art. And yet sheer starvation sometimes drove him to it.

He had long kept away the dark shadows of despondency from his soul. Youth hopes so readily, even where the calm eye of age gives up all hope. But now at last his spirit was broken. For the first time in his life he was in debt—in debt to his landlords, who were almost as poor as himself. His debts amounted to two gulden,* a sum sufficient to overshadow him in gloom. The thought of this debt made the bread that he ate taste hard and bitter.

It was Saturday. The heavens were overcast and the rain fell in torrents and beat against the window in Haydn's room. He sat completely disheartened, his head resting on his bosom. His courage and his hopes had quite forsaken him. He dreamed; he thought of his mother, and it seemed as if she came to him and said, as she did on a former occasion: "Sepperl, I beg of you, be a priest!" Was every blessing withdrawn from him because he had left his mother's dearest wish unfulfilled? This thought was heavier on his overburdened heart than all the troubles that stared him in the face. And still he could not even yet make up his mind to follow his mother's desire. He had no

* About 80 cents.

other answer to all her prayers than that his soul, his life, his love, were all given to music.

After a sleepless night Haydn arose. The morning was gloomy. Without breakfast, he left the house and wandered aimlessly up and down the streets, till at last he came to the monastery of the Servites. It was the hour of mass, and he entered. Seeking the most retired corner, he tried to pray, but his soul was desolate, and he could find neither thoughts nor words.

High mass began and Haydn breathed more freely. He hoped to hear some pious and harmonious music, which would soothe his soul; but how poor, how childish, how expressionless was the music evoked by an unskillful hand! Haydn's soul took fire, and at once he hastened up the narrow stairs to the organ-loft; with a commanding look and gesture he gently pushed the humble lay-brother aside, and placed his practised hands on the instrument. How pious and soul-touching was the music as melody followed melody, so simple and so grand, so sweet and soft, and again so powerful, that the old monk crossed his arms and looked in breathless astonishment at the organ, as if he would ask it how it came to produce such heavenly melodies! Haydn's whole soul was carried away; he felt as if all his long pent-up thoughts and feelings

must now find their expression. When the Consecration approached, his playing sank low and soft, like the mysterious whisper of an angel, to burst forth again in jubilation at the "*Benedictus*."

The Holy Sacrifice was ended. Haydn did not remark that another monk had slipped into the choir and stood beside him. He closed the instrument, and the monk reached him his hand with thanks.

"Come with me, if you can spare the time."

Haydn smiled sorrowfully. Had he not time enough to spare for anything? The monk led the way to his cell.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The question was very short compared to the long answer that it required. With growing warmth Haydn related his story, even down to the debt that had followed his last gulden.

"Our organist is dead," said the monk. "You have heard how the old brother plays."

"Yes: it was too bad!" exclaimed Haydn. "No one should ever treat an organ in that way; it is a crying sin, especially in the house of God and during holy mass. But," he added, in a gentler voice, "I am doing the poor brother a great injustice, for he played as well as he could, though truly that was bad enough."

“What brought you to our church to-day?” asked the monk, wishing to change the subject.

“I might call it chance,” answered Haydn, “if there were such a thing as chance. Misery drove me into the streets, and from the streets into the church. I wished to pray for courage and hope, but I could not. It was only when I was seated at the organ and could breathe forth my soul in music, that I could pray. And with every accord my prayer grew more earnest, till it filled my whole soul.”

“You are a pious youth,” answered the monk, warmly. “Would you like to be our organist?”

Haydn trembled in every limb. This offer sounded so acceptable that he felt as if an angel lifted every sorrow from his soul.

“Yes, yes, I would! I beg for the position!” he cried, eagerly.

“Very well, then,” said the monk, smiling and holding out his hand; “you will become a novice in our community, and our organist.”

Haydn turned pale. The monk continued, not noticing his emotion:

“You have been piously brought up: with us you can continue to grow up in piety, like a young tree in the solitude of the forest. You have been richly gifted: and with us you can devote all your talents to the service of God. You are poor, very

poor: with us, notwithstanding our vow of poverty, you will be above want. God provides for our simple table and for our raiment. The world dashes its turbid waves at our feet, but not around our hearts. A golden peace reigns amongst us, in which we have a foretaste of the happiness of heaven; and this peace becomes a prayer, and this prayer in your case, my young friend, will become heavenly melodies. Still," and his voice was suddenly subdued, "it is for you to choose; but if you feel that God calls you, follow his voice. I speak for your own good."

Haydn slowly raised his moistened eyes.

"My mother has often said to me that we must pray before deciding on important matters; I must do so now. Perhaps—but I don't know—we shall meet soon again."

With silent and hearty good will they parted.

It was noon when Haydn returned to his lodging. He sat for a quarter of an hour in his little room, and his thoughts were grave, when the woman of the house summoned him to dinner. He was silent at the table, and he who had generally such a good appetite hardly touched his food.

"Are you ill?" asked the good old lady anxiously.

"No."

“There seems to be some load on your mind, then. Perhaps you are grieved about your debt? Don’t trouble yourself about that. I had rather make you a present of all, and share the last morsel with you, as a mother with her son, than that you should have such a cause of trouble.”

Haydn pushed aside his plate and related the occurrences of the morning, and what the monk had said to him. When he mentioned that he was invited to enter the monastery, the good lady interrupted him excitedly: “He is right, the holy man is right: you must become a monk. I wonder that I never thought of that. Oh! how glad I shall be when you are a Servite! I could almost now kiss your hand with all respect. Say, old man,” she said, turning to her husband, “from this time forth we will not go any more to St. Stephen’s, but to the Servites. Herr Haydn, you will enter the monastery?”

“How you let your tongue run away with you, Lisette!” said the old man. “You do not know whether the boy wants to be a monk or not. Of course, if he were to ask my advice, I would say yes, and amen. He should be a monk, then he will have peace; God will provide his table, and his soul will grow in goodness and be beautiful and great. When a man is not troubled by the cares of

house, food, and clothing, the wings of his soul are free and can soar aloft to purer regions, far removed from our dusty earth ; and when a person has such rare gifts of God as our young friend, he can meditate in his cell and give expression on his organ to melodies, and all the world will utter his name with grateful praise. Is it not in the cells of the monks that the most beautiful flowers of music, art, and science have bloomed? And so I can picture to myself our good Herr Haydn singing beautiful melodies in his solitude, so that young and old rejoice at them, and I can see him a celebrated man, in spite of habit and tonsure."

Haydn listened with growing earnestness to the enthusiastic remarks of the old man. Every word was true; it was like a whisper of peace to his struggling, hoping, and still anxious heart.

"As God wills it!" said the youth. "I think I shall at least make the attempt to be a monk."

"Father, mother," said Mary, now, "if Herr Haydn really goes to the Servites, I have a request to make. Keep the room vacant for him, for he will not remain in the monastery ; and if he returns to the world again, he must not be without a home, and he shall find it with us."

CHAPTER V.

A SILENT and solitary cell. The walls are bare, with the exception of a picture of a saint, dark in colors and earnest of features. Beneath it hangs a poorly carved crucifix, on which is suspended a rosary. Near the door is an earthen holy-water vase, and beside the window a plain desk, at which sits Joseph Haydn, the Servite novice, in his long dark habit. The book that lies open before him remains untouched: for the last hour he has not turned a leaf in it. Perhaps the novice is occupied all this time with a single thought? Yes: his countenance is earnest, but his eye does not rest on the book. He is looking towards the window-sill, on which a bird is perched, singing with all his might. After a while the bird flies away, settles on a blossoming tree, and then soars off into boundless space.

Haydn follows the movements of the little songster with moist eyes. "Fortunate little creature!" he sighs; "you may sing when you choose: I must be silent, whilst every day the claims of music are growing more imperious in my soul. Stupid desk!"

he exclaims, impatiently ; “ why are you not a spinet on which I could rattle and sing as of old ! All should, indeed, be to the praise of my God,—all should be pious as a prayer ; but this—” and he brought down his open hands on the desk so as to make it rattle and clatter. The novice was startled, for the blow resounded through the stillness of his cell.

Some minutes afterwards the master of novices entered. He was an elderly man, in every one of whose features beamed benevolence and fatherly affection. “ Brother Joseph,” he said, raising his finger in a threatening manner, but at the same time smiling kindly, “ what was that noise in your cell ? ”

Haydn hesitated, and then said : “ I was wishing for a spinet, and because I had none I impatiently struck the desk ; but I did not intend to make such a noise.”

The monk slowly shook his head. “ Such thoughts,” he said, “ even though not sinful in themselves, should not be admitted into your mind during the hour of meditation. Humbly say your *Mea culpa*, and consider quietly what your book tells you.”

He placed his right hand by way of blessing on the novice’s head, and started to leave the room.

At the open door he turned and said: "Come to my cell this evening at eight o'clock."

Haydn bowed respectfully, but the last words of the novice-master, whom he honored as a father, fell with a heavy weight upon his soul. He felt guilty, and saw in imagination a storm gathering over his head.

Eight o'clock came at last. Haydn stood timidly before the master of novices, who looked scrutinizingly into his face and said: "Come with me." He led the way to the choir. Haydn did not venture to look up; but now, when the organ pipes shone in the evening light, he raised his eyes; it was as if he saw his best friend on earth before him. This look did not escape the monk, and an almost imperceptible smile passed over his countenance. He pointed to the manual. "Play and sing just as you feel in your soul," he commanded, as he went to the bellows.

Haydn's eyes sparkled. First he kissed the organ stealthily, then sat down, drew out the stops, looked for a moment heavenward, and began to play. How sad and serious it sounded—songs such as homesickness inspires,—unadorned, but true and clear! It sounded as if a bleeding heart inspired the music. Then the melodies passed from this earnest longing to joyful, blessed sight. The minor key was used.

It sounded like the prayer of a child's heart on Christmas Eve—a simple, pious air in clear thirds, such as mothers sing by the cradle; then suddenly the full organ pealed forth a hymn through the dark aisles, as if David himself sang one of his psalms of triumph; and when the last notes quivered high up among the arches, Haydn's ear still followed their dying echoes.

The father went over to Haydn and touched his arm. “You are pious, as is evident from the tones that have just echoed through this holy place; but you will hardly become a monk. Rise and go back to your cell.”

Haydn passed a sleepless night. The moon shone in its full splendor into his cell. He sat on his hard bed, his head bowed on his bosom, and thought of the past, which had strewn so few flowers in his path; but he feared to think of the future, which he had no power of shaping. When his eyes fell on his habit, he shook his head dissatisfied: he felt that what was a source of peace to thousands of others was not the way of peace to him. Or should he force himself to what was not his calling? Hunger and misery had driven him to make the attempt, but his soul could not take root in this soil. Yes: when he sat at the organ and played, he felt happy; then he

forgot all his surroundings, the past and the future, and even the fact that he was a novice.

Midnight had passed, when the bell summoned the community to matins. The monks slowly and silently proceeded in ranks to the choir, their heads buried in their cowls. Haydn, being the youngest novice, stood at the lector's stand to intone; but instead of doing so in the simple tone of psalmody, he sang the antiphon in a clear, loud voice, just as he happened to be inspired at the moment. For this fault he had to assist at the office on his knees, and next day he received a severe reprimand. Besides this infraction of the rule, it was found that one wall of his cell was covered with the productions of his musical genius which he had pencilled there.

On the same evening Haydn was told to lay aside his habit and leave the monastery; but the parting was with kindly feelings on both sides. "Return to the world," said the master of novices, gently; "your home is not with us. Build thy own nest, bird of song, and sing thy hymns to God! Ever remain as you now are, pious and faithful. You are not called to be a monk, and woe to you and to us if we tried to force you to it! But that you may know that charity goes with you across our threshold, you have free access to our table every noon as

long as poverty follows your steps; and on Sundays and festivals you may play our organ, and receive your regular pay for it."

Haydn kissed the monk's hand. "God reward you!" he exclaimed, in a trembling voice. "Yes, it is true that poverty finds consolation and food at the doors of convents. May God give you a long life, so that Joseph Haydn may have the opportunity to prove to you that he is not ungrateful! I will make my way through the world and cultivate the genius that God has given me; and the songs that I compose will be as pure as morning dew, as pious as the sounds of the *Ave*, as beautiful as the song of birds on a fresh, sunny morning in spring. You, noble monks, have placed me on firm ground, on which I can lay the first stone of a fairer future. When one of your number is writing the chronicles of the Order, let him set down that Joseph Haydn owes you the best thanks of his heart."

The monk smiled at the enthusiasm of the youth. Throwing himself on his knees, Haydn received the paternal blessing of his friend, and departed.

Hastening joyfully down the monastery steps, Haydn ran against a young man.

"Hello, friend! your bones are pretty hard!" exclaimed the stranger.

"I am glad of it," said Haydn, "because it gives

me hopes of a long life. But if I have hurt you, I am sorry. Pardon me !”

“Were you flung out of the monastery there ?” asked the stranger.

“No: I was dismissed in pity. They found me too much of a musician and too little of a monk.”

“A musician !” repeated the other. “I am the same. Your name ?”

“Joseph Haydn.”

“Quite an unknown name. Mine is Ditters.”*

“The name is strange to me,” replied Haydn, with a slight bow.

Ditters laughed heartily.

“So we are two great unknowns ! How would it be for us to enter into bonds of friendship ? the strangers might become good and fast friends.”

Haydn, usually so ready to act upon a suggestion, hesitated. “I once heard it said that friendship is something so sacred and noble that its head is in heaven and its heart upon the earth. When I choose a friend,” he went on, thoughtfully, “he must be pious, and better than I am. His heart must be pure, with the golden peace of God in it ; and, besides his friend and his God, he should know no love but music.”

* “Ditters (born in Vienna in 1739), a good composer, travelled through Italy, and succeeded Haydn as music director for the Bishop of Grosswardein.”

Ditters, a bright-eyed and hearty youth, looked earnestly at Haydn.

“That I am good, my mother told me when she gave me her dying blessing; that I am better than you I know not, and I think not. Let it suffice that we both wish to be good; thus we shall never lead each other to what is offensive to God. May we not enter into friendship on these terms?”

“Here is my hand on your proposal,” replied Haydn, earnestly. “My heart is deep like a mountain lake, but clear and transparent. Everything is doubly agreeable or doubly offensive to me. Be true and pure in your friendship, and you will find me, I think, a good comrade.”

They walked side by side for some distance, without speaking.

“And what are you going to do now?” asked Ditters, resuming the conversation.

“You do not take me for a nobody, I hope,” answered Haydn, in good humored pride. “I have been installed organist for Sundays and holydays in the church of the Fathers Servites in Vienna.”

“Your title is a pretty long one,” said Ditters. “And the salary?”

“It is considerably shorter, for it was spoken of only in general terms. It will certainly not be much, I am well convinced of that; and my antici-

pations in regard to pecuniary matters seldom deceive me."

"You are a precious fellow! On what do you propose to live? For money—"

"I have none; but debts I have."

"That is something to begin with," said Ditters, laughing. "Shall I lend you money, or give you a few gulden?"

"No!" exclaimed Haydn: "our friendship is too young for that, and nothing is more dangerous to a young friendship than money lent or given. Let us speak of something else. I will fight my way through the world."

"No: you will fiddle your way through the world; that sounds better for you. You must become a modern Orpheus—"

"Without an instrument," said Haydn, sadly. "Yes: if I only had a spinet, I could more easily forget hunger and misery."

"Poor fellow! now I feel double compassion for you. To be a musician without an instrument is the worst kind of hunger imaginable. Come to my room with me; there you will find a good spinet—"

"Indeed!" interrupted Haydn, joyfully.

"Certainly! And we shall also take care to have something to eat and drink."

"No, Ditters," replied Haydn, placing his hand

→ on his friend's arm ; " I do not want food and drink ; I want to see and play on your spinet."

" Either you are a fool or a genuine musician. Here is a fellow, indeed, that turns up his nose at a pitcher of foaming beer and a fragrant roast ! "

Joking thus and laughing, they arrived at Ditters's quarters. The place showed no marked signs of wealth, neither did it betray poverty or want. Hardly had they entered when Haydn pounced upon the spinet and began to play. At first he only trifled with the notes ; but soon he poured forth melody after melody, at first earnest and solemn, then ending joyfully, even playfully.

" What is it you are after playing ? " asked Ditters, thoughtfully, when Haydn stopped.

" How should I know ? " answered the latter, laughing. " It was only nonsense, not music, that I played."

" Let me hear some real music, then."

" Give me a theme."

→ Ditters reflected for a moment, and then went to the spinet and played a melody. Haydn first repeated the melody in a simple manner, then he surrounded it with growing accords, then he made the simple idea jest, grow serious, complain, entreat, and finally burst forth in strong, full melody.

" And such a talent as this suffers hunger ! " ex-

claimed Ditters, clasping his hands together. "Why, man, the world belongs to you!"

Haydn laughed heartily.

→ "I only wish I had ten gulden!—what should I do with the world? Do you know, my dear friend, I feel that there is within me a whole ocean of song; but what shall I do with it? In my poverty it will drown me. If every note that I can sing were only a crumb of bread, I should be a rich and happy man."

"You will be happy, my dear Haydn," replied Ditters, warmly, "but you will hardly be rich. It is not written in the book of fate that a genius shall sit at a rich table. What matters it? Perhaps there would soon be no geniuses left if they all had their fill every day."

The clatter of glasses and plates was heard in the next room. Haydn's eye flashed for a moment, and then he blushed. Ditters had looked at him, and read his hunger in his countenance. And this humbled him. He did not want his friend to think meanly of him—as if it were a shame for a hungry stomach to long for food.

Ditters laughed heartily. "I am as hungry," he exclaimed, "as if I had fasted for a week. Come, let us eat and drink!"

In a few moments they were seated contentedly at an amply provided table.

“Eat, Haydn, eat!” he said. “You need not be ashamed to be hungry, as if you were not a human being. Now let us drink to a glorious future!”

“And now to the spinet again!”

Haydn was more than happy. That he had had a hearty meal was soon forgotten in the bliss of being able to give vent to his feelings on the old but excellent instrument. The hours flew rapidly by. Evening had long since changed into a bright, moonlit night.

“One more air,” he said, “and then I must take my departure.”

His last air sounded like thanks from the lips of a child, like a pious orison, like the glad evening hymn of a bird before the dear songster of the woods betakes himself to rest in the branches, or like the sweet dream or the joyful laughter of an innocent boy.

“And now let us part,” said Haydn, rising.

“Where do you intend to go?”

“To my good friends, the stocking-weavers.”

“At eleven o’clock at night?”

“Is it possible?” exclaimed Haydn, pressing his

hand to his forehead. "How fast the evening fled!"

"Yes: it has gone on the waves of your melodies into the boundless ocean of Time. Friend, stay with me to-night. If the old sofa there beside the spinet is good enough for you, you are a welcome guest."

With a hearty shake of the hands they parted. Haydn, thanking his friend, closed the door after him. He then knelt down on the floor, covered his face with his hands, and prayed. And what were his prayers? Ask a happy man who is humble. At last he arose, and was about to undress when his eyes fell on the spinet. "Only one piece more," he said to himself. "Softly, softly, that I may not disturb my friend." Softly he opened the instrument that was so dear to him. The tones sounded so spiritual, as if angel's hands awoke them; and so full of peace, as if angels sang.

The bells from all the towers proclaim the hour of midnight. Haydn hears them not: he has fallen asleep on the spinet. Through his spirit float the last notes of his melody, like water-lilies on the surface of a lake.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning Haydn gratefully shook his friend's hand. "Shall I see you soon again?"

"To-day."

Then he went to the Kohlmarkt and ascended the stairs of his former dwelling. The old woman opened the door for him. As soon as she caught sight of him she looked displeased.

"You here, Herr Haydn!" she exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"I wish to ask you—"

"To ask what? I thought you were with the pious Servite Fathers, and were applying yourself with all earnestness to become a good monk; now it looks as if you had run away or been driven away. How is it?"

"It was not my vocation," answered Haydn, humbly.

"Humph! what is that you say!" replied the old lady. "Is it not the vocation of everyone to be happy? Yes! And can this be better attained anywhere than in a religious community? No! Therefore you have missed your vocation!"

“You yourself did not go into a cloister,” said Haydn, recovering himself, “but you got married, and yet you are both a good and happy woman. It seems, then, that your vocation was something else besides the convent.”

The old lady’s countenance softened perceptibly. “Yes, it is true that I am an honest woman,—that cannot be denied ; and I am also happy, as God knows, who sees into my heart. And, finally—perhaps you are right. If all the good people entered convents, the world would belong to the bad alone. And that should not be.”

The door was opened and Mary appeared. As soon as she saw Haydn her countenance lighted up. She reached out her hand and said : “Here you are at last ! I felt sure that you would return.”

The old lady put her arms akimbo and looked displeased at her daughter. “Mary,” she said reprovingly, “what are you prating about, as if you understood anything of the matter ! Keep to your needle and your knitting ; that suits you better.”

The rosy lips pouted angrily for a moment. Then the girl ran back to the room, exclaiming, joyfully : “Father, Herr Haydn has come back to us again !”

Haydn resumed his place in the little attic, which would have been so dear to him if he only knew

how he was to pay his rent. A noise in the outer room soon interrupted his gloomy meditations. He heard the steps of men, and a harsh voice saying: "If Mr. Haydn lives here, show us his room." At these words the speaker pushed the door open, and, with the help of his companion, drew an old, somewhat worm-eaten spinet into the room.

"Where shall we put the old box?"

Haydn gazed speechlessly at the instrument.

"Here, let us set it up in the middle of the room," said the other man, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand.

"And now we want our well-earned twenty kreuzers," said the first speaker. "Your stairs are high, as if they wanted to climb over the clouds into the moon."

"But I know nothing about the spinet," stammered Haydn, looking at the man's outstretched hand.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the latter; "do you think we are going to carry the old box out again? A young man charged us expressly to bring it here to Mr. Haydn. Aren't you the man? But he didn't pay us; so you must—"

He made a motion with his hand as if receiving the money, while drops of sweat rolled from Haydn's forehead.

“But—I have no money.”

“Not even twenty kreuzers?”

“No.”

A painful pause ensued. Haydn could have wept. The words, “not even twenty kreuzers!” sounded mockingly in his soul.

The bell rang. Mary opened the door, and Ditters entered Haydn’s room. “Well, what is all this fuss about?” he asked the two porters, in a tone of authority. “What are you waiting here for?”

“Sir, we are waiting for our pay,” answered one of the men.

“And you have no money?” cried Ditters, laughing, as he offered Haydn his hand. Then turning to the men he said, curtly: “There is your pay; now go.”

“Well, friend,” said Ditters, when they were alone, “why do you not speak? You look as if you were turned to stone.”

“Ditters, did you order the spinet to be brought here?”

“Yes.”

Haydn fell on his friend’s neck. “You have brought me the beginning of my good luck! Now I will never despair.”

Ditters laughed heartily. “I shall rejoice from

my heart if you become an Orpheus on this poor instrument. But my purse could not command a better one ; so make the most of this."

The two young men continued their friendly chat for a long time. When they were parting, each holding the other's hand in a warm grasp, Haydn said: "It will be a perpetual spring with me now. And when the tones and melodies pour forth from my soul in many-colored beauty, and when thereby the path to a more glorious future is thrown open to me, then, noble friend, the credit is due to you and your golden heart."

"Dear idealist," replied Ditters, laying his hand on Haydn's shoulder ; "you have not yet put forth the wings that will bear you to happiness. You will revel in melody, but you shall also be pinched by hunger. Woe to you because you are a genius ! Your star will rise slowly, and when it shines brightest you will have long been mouldering in your grave."

Haydn stood alone in his attic. The parting words of his friend echoed mournfully in his soul. "Yes : perhaps he spoke the truth. Poverty and want may still be my portion ; but the sun must shine at last."

For a whole week Haydn did not leave his room. From early dawn till late in the evening he sat at

his spinet; he played and wrote alternately; then he would get vexed and tear up what he had written but an hour before. He forgot all his surroundings to such an extent that on the second day his landlady came into his room and scolded him.

“What kind of a life is this you are beginning to lead, Herr Haydn? Have you given up eating altogether? I know that you are poor, but we have always a spoonful of warm soup to spare for you. Let your music rest for once, and come and eat something, or else you will die upon our hands, or turn crazy, and I do not wish to see either of these things take place.”

It was a Saturday afternoon when Haydn, carrying a thick roll of papers, entered a music store. The clerk was in no hurry to wait upon the visitor, who looked more like a person that had come to beg than like a customer. At last, however, he condescended to notice him. Placing his hands on the counter, and throwing his head back, he asked, pertly: “What do you wish? We have only large works here, and they are dear.” Whilst saying this he ran his eyes over Haydn’s shabby dress.

“I wish to see the head of the house,” said Haydn, modestly.

“What do you want with him?” was the insolent demand.

“Not to beg, at any rate!” replied Haydn, indignantly.

“Ah, charming! I am very much at your service,” answered the clerk, jeeringly, and he started leisurely towards the counting-room.

After the lapse of at least a quarter of an hour a little, shrivelled old man appeared. His grey, piercing eyes were furnished with an immense pair of spectacles; over the arms of his greasy coat were drawn a pair of working-sleeves, which were actually saturated with ink; his lips were thin and closely compressed; his left hand was buried deep in the breast of his coat, and in his right he carried a gold snuff-box. Making a slight bow he stood before Haydn. “You want to see the head of the firm? What can I do for you?”

Haydn mustered all his courage. “I have here,” he said, opening the roll of papers, “six minuets of my own composition.”

The old man looked at him as if he would read him through and through.

“I am a beginner, it is true,” continued Haydn; “but yet I believe—”

“What do you want me to do with all that paper?” asked the man. “Buy it, perhaps?”

“Precisely,” answered Haydn, breathing more freely.

“You are, then, a Bohemian musician in need of money?”

“My name is Joseph Haydn. I was a pupil under Reutter—”

The old man laughed, seized the roll of papers and tied it up again. “Please take the stuff away, and do not make me waste my precious time.”

“But,” pleaded Haydn, “at least read *one* of the scores.”

“You are very bold, young man. But to show you that I am not cruel and unjust to you, I will look over your work. Perhaps I may be able to give you a good advice. Come again in a few days.”

Haydn’s eyes were filled with tears when he stood on the street. “Thou art only a poor wretch,” he said to himself, “and must put up with everything. I may be thankful that the little man did not eat me up. But—all hope is not destroyed. Perhaps my compositions may please him; and surely, if he knows anything about music, my minuets cannot fail of it.”

After eight days, which seemed an age to Haydn, he appeared once more at the publisher’s. He made his humble bow, which was received by the other with cold haughtiness.

“Ah! it is you,” said the old man, carelessly. “John, bring me the roll of music there by my

writing-desk.” Then turning to Haydn: “Here, young man, is your music, if it can be called music. I have looked at a few of the pieces, and do you know what I did then? I enjoyed a hearty laugh. How simple you are! You let your theme move along so simply and plainly, for all the world like a modest young girl going to early mass. No adornment, no flourishes, no crashing effects,—only melody, just suited for a hurdy-gurdy. I cannot let the name of my firm be disgraced by such school-boy jingling. But you need not on that account throw the stuff into the fire; it would be a pity to destroy the paper. Do you know what you might do? Sell what you call your compositions to those bands that play in taverns about the suburbs; to such people, such music will be quite acceptable.”

Haydn snatched the roll of music, and was for a moment inclined to toss it into the streets. He was angry and excited, for those were the children of his genius; and it is double bitterness to the hearts of parents to see their children despised. Burning, trembling, angry, he related the matter to his friend Ditters.

“Let the man enjoy his cheap joke,” answered the latter, soothingly. “Mockery is a bad companion, and so is the mocker. Give me the stuff. You

are angry enough to throw the whole package into the grate."

"And what will you do with it?" asked Haydn, despondingly.

7 "Perhaps I can place these firstlings of yours in good hands ; at least I shall save them from a cruel death."

From that day Haydn was sadder and more quiet than before. Wherever he turned he saw shattered hopes, want, hunger, and misery. When he played the organ for the Servites on Sundays and holydays he was often frightened at himself. It seemed to him that not only had his hopes withered, but that even the genius of song was gradually dying within him. At this thought he was filled with bitterness. It was only after the high mass, when he was seated at dinner, and the monks cordially praised him for his deeply pious and sweet performance on the organ, that he looked up, at first dejectedly, and then thankfully, and began again to believe in his talent.

It was a bright summer afternoon. The streets of the city were very quiet, only a few individuals moving hastily over the hot pavements. The people, with glad hearts, had gone into the neighboring country, with its shady trees and its undulating meadows and fields. There was one person in his

lofty attic who felt the longing to be out amongst the warbling birds and the babbling streams: but he was not happy, and therefore he remained sitting at his window, satisfied to let his longing soul fly away to its home and rest there, like a swallow wearied by its long flight. He was sunk in deep thought, seated in imagination beside his aged mother, and breathing his sorrows into her faithful ear, and then listening to her words of comfort, which were as balm to his wounded heart. The door was softly opened, and Mary appeared.

“Herr Haydn,” said the girl, in an imploring tone, “do go out into God’s beautiful world! It will make you again joyful and happy.”

He turned his head, half in vexation, towards the girl. “Why have you not yourself gone, with your parents? It would have done you good also.”

“Yes,” she answered, “you are right; my suffering lungs would gladly inhale the breath of the forest; and yet I prefer to stay at home and work with my needle, in order thus to be of some help to a poor, deserving person.”

Haydn sprang to his feet at once. A serious question arose to his lips, but he did not utter it. “You are a good child!” he exclaimed, warmly. “Poor yourself, you still try to help others.”

“No one is so poor that he cannot in some way

help those that are still poorer. But I have come," she went on, trying to be cheerful, "to ask you why you hardly play any more on your spinet. In the beginning you were so zealous that my father sometimes rubbed his forehead in vexation and said: 'To-day Herr Haydn with his music has robbed me of my sleep.' Now it seems as if you had lost all love for music. What is the matter with you?"

Haydn had arisen and stood near the spinet. "The poor instrument is not to blame. Here, deep down in my heart, is the wound that no music can heal. Mary, God is my witness that I have done all that lies in my power to render fruitful the talent that he has given me. Do you know what I earned? Bitter mockery!—mockery such as the rich man often casts in the face of the beggar. Well, if all the world rejects me, and mocks my genius, then will I forget the passion of my soul, return home to my father, and be a cartwright's apprentice. As such I shall at least earn my daily bread, for which I now struggle in vain; and when on Sundays the schoolmaster plays the organ in church, I shall call to mind that I also once sought to be happy by the light of music."

"And if all mankind were to doubt you, and but one single heart beat with yours, and cried out to you: 'Haydn, despair not; the spark within you is

divine, and you have no right to quench it!' would you even then turn your back on your genius?"

"No: I would not."

"Then remain true to it. Haydn, I daily pray for my parents, and then for you. I know I do not pray in vain. You will be happy yet, happy and great in the kingdom of music. Ask not what right I have—I, a poor, simple girl—to speak thus. When at night everything was buried in sleep, and you sat at that spinet, and your music sounded so joyful and pious, I raised my wearied head from my pillow and listened like a child; and when at last I fell asleep, your song still resounded in my soul. He that is thus able to speak to the human heart cannot fail."

Haydn stood with clasped hands before the maiden, whose cheeks were more deeply ruddy from excitement. For a long time he was silent: he wished to let her words sink deep into his soul. At last he raised his head and fixed his eyes on her. "I will venture it, in God's name. His angel has brought me courage and new hope. Mary, continue to pray: now I know that a human heart understands me; by this I feel that I shall conquer." He then seated himself at his spinet, and with its tones came back once more his cheerfulness. And when at night he sought his bed as the

moon was waning, he breathed a short night-prayer, concluding with : “ O good Lord, abandon not poor Joseph Haydn ! ”

Weeks passed, during which Haydn composed, studied, prayed, and starved with all his might. He went to early mass every morning ; for, he would say, musicians do not pray whilst helping others to pray at high mass. Occasionally he was with Ditters ; then all sorrows were forgotten and Haydn was joyful ; but if he spoke of the compositions entrusted to his friend, and inquired as to their fate, Ditters answered curtly, telling him he was one of the most impatient men that ever lived, and that he must wait. Then Haydn would reply that it was well for Ditters to talk and jest, but for his own part he had reason for his impatience.

One rainy afternoon Ditters invited his friend to take a walk. Haydn at first refused, on the plea that he was engaged at a composition ; but when Ditters somewhat pointedly asked him what he would do with his composition when it was ready, he hung his head and consented to go. Arm in arm they lounged through the streets, chatting, joking, admiring the riches displayed in the shop-windows, and thinking of their own poverty. After a while they stood in front of a music store. Ditters had led his friend there as if by chance, and now he

stood watching him closely. Haydn examined the display of music with greedy eyes. Suddenly he turned pale, trembled in every limb, pressed his forehead against the glass, and then called to his friend: "Ditters, is that really Joseph Haydn printed on that sheet?"

"Well, and why not?" answered Ditters, laughing. "You actually see before you your own minuets."

Haydn drew back a step. Thoughtfully crossing his hands, he looked at the greyish-white paper that bore his name, and then turned to his friend: "I understand nothing of all this."

"The matter is quite simple," returned Ditters. "I have run over Vienna from end to end until I found a man to venture on the issue of your first-born. The man in there had the courage; God grant that he may not have reason to repent!"

"Ditters, you are cruel!"

"Of course—I know it! Because people here in Vienna are so poor in ancient composers, they must be glad to find young, unknown, and inexperienced ones! Do you know what this publisher said? He could get such stuff by the hundred-weight, but out of pity he would take your minuets and publish them."

“And what will he pay for them?” asked Haydn, timidly.

“Well, you are terrible! Is it not enough that this excellent man spent his money before he received a copper? does he not bring your name before the public? This is surely worth more to you than a few gulden!”

“Yes, you are right,” Haydn warmly assented. “Ditters,” he continued, “I have one gulden left; do you think it would be foolish for me to go into the store and buy my own work?”

“Do it. Every writer, whether in prose, verse, or music, is like a child in regard to his first printed production. Why should you have more sense than thousands of others? Go and buy it. But, friend, I warn you that for the future you must look upon yourself as a being of a superior nature, and must prize yourself accordingly. Now you are as great as I am—just nothing!”

Haydn entered the store. A thin, serious-looking gentleman came to meet him.

“You have minuets in your show-case by one Joseph Haydn. Are they worth purchasing?”

“Why not? They are simple, but very pretty, and show talent, though there is also a lack of schooling. Haydn—I do not know him—should

study instead of composing. Then he might produce something really good."

Haydn's cheeks were all aglow.

"Then you wish to buy a copy?" the publisher asked.

"Yes, certainly. I am, perhaps, the first purchaser?"

"By no means; the pieces find a ready sale. I am myself surprised at it. Here, sir, are Haydn's minuets. I hope they will please you. They show considerable untrained talent which is well worth recognition."

Haydn placed his gulden on the counter. The music-dealer picked it up and said, bowing slightly, "The collection costs a gulden and twelve kreuzers."

Haydn drew his hand across his cold forehead. His face was the picture of woe, shame, and embarrassment.

"Ah! you do not happen to have the amount with you," said the merchant, politely. "Please give me your name, and bring me the balance whenever it is convenient for you."

"My name is Joseph Haydn."

"Why did you not tell me so at first?" exclaimed the dealer, grasping his hand. "I bid you a hearty welcome amongst the disciples of song. But, if

you wish to be really great, study Emanuel Bach, and then call on me again, say in a year."

The friendly publisher rolled up six copies and handed them to Haydn. "This is the custom between publisher and author," he said, obligingly. "And here is your money back again," he added, going to his desk and wrapping up a coin. "God bless you, young man! Be pious and good. Heaven-born talent perishes in the ways of vice, and your talent should live and bear fruit."

Haydn rushed out of the store and embraced his friend on the public street, giving vent to the full tide of his feelings.

At last Ditters said to him dryly: "I am hungry, and want something to eat."

Haydn started back. "How prosaic you are! I do not care for food and drink now."

"What a sweet story-teller you are!" said Ditters, jokingly. "You are like all idealists. You live on sounds and ideas till your stomach rebels; then you fall from your Fool's Paradise and remember that you are human."

"Why do you remind me of that?"

Ditters smiled, but made no answer. "Will you spend the evening with me, Joseph?" he asked, after a while.

"With all my heart!"

“Since you are not hungry, and I am willing to deny myself for once, in order not to be less an idealist than you, let us walk towards the country.”

“And speak only of music,” added Haydn.

The evening twilight soon deepened into night. The air was damp and almost frosty. The two youths had walked and talked themselves tired. “Let us go home,” suggested Ditters.

“Without supper?” asked Haydn. “I have money, and would like—”

“Very well; let us eat, then. It seems that there are moments when even genius can stoop to think of roast veal.”

They entered a suburban tavern. The low-ceiled room was filled with talking, drinking, smoking fellows—strong men, whose joints and muscles were hardened by labor, but who under their rough exterior preserved kind and gentle hearts. They all smoked, and in the blue wreaths that curled from their mouths they blew away into the air the anxieties of the day and of the morrow. Such were the Viennese of those days, and such they are at present.

On a low platform is seated a band of musicians—men gathered together by a singular fate: lean and fat; men bent with age, and beardless youths, pert in demeanor and poor in dress. They blow and

fiddle, and they think of the pennies that are thrown on the collection-plate, and are already enjoying in anticipation to-morrow's breakfast which those pennies are to procure them. Their playing is not bad, and Haydn, who is contentedly eating his supper, listens to them with pleasure.

"Ditters," he said, in a low tone, "those fellows yonder play some very stupid pieces, but also some that are not so bad, and it is quite a pleasure for me to listen to them."

"Drink and be silent! I have talked enough," answered Ditters, irritably.

"How surly you are this evening! what has come over you?"

The musicians began a new piece.

Haydn was startled. His countenance, his eyes, expressed surprise; they were playing one of his minuets. It came out smooth and round, as if a spirit sang the melody, and sang it with great tenderness and genuine feeling.

Exclamations of delight rang through the hall, and the minuet was encored. Haydn stationed himself near the first violinist and listened attentively to his own strains. He was happy as a child, but elated like a pert youth. When the piece was ended, he rudely slapped one of the musicians on the shoulder.

“By whom is that minuet?” he asked, contemptuously.

“By Joseph Haydn,” was the answer, impatiently uttered.

“It is a sow-minuet!”* exclaimed Haydn.

The old man to whom those insolent words were addressed looked indignantly at Haydn for a moment, and raised his violin threateningly, as if he would shiver it on his head. “Comrades!” he called out to the others, “this young coxcomb has spoken disrespectfully of Haydn.”

“Then let us beat the conceit out of him!” exclaimed several voices.

Haydn’s position became serious. A powerful hand seized him by the collar and shook him angrily, when Ditters interposed, just in time. “Don’t hurt the poor fellow,” he begged. “He is crazy about music, and his brain is somewhat unsettled. Best put him out quietly ; the night air may do him good.”

This suggestion was immediately acted upon, and for the moment Haydn seriously doubted his own sanity. Very soon Ditters joined him.

* Our readers will, we trust, pardon the expression. It is literally what Haydn uttered on the occasion ; but we must remark that the expression, though very rude in German, does not sound as rude as it does in English.—Tr.

“Ditters,” he exclaimed, angrily, “how could you make me out to be a lunatic?”

“Forgive me,” he answered; “but it is true that you are a fool, and your head would have paid for it had I not come to the rescue. Did you not see how the sad faces of the begging musicians lighted up when they played your melodies, and how at each bar the unknown Haydn was growing dearer to them? Did you not hear how their violins sang more sweetly and their bows moved more softly and cordially?—and you must interpose so rudely! Really they ought to have given you a sound drubbing: you deserved it richly. For shame! to hurt the feelings of the poor fellows! Haydn, that was not handsome.”

Haydn stood still.

“Ditters,” he begged, “give me your hand. When I uttered that coarse expression I wished to pain one person only, and that was myself. I felt that my genius sang well, but that was not enough. When I heard my minuet beginning so timidly, there rolled up in my soul new and more beautiful ideas around the simple tones. If at that moment the musicians could only play what was ringing in my soul, I should have been content; but as it was, I was not.”

Silently, and allowing their fancies full scope,

the friends walked side by side for a good while. Then their paths separated.

“For God’s sake, Ditters, where is my roll of music?”

“No doubt you left it in the tavern,” answered Ditters, rather carelessly.

“And I should have taken so much pleasure this evening in showing Mary my first success!” sighed Haydn. “How she would have rejoiced with me to see my minuets in print!”

“Go home to your bed and sleep,” Ditters advised. “That the musicians were going to beat you for undervaluing Haydn is a much more glorious tribute than that a publisher had your music printed out of compassion. Now, my dear friend, I believe in you fully. As the tree begins to grow from the roots, so must your talent first take root in the hearts of the people, and then it will grow by degrees to bright eminence. Good night, Haydn! Don’t forget this evening. It is the first round of the ladder on which you are to mount to future greatness.”

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning when Haydn awoke, after a restless night, he raised his hand to his damp forehead and looked out of the window. His features expressed vexation ; he was angry at himself and his exuberant spirits of the previous evening, at the moderate share of light wine that he had drunk, and even at his friend who had rendered him a valuable service. A man is never so unhappy as when he is dissatisfied with himself, and Haydn was most heartily so. Then a sunbeam fell upon his angry countenance and awoke his natural cheerfulness. He jumped out of bed, washed and splashed and sang and whistled, and rushed out of the house. He hastened to the suburbs, in search of the tavern from which his friend had turned him out the previous evening. It cost him some trouble to find the house ; but when at last he succeeded, he rushed in and breathlessly demanded his roll of music.

“Pay first,” said the tavern-keeper, “then you may have the paper. They are fine guests that forget to pay their score !”

Haydn’s cheeks burned with shame. He un-

rolled the piece of paper in which the music-dealer had wrapped up his gulden, and to his astonishment a ducat glittered before his eyes. His heart gave a leap for joy ; it was his first money for authorship, and he must hand it over to the fat landlord. How gladly would he have kept *that* ducat as a memento of his first success ! But the inn-keeper reached out his hand impatiently. Haydn received his change in small and dirty coins, and also his roll of music, which he had so sadly missed ; and, without stopping to exchange civilities with the host, he left the inn and directed his steps homeward ; for he intended that his kind friends there, and especially the silent and pensive Mary, should be the first to share his happiness. His soul was full of gladness ; his eagerness lent wings to his feet, and, as he turned the corner of a street, he rushed against a small, fat man with sharp-cut, vivacious, and now angry features.

“*Asino !*” he screamed, “can you not see ?”

“Oh, yes, certainly ! I see very well ; but now—excuse me, sir ! I was in a hurry home with my music, and in my haste I had the misfortune—”

“Almost to run over me !” added the fat man.
“What are you doing with music ? Are you a musician, or a strolling player ? Do you know the difference ? The former is a genius, the latter a more or less skillful ape.”

Haydn paused for a moment before answering. Pride, or rather self-respect, prompted him. "I am a musician," he answered, with feeling.

The little man looked at him with blinking, half-closed eyes. "And therefore a genius?" he asked, scornfully.

"Here are my compositions," answered Haydn. He untied the roll and handed it to the stranger.

"H'm!" said the latter. "Joseph Haydn! You are Joseph Haydn, then? A remarkably unknown person!"

He turned over the leaves and scanned the music. Occasionally he raised his eye questioningly to Haydn's face. His features rapidly changed from flashes of pleasure to anger; sometimes he nodded his head till the little tassel on his silk coat danced on his shoulders; then he stamped his foot and uttered exclamations of displeasure between his teeth. "Fellow!" he said, handing back the music to Haydn, and fixing his piercing eye on the youth, "did you compose that stuff, or steal it somewhere—there are many fellows running about the world as authors who are only thieves? Are you one of such?"

Haydn's countenance burned. "I am no thief," he answered, proudly. "Either my genius tells me what to sing, or I do not sing."

The little man nodded his head. "You have talent," he said, resting the gold head of his cane on his chin; "but yet you are an *asino*, a great *asino*!"

"I was a pupil of Reutter's."

"H'm! his school is not bad. Do you know me?"

"No, sir."

"I am Porpora."

Haydn shrugged his shoulders.

"What! the *coglione*, the *birbante*, does not know me, the celebrated Porpora! Here is my address. Call on me this afternoon at three o'clock, and bring your compositions with you. And one thing more: in future, go more slowly around street-corners, or you will run down half the world."

Haydn rushed home with a dizzy brain. With feverish hand and palpitating heart he pulled the door-bell violently, and Mary let him in. "Where are your father and mother?" he asked.

"They have both gone out," answered the girl: "father to the store, and mother to the market. But, Herr Haydn, you look so excited—you are sick, may be!"

"No, Mary."

Haydn uttered these words rather abruptly, and entered his room. He opened the roll of music and placed it on the stand of his spinet. "Mary," he

called out ; “ can you spare me a quarter of an hour ? ”

“ Hardly,” she answered from the next room. “ I must prepare the dinner. To-day father wants chopped *vermicelli*, and he thinks no one can prepare it as well as I.”

Haydn sat down to his spinet, leaving the door open. The notes came like dropping pearls, like the dew in the morning dripping from the leaves in the forest ; the melodies sounded full, sometimes laughing, sometimes sad, and again pious ; it was as if a child in a blooming meadow poured forth his pure soul in music.

“ Herr Haydn ! ” exclaimed the girl clapping her hands, “ what is the wonderfully beautiful melody that you have just played ? You have set my cheeks aglow and brought the tears to my eyes ? Do play it again, please ! ”

Haydn consented with a smile.

“ And now tell me,” said Mary, smoothing down her apron, when Haydn had ended, “ what have you been playing ? ”

“ See for yourself.”

Mary turned to the title-page. First her eyes opened to their widest extent in surprise, then they grew moist. She unconsciously folded her arms as if to breathe a prayer of thanksgiving. “ This is

a great and glorious grace of our Lord," she said. "Herr Haydn, you ought to love our good God in heaven very much for having given you such beautiful ideas. But," she continued, almost reverently, "now you are indeed a great and celebrated man. Your compositions are *printed*! Now you will grow proud, and will despise us poor stocking-weavers!"

"Mary! never in my life will I do that; that would be bad on my part, and I never want to be bad. There is not so much danger as you might think that I will grow proud because my melodies are printed: people have taken care to guard me against that. My compositions were printed out of compassion for me, and I am humbly grateful."

→ Mary's countenance was quite grave. "Herr Haydn, what you now say is even more beautiful than what you have played on the spinet. God will never abandon you, because you are humble when you might be proud; and the humble alone are truly good."

Some minutes before three o'clock Haydn stood at Porpora's door with his compositions in his left hand. The composer lived in the Palace of Nicolo de Martinez, master of ceremonies to the Papal Nuncio in Vienna, by whom he was greatly beloved. Haydn timidly pulled the bell, and an aged servant opened the door for him.

“What do you want, sir?”

“To speak to Herr Porpora.”

“He is sleeping at present.”

“But he told me to call at three o’clock.”

“Ah, that is another thing! What is your name?”

“Joseph Haydn.”

The servant led him to a *salon* fitted up after the fashion of those days, which was far from being distinguished for good taste. Haydn’s eye timidly glanced over the room. A spinet of unusual size and beauty caught his attention. It was open, and the white keys temptingly invited the youth. Repeatedly he felt almost irresistibly inclined to evoke the paradise of delights locked up in the instrument, but he dared not yield to the temptation. He stood before the instrument plunged in such deep meditation that he did not notice Porpora as he entered by a side-door, playing with his gold snuff-box, and watching him closely. At last their eyes met. Haydn was embarrassed, and tried to stammer out some words of salutation and apology; but Porpora looked very solemn and pointed with his finger to the spinet. Haydn at once seated himself and began to play. At first his genius halted, but soon it floated away in an ocean of melody.

Porpora, leaning back in his arm-chair, and holding his right hand before his face, listened atten-

tively. "Give me the notes," he commanded, when Haydn paused.

"I have none."

"Whose composition?"

"My own."

"Is it long since you learned it?"

"No."

"Play it again."

"I cannot. The idea is like a bird that has flown; I cannot recall it; I have not thought it out, but only dreamed it."

Porpora sprang from his chair and stood close to Haydn. For a long time he spoke not, but kept his half-closed eyes fixed steadily on the youth. It seemed as if there were some idea in his mind that he wanted to study out before speaking. Then he drew a long breath, took a pinch of snuff, and put Haydn's minuets on the stand.

Haydn played, and played with feeling; but occasionally he shook his head dissatisfied; there were many passages that did not please him now; and when Porpora stamped his foot several times and exclaimed, "*Asino!*" his fingers slipped from the key-board.

"What is the matter?" asked Porpora.

"I cannot play any more," he said, timidly.

"Why?"

“My melodies do not please me.”

Porpora remained motionless where he stood, but smiled with satisfaction. “Tear up the paper on which your minuets are printed.”

For a moment Haydn hesitated; then he handed Porpora the fragments. Without a word, the latter threw them out of the open window, and shook hands with Haydn.

“I bow to talent,” said the Kapellmeister, “but your schooling is bad. God has furnished the former, and I will provide the latter. Haydn, you have a genius such as Heaven bestows on a human soul only once in a century; but as to schooling, you are an *asino*.”

Haydn was more than happy to hear from the mouth of a Porpora, whose fame he afterwards, it is true, surpassed by an immense distance, this recognition of his high endowments in music. The word *asino* which the *maëstro* so often used did not disturb his happiness.

“How do you live?”

“More on hunger than on food,” answered Haydn, laughing. With that cheerful frankness and disregard of the troubles of life with which youth so readily express themselves, he told of the hard school of his boyhood, of his hopes and struggles, his fits of discouragement and despair, his poverty and

starvation. Meanwhile, Porpora stood at the window and looked down into the street, apparently indifferent ; but a sharp eye could read in his countenance the impression made on him by Haydn's simple words. Finally he said, without turning around, "And what now ? "

"I know of no escape but to trust entirely to you."

"Do you mean for money ? "

"No."

"For what, then ? "

"For instruction, schooling, that I may not remain an *asino*."

"And I am to give you this instruction ? "

"Did you not say that God provided the talent and you would provide for the schooling ? "

"Can you come to me at this hour every day ? Yes ? Very good ! Sometimes you will not see me, for occasionally I take a *siesta* in the afternoon, but at such times you can study Sebastian Bach's School, here on the spinet. But I forewarn you that the first false note that you play will wake me out of the deepest sleep ; and then I am like an angry lion, like a thunder-storm ; then I am Porpora, out and out."

Haydn smiled. Bowing, he kissed the *maëstro's* hand, and said : "In your neighborhood, Haydn

will play no false note. The spirit of the master will guard the happy pupil."

When he came out on the sunny street, Haydn felt like a man that, after a long and stormy voyage, leaves the unsteady ship and steps upon the land. To-day, for the first time in his life, he felt the solid ground under his feet. What mattered it to him that his wants were not provided for! Would not his genius, whose pinions were growing stronger and stronger in him, learn now to soar freely up to the heaven of melody?

Every afternoon he was punctual in calling on Porpora, who sometimes devoted a whole hour of the most thorough, but feverishly impatient, instructions to him; at other times he would say but a few words, or simply lean back, to doze in a lounging chair. Thus passed the summer, and already autumn had begun its work of destruction on the trees and flowers and forest. It was All Souls'. On this day Porpora bestowed special attention on Haydn's playing; he was unusually gentle, almost tender, and never once uttered an impatient word. No; he spoke in a friendly and hearty manner, like a father to his son, Haydn had been playing for a whole hour from the "School," and he played with as much certainty and excellence as a finished master. But his countenance began to show signs of weariness

and vexation. He drew a free breath, when Porpora closed the book, laid his hand gently on his shoulder, and said: "Joseph, now let your genius take its flight; I will only give you the theme. This is All Souls' Day. First sing me the supplicating pain, and then the triumph of a liberated soul."

Haydn collected his thoughts. In sad but passionless tones he began to play. Deep sorrow convulsed the melody. It sounded like a longing sigh, an humble and weeping plaint. The minor accords then came in. In the heavy tones of the choral, the soul chanted its prayer; it was filled with humble but assured hope, and grew with every accord; first in timid, then in fearless jubilation. Alleluia! The liberated soul takes its flight to heaven, and sings an angel's hymn before the throne of God. Haydn was motionless, his eyes filled with tears, and his face as of one inspired.

Porpora walked over to him. "Joseph," he said, earnestly, "what do you think I did whilst you were playing? I prayed, prayed as earnestly as I have seldom done. This is a proof of real genius, when it does not descend to man and his wretched poverty, but raises him from this earth up to heaven and to the eternal. It has been my custom every year on All Souls' to perform some act of charity: every one of us expects, sooner or later, to join

those poor souls, and we can mount to heaven only by the ladder of mercy. You are a poor but deserving person. Bitter care is your companion and sleeps beside you in a bed for which you cannot pay. I have a large room free in the court, bring whatever you have and come and live under my roof, and come to-morrow rather than next day. Six months ago I should not have recommended you as a teacher to any one, but now I will do it with pleasure and pride. Haydn, in this I am not doing you a kindness; for he that must teach others eats the bread of bitterness. But you, so well schooled in adversity, and so humble, will also be able to carry this cross. I cannot make you rich, but I will remove the sharpest thorns of poverty."

Haydn, deeply touched, hastened back to his friends, the stocking-weavers. They were just sitting down to supper when he entered. His eye was flashing, but in its brilliancy there shone a tear. He threw his hat into a corner, drew a chair over to the table, and began to relate what had passed. At first they all listened eagerly to his words,—the good people felt so well pleased to hear that Haydn was recognized and praised by Porpora. But when he told them that he was to live with Porpora, and give up his little room, it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon them. The old man took his pipe

out of his mouth and looked down angrily ; his wife dropped her knitting, looked steadily for awhile straight before her, and then poured out a torrent of complaints ; and Mary turned pale, trembled, and hurried from the room to hide her tears. All were silent : none could utter a word, their hearts were so full. At length the old man laid aside his pipe in sadness, arose and said : “ Let us retire.” In silence they separated, and Haydn crept into bed without attempting to play an evening hymn. He was not in singing humor ; he wept, and there was another pair of eyes that wept still more bitter tears.

Long before the doubtful light of the November morning appeared, Haydn sat upon the edge of his bed, his face covered with his hands. He reflected on the bright hopes that opened before him by living with Porpora, but the painful thought of parting with his kind friends sank deep into his tender heart. Nothing is better calculated to knit hearts closely together than friendship and poverty united. Here there is no self-seeking, and the roots of friendship sink the deepest and its flowers bloom the fairest.

In the adjoining room everyone was astir. Haydn heard the old man grumbling, his wife scolding, and Mary talking softly to both. Suddenly a heavy

knock at the door aroused him. "Herr Haydn, come to breakfast, if you please. It is for the last time!"

These words were uttered with a mixture of sorrow and bitterness. Haydn entered the large room, saluting each by a silent pressure of the hand. His features indicated sadness, and the countenances of his friends were anything but cheerful. At Haydn's place a clean napkin was laid, and around his plate sprigs of rosemary and a blooming rose were spread. A quarter of an hour previously the rose was plucked from its bush at Mary's window. Haydn tried to be calm. They spoke of indifferent matters; every one seemed to avoid any reference to the parting. The hot coffee had a bitter taste, and, what was quite unusual, no one took a second cup. Haydn was the first to rise from the table. He attempted to appear cheerful. "Let me take my departure," he said, offering his hand to the old couple. "I am not leaving the world, but only moving to another street and under a different roof. I take my worldly goods with me. I can leave after me only my love, which is warm and sincere; my gratitude, which will never die; and my debts, which I will pay fourfold whenever God bestows on me a small share of earthly goods. I leave you, a

very poor man ; but be assured, not an ungrateful one."

"We have no doubt of your love and gratitude," said the stocking-weaver, with trembling voice. "As for debts, Herr Haydn, you are leaving none. Everything has been already paid. It was on a Sunday morning, after mass, that my Mary came to me and said: 'Father do not say *no* to what I am going to ask you. Permit me to work a couple of hours more with my needle every day; with what I thus earn I will help the good and pious Haydn. I know for certain that one day he will be a great man, and all the world will do him honor and sing his praises. Then let him think of me kindly, when, perhaps, I shall have been long since dead.' At first I was reluctant to grant my child's request, but at last she conquered. It was much that she did, because it is poverty that offered the sacrifice; but since that time I also took a secret pleasure and honest pride in my Mary, and I know for certain that God's blessing rests upon her."

From Haydn's eyes great tears flowed. "Mary, you are an angel! Now I know what I must daily pray for: a blessing on you and me; on you, that God may strew your path with flowers and no thorns; on me, that I may have power one day to repay your charity."

“Thanks, hearty thanks, for your prayer!” answered the maiden, quietly. “My flowers bud and thrive, and God has given me a quiet and contented life. My path leads me to the cloister, where my heart has gone before me from my childhood. Your path leads equally to God as does mine; may it be equally peaceful!”

Haydn took the rosebud that lay near his plate and gave it to her. “There are people,” he said, “that are as beautiful and pure as the flowers. They are flowers, not for the earth, but for God’s garden. And such a flower are you.”

CHAPTER VIII.

AT his entrance into Porpora's dwelling, a new life began for Haydn. Compared with that of thousands of others, it was a poor and modest life, it is true ; but still he was delivered from those painful anxieties and troubles of each day which we have in part recorded. Porpora so far provided for him as to relieve him from want, without, however, dispensing him from exerting himself. And yet Haydn was not entirely happy. Everything would have been to his liking, had there been only some cordiality shown him ; but as it was, he felt solitary and abandoned. Cold words, cold formalities, calculating egoism, met him on all hands ; and even in the benefit that was conferred on him there was no affection. How often and earnestly he longed for his poor attic, in which, notwithstanding his struggles with poverty, he had tasted so much true happiness ! There at least he found sincere friendship. His poor friends were not only willing to share their bread with him, but they also gave him a place in their hearts.

Haydn applied to his studies with untiring zeal.

He felt increased power, and Porpora, usually so sparing of praise, told him he was making splendid progress; but when he spread his pinions for a flight in higher regions, and thought that now it was time to set his melodies on paper, Porpora coldly and inflexibly forbade it, saying: "It is not time to compose, but to learn."

His greatest pleasure was when he could spend an evening in chat with his former hosts, or when he played four-handed pieces with his friend Ditters, or he walked with him arm in arm in the twilight. The spirit of fun and mischief in Ditters was on such occasions infectious, and it not unfrequently happened that they almost came in conflict with the watchmen. In some dark street they would improvise a serenade, which began in sweet and touching strains, only to end in most dismal cater-wauling. Usually, a few of Ditters' friends joined them in these boyish performances.

When Haydn was alone in his room at night he studied or improvised *fantasias*. For this he desired that deep and mysterious silence which broods over the forest at night, when trees and shrubs and flowers and birds sleep, and only the voiceless chafer flashes through the air. But when he began to play, there was a great disturbance made over his head. First, heavy steps kept time to his music;

then he heard a deep voice declaiming with growing energy; then the noise would suddenly cease, to begin again with increased violence. Not unfrequently there was a racket, as of furniture angrily thrown about, or as if some one jumped with all his weight on the floor and would break his way down through the ceiling. Vexed and overcome by the noise, Haydn closed his spinet, and placed himself near the stove to dream for a while. Hardly had he ceased to play than there was silence also overhead. Rejoiced at this, he listened for a while, and then resumed his seat at the instrument. But as soon as he began to play, the noise recommenced.

Thus it went on for weeks. Haydn was silent, but he was vexed at heart to have his favorite time for study thus ruthlessly broken in upon. One evening he was sitting at his spinet, and what he played was so indescribably beautiful that he himself was wholly enraptured in his melodies. And with his song grew his happiness; and with his happiness, his inspirations;—when above him there was a wild alarm, and Haydn jumped up angrily, put a chair on the top of the table, clambered hastily on it, and struck several vigorous blows with his closed fist on the ceiling, so that the mortar came tumbling about him.

The forenoon dragged slowly by. Haydn,

seated at his window, studied thorough-bass and partitions. Twice some one had knocked at his door, but it was only when a third and angry series of raps had been given that he was startled from his reveries. "Come in!" he cried. A tall, slim individual entered. Periwig and *queue* were faultless; the silk coat and long vest were flowered in Arabesques; the thin legs cased in brown silk small-clothes, terminating in stockings of spotless white. The whole form was surmounted by a head of wonderful intelligence, with clean-cut features, a bright, flashing eye, and a fine mouth.

"Metastasio, poet-laureate of the imperial court," said the visitor, bowing.

Haydn, in his embarrassment, made a most profound bow, whilst presenting a chair to his visitor. The latter sat down.

"You are—" he asked.

"Joseph Haydn, a musician."

"And very passionate."

The youth started.

"Yes, very passionate," repeated the other, quietly, looking up to the ceiling where the tracks of Haydn's fist were visible. "Up there," he added, pointing to the spot, "are evidences of your temper."

"You are quite right," answered Haydn; "but

even a milder person than I am would be angry under the same provocations."

"So!" answered Metastasio, crossing his legs. "And to what provocations were you subjected, may I ask?"

Haydn leaned against his spinet. "I am drudging from morning to night for my daily bread, partly giving lessons, partly playing the organ in churches, and then studying. It is only when the still and solemn evening or the silent night greets me that I give free reins to my genius. Then I let it soar aloft and sing its hymns, which rejoice like the messengers of spring over blooming fields; my soul flies away from the earth with its dust and cares. Then—"

"Go on, pray."

Haydn trembled. "Then some one jumps and shouts over my head, as if he would stamp out whatever is in my soul. It is cruel thus to disturb a poor fellow who has nothing but the riches within him."

Metastasio arose. "You have spoken the truth, young man, and your words show me the greatness of my fault. I live over your head. You timid birds of song seem to trouble yourselves about no one, and, as it appears, you did not even know of my existence. But to the point. In my dwelling I find

no corner that suits me and where I can listen to the inspirations of my genius. Everything distracts me ; the noise of the streets, the furniture of the rooms, the colors of the tapestry, the flies on the windows. I am court poet, and, at the imperial command, must spin out verses by the yard and the pattern that is given me, in order that people may amuse themselves for a couple of hours with my productions, which the next hour they throw aside and forget. Therefore, I secured for myself a solitary room in the attic—it lies just over yours—where I might give myself to my poetical labors. Thick curtains protect the windows, the wall are plain, a chair and a table are the only furniture. In the evening I seek refuge in my sanctum, light my wax tapers, and vault upon Pegasus. When I fancy that I have seized upon a golden thread, you break in upon me with your spinet. Sir, let me tell you candidly : thousands of times I could have torn you to pieces when you began to rattle on your instrument and destroyed my verses and ideas, just as if they were wooden soldiers for boys to play with. At such times I became so enraged that I knocked over chair and table and jumped and screamed in order not to hear you and your melodies. But let us enter into a treaty of peace. Every one has a right, however much his daily life may be harassed, to enjoy his mental life

undisturbed. Let us no longer annoy each other. I will endeavor to write my poetry without heeding your music, and I will neither tramp nor shout any more. But you must promise me one thing; not to play studies and scales any more in the evening. Were I Dante, and did I wish to paint the torments of hell, I should fill it with spinets, and should have scales constantly played on them. Then I should know for certain that the unfortunate souls were tormented."

Metastasio wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and Haydn looked at him with a smile. "I will most gladly spare you the torments of hell," he answered. "In those strings of whose grating you so bitterly complain, there also sleep hymns that are surely not displeasing to a poet."

At these words, Haydn turned to his spinet and began to play. It was as if its tones painted a quiet spring morning with rich sunlight, and as if those beams awoke the little birds one after the other. Lark and bullfinch, thrush and siskin, sang together, warbling and rejoicing, and the forest itself joined in earnestly and solemnly, like the tones of a psalm. Finally, it was as if a choral were sung by the pious and strong voices of monks, and as if the sun were shining down upon a forgotten grave overgrown with weeds.

Metastasio listened to the melodies with growing enthusiasm ; his eye was moist, and his look grew deeper and more inspired.

“ That also is poesy,” he admitted, “ and more beautiful and pure than that which clothes itself in mere words. Haydn, let us value as sacred what God has bestowed upon us in preference to thousands of others, by which He has raised us above the mass of mankind, and has given us such a deep fountain of happiness.”

In Metastasio, Haydn found a new and sincere friend. Whilst Porpora's nature was less refined, and, under the influence of rapidly changing moods, he often treated Haydn in a manner that was anything but gentle, Metastasio showed even a deferential regard for the youth, in whom he foresaw that greatness to which he afterwards attained. Haydn's nature, which was a strange combination of overflowing humor and deep tenderness, and whose sensitiveness was increased by that natural modesty with which a noble man bears poverty without being ashamed of it, and cultivates and improves his mental faculties without being exalted by them, gained more and more on the poet, who sought opportunities not only to enjoy Haydn's society, but also to be of service to him. An opportunity soon presented itself.

Metastasio took a great interest in the daughters of his landlord, the master of ceremonies of the Papal Nunciature, Nicolo de Martinez. Both young ladies, Marianna and Antonia, were singularly gifted, especially the former, who was possessed of a penetration of judgment and of such varied attainments that even scientific men looked up to her with admiration. Her poems, it is true, lacked those flourishes in which the taste of the times delighted, but they were the more charming in their very simplicity, because by this their depth of thought was brought out in a clearer and purer light. Moreover, she possessed a voice of wonderful power and richness of tone, and she subsequently became celebrated as a singer.

Metastasio brought this singularly gifted lady in close relationship with his young friend Haydn, who, although modestly wishing to excuse himself, was finally persuaded to undertake her musical education. This arrangement, while it made many improvements in Haydn's outward circumstances, had also a deep and lasting influence in his own development; for the unceasing industry and the talent of his pupil impelled the teacher to renewed efforts, and no praise that he had ever received sank so deep as what was often and sincerely bestowed upon him by his enthusiastic pupil. Praise from

female lips weighs most, and is received with greatest pleasure. Many a noble deed that we admire, and many a talent at whose achievements we are surprised, has been awakened and materially forwarded by woman's praise and appreciation.

Haydn was beginning to feel more and more happy. He realized that his genius was maturing; he felt perfectly content within, and his surroundings were of an agreeable nature. He had friends, noble souls who treated him as their equal; poverty had lost its sting, and he easily bore the little inconveniences that it still caused him. Ditters often laughingly raised his finger in warning, telling him it was well that his coat was still threadbare and his linen coarse and heavy, otherwise pride would gain an entrance into his heart. When thus addressed, Haydn gently shook his head. "It may sound proud for me to say so, but I will never grow proud," he would answer. And throughout his whole life he was faithful to his word.

Thus passed autumn, winter, and spring, in a sort of monotony for the youthful artist. Summer came at last, and the sun beat down oppressively on the city. One day Porpora entered Haydn's room at an unusual hour. He was more nervous than was his wont. And his brow was slightly clouded. At first he spoke of indifferent matters,

turned over Haydn's compositions, to which the latter was now permitted to devote himself as much as he pleased, praised them, and when he blamed, it was much more gently than usual. But suddenly he ceased speaking and walked over to the window. Compressing his lips, he looked steadily down into the gloomy court-yard. "Haydn," he said, after a considerable interval of silence, "do you know that Metastasio is going to travel next week, and for a while your lessons to Marianna will be dispensed with?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; then I have told you of it. What are you going to do now?"

Haydn shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. Probably I shall employ the time in composing something."

"You cannot live by that," was the short and sharp reply.

"That is true," Haydn said, smiling bitterly. "Even with the most beautiful songs, I cannot stay my hunger, and by Metastasio's departure I lose my dinner, which did me for twenty-four hours."

"I, myself," continued Porpora, carelessly, "am going with Correr, the Venetian ambassador, to the baths at Mannersdorf, and therefore you are to be left entirely to yourself."

Haydn made no reply. After a long period of— shall we call it abundance? his old destitution stares him mockingly in the face. Porpora smiled with satisfaction at the growing uneasiness of his pupil.

“Correr is not altogether disinclined to take you with him to Mannersdorf, as he is passionately fond of music, and he would like to see you there; but you must consent—”

“To what?”

“To accompany us as a servant, and to wait on us in that capacity at Mannersdorf.”

Haydn was painfully surprised.

“Your wages will be five ducats.”

The countenance of the youth retained its gloomy expression.

“Correr takes a splendid instrument with him, which will be at your service in your free time.”

These words made an evident impression on Haydn. His countenance lost some of its gloom.

“Do not hesitate to accept the offer,” urged Porpora. “You will see a portion of the world, can enjoy your music, have plenty to eat and drink, and be filling your purse. I really do not see that a more enticing prospect could be held out to you.”

Haydn finally yielded to these persuasions.

A few days afterward a heavy coach, in which Correr had already taken his place, drove up to

Porpora's door. Haydn assisted his master to mount into this veritable Noe's ark, closed the door, and clambered up to the high box beside the morose old driver. At first he kept his eyes down, fearing lest at every corner Ditters might turn up, and knowing that if he did he would certainly greet him with loud laughter. But he fortunately escaped this danger. They passed the city gates, and after a half hour they left the suburbs behind them. They went forward rapidly between verdant meadows and under shady fruit-trees, and into the silent woods, from the green moss of which the first strawberries were peeping.

Haydn adapted himself to his new position much more readily than he had anticipated. It may be observed, however, that during the journey, which lasted several days, very few demands were made on his services. In Mannersdorf, a little watering-place near Bruck, on the River Leitha, his life was not so pleasant. Cleaning shoes, brushing clothes, dressing wigs, preparing coffee, running to the post-office, helping his masters to dress and undress, waiting on them at the baths, following them humbly when they took a walk and carrying their baggage, waiting on them at table, at midnight mixing their lemonade, to be up again at five o'clock to make his own modest toilet,—this was Haydn's

experience of a watering-place. Almost any one else with his fine sensibilities would have thrown up the situation in disgust, especially as his two severe masters were often rude to him because of his awkwardness. Porpora's "*asino*" was again frequently called into requisition; whereas Correr, at any of Haydn's blunders, contented himself with calling him a "Dutch dolt." And yet both men had a great regard for their servant; but they thought that the authority of a master was maintained, to some extent, by roughness and rudeness to their dependents.

Porpora had spoken the truth when he said that Correr was taking an excellent spinet with him to Mannersdorf. Haydn often heard the *maestro* playing on it in the evening; but it was locked to him.

There lived in the castle of Mannersdorf a singular old lord. In his youth he had learned a little music; he retained this small amount of knowledge without increasing it in the slightest degree; and as he was able to spin out his few pieces as regularly as a music-box, he considered himself a remarkable musical genius. The baron had plenty of leisure, and delighted in playing the Mæcnas towards such artists as lived in Mannersdorf or who happened to pass that way. His favorites, however, were gypsies and bear-dancers. The former cun-

ningly praised his music, knowing that the more they flattered him the more liberally they were treated ; and the latter declared that their bears never danced so well as when his lordship played for them.

When this lord, therefore, heard of the arrival of Porpora he was not a little excited. Here was a favorable chance for him to shine in the eyes of a master. He therefore called on Porpora, and invited him to a supper and musical *soirée* at the castle. The latter, knowing the lord, accepted the invitation with thanks, only begging permission to bring his friend Correr and his servant Haydn with him. The baron hesitated. Much as he was flattered by a visit from the Venetian ambassador, he was displeased at the thought of entertaining a servant. With considerable reluctance he gave his consent, and returned in haste to prepare for the reception of his guests.

At dusk the visitors entered the castle. Correr was proud, like one who by his august presence did a great honor to the company ; Porpora was friendly, and Haydn simply modest. The guests sat down to table whilst Haydn retired to the servants' hall. After supper, the baron skipped about his spinet like a cat playing with a mouse.

“Baron, let us hear some of your music,” said

Porpora ; “ but at the same time permit my servant Haydn to enter and listen. The poor fellow is an enthusiastic lover of music.”

The baron nodded assent. “ Be it so ; but it is not becoming for me to play when such a master—”

“ Ah ! as you please,” interrupted Porpora, laughing and seating himself at the spinet. He trifled with the instrument ; his playing was a mixture of good taste and of the most shockingly bad taste,—sometimes trivial, and again lofty. All the company saw and enjoyed his malice, except the baron. Haydn joined but feebly in the praise of Porpora’s music, which had never appeared to him so poor as on this evening.

The baron, with much solemnity, went to the spinet, without waiting to be asked. He might be compared to a bear-dancer’s boy rehearsing his verses ; his playing was dullness itself,—without soul or rhythm, but quite precise and true to memory. The baron was as long in bringing his vapid performance to a close as if he had been a music-box wound up for the occasion, and did not stop till he had reached the end of his collection. Then he rose, placed both hands on his bosom, and exclaimed, drawing a deep breath : “ I am never happier than when I revel in music ! ”

Correr remained motionless, while in Porpora's countenance flashed the spirit of mischief.

“Baron, a favor!”

“Ask what you wish, but not the treasures of the earth, for these are not destined for genuine talent.”

“I am far more modest. A theme has just occurred to me.” Porpora dashed off the theme with his right hand. “Now, Baron, make a melody from this theme. It will be but child's play to you; to us it will be a rich treat.”

The baron had some slight suspicion. Was Porpora ridiculing him? Bowing coldly and formally, he answered: “I do not accept the inspirations of others, and especially before guests that are not welcome.” With these words, he cast his eyes on Haydn, who was modestly seated in a corner.

“Ah! you mean our servant!” said Porpora, laughing. “Baron, I assure you the young man is no discredit to our company. Haydn, do you feel disposed to play my theme?”

The baron jumped up angrily. “A servant shall not touch my instrument!”

“If I assure you, Baron, that Herr Haydn is no domestic, but a deserving young man, who serves us only in obedience to a necessity which is no shame

to him, then I am sure you will not refuse him the right of a guest to play on your instrument."

The baron made a ceremonious bow, held his cambric handkerchief to his nose, pointed to the instrument, and withdrew to a corner of the hall. Porpora took Haydn by the arm. "I conjure you be malicious," he whispered.

Under Haydn's hands, the simple theme soon grew to a charming melody, which stole into the hearts of his audience. After delighting them for a while, he suddenly dropped into the soulless, hacking manner of the baron, and turned the theme into a veritable bear-dance.

Porpora laughed inwardly with great glee. "Good! very good!" he exclaimed. "Leave my theme, and follow your own inspirations."

Haydn allowed himself full scope. The hour he passed at the spinet seemed to him and to his audience but a few happy moments. The last tones were like a prayer. Without a sign of self-esteem, and trying to conceal the happiness that beamed from his countenance, he retired from the instrument. The baron approached him, and with wonderful condescension thus addressed him: "You have a certain amount of talent, young man. If you study industriously, no doubt you may one day become quite a respectable music-teacher."

Porpora with difficulty kept from laughing outright, and was astonished to see how Haydn controlled his countenance and bowed humbly.

When Haydn brought up a pitcher of water to the ambassador that night, the latter placed a hand on his shoulder and said: "Haydn, do you know what I would wish?"

Haydn stammered an embarrassed "No."

→ "Notwithstanding your poverty, I would wish to be Joseph Haydn. Happy being that you are! God grant you a long life, that men may rejoice to have such a genius amongst them! Young man, take my word for it; in a few years the rich Venetian ambassador, who is so fond of display, will be utterly forgotten, but future ages will never forget the poor, and yet rich, Joseph Haydn. The divine spark within you will enkindle thousands of hearts, and when you have been long mouldering in your grave, incense will still be offered to your genius."

CHAPTER IX.

THE entertainment at Mannersdorf had many pleasant consequences for Haydn. Though he was not dispensed from his duties as a servant, yet these duties were less frequently and less rudely demanded. Correr, especially, treated him with a certain respect, and permitted him to make use of the spinet whenever he pleased, of which permission Haydn was not slow to avail himself. Besides this, the scenes of the evening at the castle became known amongst the visitors at Mannersdorf, and "the musical servant" was much sought after. Haydn was looked upon as a wonderful personage, who could not only clean his masters' shoes, but who could also improvise the most beautiful melodies. He was requested to take charge of the organ on Sundays; and when in the afternoon he played on Correr's spinet, there was a regular gathering of eager listeners beneath his window. Many a young man's head would be turned by this general admiration, but Haydn only smiled, and devoted himself the more exactly to his duties as a servant. But he was heartily rejoiced when the day arrived for their

departure, and he could lay aside his awkward position. He joyfully helped to pack the immense wagon, took his place on the box, and gratefully answered the friendly good-byes that greeted him on all sides.

After Haydn's return to Vienna, it seemed as if Fortune, having so long turned her back upon him, was determined to make reparation. He was much sought as a teacher, and was well paid, so that now no evening passed on which he could not thank God that, amongst other blessings, he had some money in his purse. And in proportion as his cares diminished, his natural overflowing good spirits returned. Ditters took good care that there should be no lack of opportunities for Haydn to give vent to his spirit of fun and mischief, which, however, never led him to transgress the bounds of moderation and propriety.

On a cool and blustering evening in the fall, Ditters, with cheeks aglow, came into Haydn's room, and, instead of the usual salutation, he called out: "Are you in voice this evening?"

"What a question!" answered Haydn. "Of course I am; I can sing or bellow, according to circumstances. Besides, my dear friend, for the future I shall decline answering such a question. When

you want my services, I shall always be in voice and humör.”

“Very good, then ! Be ready for ten o’clock to-night. You must help us with your magnificent voice in a serenade that we are going to give the beautiful wife of Bernardon, manager of the Kärnthner Theatre.”

“Hurrah ! You may count on me. I will be there. You know what a passion I have for serenades ; they are very attractive ; one is half artist, half strolling musician, is gladly listened to, heartily applauded, and generally well paid.”

At the appointed hour several dark forms could be seen walking towards Bernardon’s house. There was a short, whispered consultation ; then some charming songs, by clear and melodious voices, floated on the dark wings of the night. How full and clear and enchanting the music sounded at that quiet hour.

After awhile the singers closed their books and blew out the lights. Then Haydn took the mandolin, woke its soft and almost weeping accords, and sang a melody that sounded like a greeting from the distant spirit-land. Windows were opened in all directions, and breathlessly the audience listened to the enchanting notes, which seemed as if they dropped like pearls from heaven. Bernardon had

come down out of his house, and, protected by the darkness of the night, he glided close to the singers, who did not appear to notice him. But Haydn had seen his figure, and now, out of mere sport, he passed from the solemn tones of his song to a skipping dance, then to a march, and concluded his melodies by joining them all together in a jovial air.

Bernardon could hardly contain himself. Every member of his body moved with the music, and it was comical to see the lean and nervous little man clawing the air with his hands, gathering himself together cat-fashion, and then letting himself out suddenly, like a snake to his full length. At times he stood motionless as a statue, his chin resting on his hand, and presently every spring of his body was in motion.

“Young man!” he cried, shaking hands with Haydn, “A genius slumbers in your breast! But what do I say? A genius? No: in you lives Music itself in her manifold beauty. From the lips of the theatre-manager Bernardon this is praise, for which every thinking man must envy you. And I will reward you royally.”

He paused for a moment, and looked at Haydn, majestically. “Come to me in the morning,” he said, with an air that was intended to be very significant. “You can then say that you spoke with

Bernardon, and that will be for you the key to fame."

Haydn took the matter very coolly. He would have preferred to shake off the dapper little fellow and then have a good laugh, but he felt that he must patiently submit to be the victim of a comical enthusiast. At last Bernardon took himself off, and Haydn, now breathing freely, leaned on his friend's arm. "Ditters," he whispered, "with your hand on your heart, tell me, is not that shrivelled old codger crazy?"

"What an idea!" said Ditters, sharply. "Bernardon is a friend of art such as there are few of. You may be proud of his praise."

Haydn shook his head dissatisfied. "Then it is no great good fortune to be an artist. My music turned the fellow into a half lunatic, instead of filling him with quiet pleasure."

"You don't understand the man," answered Ditters, snappishly, and he thus dismissed the subject.

Next day Haydn called on Bernardon. The latter was busy at his writing-desk; he cast a patronizing glance on Haydn, pointed to a chair, and continued his writing. After perhaps a quarter of an hour, he laid down his pen, wiped his spectacles, took a pinch of snuff, and then another, and said: "I am glad

that you are here." He then gave the bell a violent pull. A servant appeared, and stood at the door waiting for orders. "Haydn, go to the spinet. Imagine that I have fallen into the water and am trying to save myself by swimming. Pay special attention to my movements, and express them in music. Stephen," he continued, turning to the servant, "you will push me around the room on this chair."

Haydn watched Bernardon in surprise. The latter stripped off his silk coat, and threw himself horizontally across a chair which was provided with rollers. The servant began to move chair and master around the room. Bernardon kicked and splashed like a drowning person, and Haydn painted in music the terror of the unfortunate man, the dashing and roaring of the waves, the cry for help, his growing struggles with the elements. One might imagine that he heard the puffing of the swimmer, the strokes of his hands, and felt his hopes of being saved. Bernardon swam perspiring on his chair; Stephen still pushed him, thinking to himself that his master was not far from being crazy. In Haydn's soul the illusion had become a reality. He saw but the water, and in the midst of it one struggling for life.

Bernardon jumped from the chair. For a moment

he gasped for breath ; then he put on his coat and stood before Haydn. “ Young man, embrace me ! ”

Haydn, who had no relish for theatrical display, remained quietly in his seat, and did not cast himself into Bernardon’s outstretched arms.

“ Were you satisfied with my music ? ” he asked, dryly.

“ You played like a finished master. You must write me an opera ! ”

Haydn clapped his hands and laughed. “ I have never yet even heard or seen an opera. I should be like a blind man attempting to paint the rainbow.”

“ Nonsense ! ” exclaimed Bernardon. “ Since you do not know any opera, you will for that very reason write an original work. You will not steal melodies, like others ; you will not lean on masters, as people call it when they copy whole pages. You will produce from yourself alone, and this will give your work a great advantage over others.”

After a long discussion of the matter, Haydn reluctantly yielded. In a few weeks he received the text of the opera. This text did not at all suit the fine feelings of Haydn, for it contained many passages for which he found no music in his soul. He went several times to Bernardon to communicate

to him his doubts and fears ; but the latter gave no heed to his complaints, and thus our young friend set himself down to a task for which he felt a distaste. It is true that frequently the whole power of his inventive genius flashed out, but he often felt that he could make nothing of certain passages. The text had not that pure and fragrant poesy that elevates and inspires the composer. The words had the dust of ordinary everyday life clinging to them, and Haydn longed for the ideal.

Tired and almost sick of the job, Haydn delivered the composition to Bernardon. He did not notice the look of the old man as he grasped the partition in his skinny fingers.

“Haydn,” he said, in a trembling voice, “you have done me a service that I shall never forget. You do not understand me. I indeed seem to be your benefactor by giving you an opportunity to come before the public with a great work, and thus to make a name for yourself, and yet it is I who am indebted to you.”

He went to his writing-desk, opened a drawer, and fumbled around in it. Haydn heard the jingling of coins. Might he not reasonably expect that, besides the honor, there would be another compensation, which would at least cover his expenses for music-paper and candles ?

Bernardon slipped a packet into his hand. "Your work shall be at once studied, and produced as soon as possible. I am anxious for the evening when *Der Krumme Teufel** comes before the-foot lights. Good-by, young master. You shall hear from me soon again."

Haydn departed. He clutched the heavy packet in his right hand. How he would like to open it! But it seemed to him as if all eyes were fixed on his closed hand, and therefore he hastened to his dusky room. There he tore the cover from his treasure, and twenty-four ducats sparkled before his dazzled sight. He wept for joy, and kissed the coins one by one as if they were long-expected friends come at last.

But let us not misjudge our good and noble-minded Haydn. He was no worshipper of mammon; his soul was too noble for that, and the school of poverty through which he had passed, taught its lessons too enduringly. His subsequent life proves over and over again how much more ready he was to give than to receive; that he was shamefully cheated by his publishers, and only laughed at it. He even took the part of his plunderers; and, whilst he was himself suffering from hunger, he called them his good friends, who made his name known. His

* The Crooked Devil.

genius sighed to be free from gross cares. It was not superfluity that he desired, but liberty. Therefore it was that Haydn rejoiced at the handful of gold, which would enable him to throw off his fetters—fettters which did not degrade him, it is true, but which impeded his upward flight, like Pegasus with his wings bound.

The evening at last came on which the opera *Der Krumme Teufel* was to be performed at the Kärnthner Theatre. The house was filled to overflowing, although but few of the audience knew the composer, who with beating heart sat in a dark corner of a box. It was curiosity that drew the crowd. Everything passed off splendidly. The Viennese laughed and applauded. At the conclusion, Haydn was loudly called for; but, instead of appearing on the stage and expressing his thanks, he made his escape and ran home.

At the second performance, Haydn noticed with affright that at times there was a very perceptible hissing. He was miserable, and rushed to Bernardon to express his feelings. The manager listened to him very impatiently.

“Do not make a fuss about nothing,” he said, half angrily, half soothingly. “The hissing does not refer to your music, which is universally praised.”

“ But why do the audience hiss ? ”

Bernardon excitedly worked his arms about. “ Because there are in Vienna, as elsewhere, good-for-nothing fellows. Do not trouble yourself about them. When the mob have made all the noise they wish, they will stop.”

“ But why do they make this noise ? ” Haydn urged.

Bernardon looked at him angrily, but did not answer. Silently bowing, he went into another room to let his angry feelings subside.

Haydn, shaking his head, left the manager's house. He felt the storm that impended over Bernardon, and unfortunately also over his opera, but he had not the key to the riddle. Thus his pleasure at the success of his first great work yielded to depression.

The third performance of the *Krumme Teufel* was also received with loud protests from a portion of the audience. It now became evident to Haydn that the hissing did not refer to his music, but to the text, which had also displeased himself at the reading of it, and still more when he composed the music. This lessened his vexation, but did not remove it.

The morning sun shone cheerfully into Haydn's plain room. The youth was grateful for the light,

and sat singing at his spinet, when there came a heavy rap at the door, and a deformed little man entered, his countenance inflamed with anger, and his limbs twitching convulsively. Haydn looked at the stranger for a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh. “The *Krumme Teufel!*” he exclaimed, clapping his hands, and fully convinced that it was the opera singer who had visited him in character. But he was greatly taken aback when the little man advanced angrily towards him.

“You seem not to know me! I am the theatre-manager Affligio, and your opera is a mere vulgar satire on my person, which I will not suffer.”

The whole matter was now plain to Haydn; the gratitude of Bernardon, who declared that he had done him a special favor, the hissing of a portion of the audience, and the assurance that the disapprobation was not intended for him or his music, but for the text of the opera.

Haydn reached out his hands entreatingly to Affligio. “Sir, there has been a mystification; but I am innocent of any share in it, or, rather, I have been the victim. Sir, if you have been wronged, it happened without my knowledge. Therefore, forgive me; and believe me when I assure you that often I was vexed at the lowness of the text given

me. I will take my opera back, and I hope that this sacrifice will merit your forgiveness."

The lame man had grown calm and serious. His eye rested inquiringly on Haydn's open countenance. "It is not necessary for you to take your opera back: it has just been forbidden by the police."

With these words he drew a paper from his pocket and held it up triumphantly before Haydn. Yes: "in the name of the Government," he might rank his opera amongst the dead.

"I believe in your innocence, young man. I suppose you did not know that Bernardon is my deadly enemy, otherwise you would not have let your genius stoop to low satire. I forgive you."

CHAPTER X.

HAYDN, possessing such a sum of money, did not think it right to continue enjoying the hospitality of others, humble though that hospitality was. He therefore thanked his patrons warmly and sincerely, and went to look for quarters corresponding to his pecuniary resources, and where he could enjoy that quiet which was necessary for the pursuit of his musical inclinations. He took up his lodgings with a hair-dresser and wig-maker named Keller. This was a good man, a genuine Viennese, whose heart was ever in his hand and on his tongue (as the people of Vienna express it), very friendly and obliging, and always provided with the latest news.

The wig-maker was a widower, and, as he used to say himself, the education of his two grown up daughters gave him a world of trouble. The girls were really good, pious, and modest. They had their own little faults, it is true; and their father fussed and scolded about mere trifles, and this he called their "careful training." A fork out of place at table, a mislaid boot, a loose button,

would set the good man wild ; whereas if one of his children, in dusting, happened to overturn and break a costly vase, there would be no end to the consolations that he offered.

With Haydn the honest wig-maker was soon on the most friendly terms. The simple and strictly virtuous conduct of the young man pleased him very much. The only thing that he did not approve of was his abstemiousness in eating and drinking. Did he not see therein a wise thriftiness, he would never have pardoned it in him. Even as it was, he could not help being often considerably out of humor, and even almost angry at Haydn when they sat together of an evening in a wine-house, and Haydn would continue for ever so long to sip at one glass of beer or wine, although out of a spirit of economy he often took no other supper than the sour cheese, which is a strong provocative to drink.

“ Haydn,” Keller would say at such times, in thorough earnestness, “ you will one day make an excellent husband, for you are as sober as a Carthusian and as saving as a miser.”

To which Haydn, quietly shaking his head, would answer : “ I have not the remotest thought of marrying. Either I am a genius, as people often tell me, and in that case I ought not let my wings

be tied down by the care of a wife and children ; or I am not a genius, and then I do not wish for a family to starve with me."

Such an answer always vexed the hair-dresser. "Many," he said, "have forsworn marriage, who at last were exceeding glad to stand before the altar and answer, Yes. I cannot see why so affectionate, prudent, modest, and famous a young gentleman as you are should mope through the world alone ; whereas with a wife by your side you could be very happy. It seems to me that your musical genius will never be perfected until you get a wife, who will wake songs of love in your bosom."

Haydn never answered this argument ; but draining his glass, spoke no more and drank no more. On all other points the two were in perfect harmony. The old man became almost childish when Haydn played on his spinet, and he would sit on a low stool and listen intently. Then he would laugh and cry, and clap his hands like a child.

"We two have chosen for ourselves the noblest arts," he would say with much solemnity ; "and without us the world would be a very dull place. I take care of people's heads, you elevate their souls. Haydn, I verily believe that we are destined for great things."

At such effusions Haydn would laugh, and, shrugging his shoulders, remark that he feared very much that the world was stupid enough not to perceive what valuable people it possessed in Keller the wig-maker and Haydn the musician.

Haydn was accustomed to make an occasional visit to his former landlords, the good stocking-weavers; but as he never liked to call on them empty-handed, there often passed a whole quarter of a year between his visits. Now, therefore, possessed of twenty-four ducats, he could renew his visit after a long interval. Although the good people did not wish to accept money from him, Haydn knew how to overcome their reluctance, and to convince them that it would be a great mortification to him if they refused what he intended as a token of his gratitude. Mary, their daughter, who had once mentioned her earnest desire to enter a convent, had not succeeded in attaining her wish. She was indeed a beautiful flower, but in the flower a canker-worm had taken up its abode. Without any sad forebodings, Haydn clambered up the steep ascent, holding two gold pieces ready to slip into the good old lady's hand, with some kind words. Reaching the top of the stairs, he was surprised to find the door ajar. He paused for a moment, then advanced

softly into the common room so familiar to him—and lo! he stood in presence of the dead.

The windows were hung in mourning, and a feeble light stole into the room. Two small wax candles burned on either side of the coffin, in which lay Mary's mortal remains, the cross and a rose on her bosom. There was a smile on her face. Why should not peace dwell there where the world with its deceitfulness and its wickedness was conquered? In silent mourning the parents sat at the right side of the coffin. They held each other's hands for mutual support and consolation. Neither uttered a word; their lips were compressed in silent anguish, and their tearful eyes were fixed on the face of the dead.

At this sight Haydn wept aloud.

“We have lost our [all!” exclaimed the mother. “I have but one wish now: that I may soon follow her.”

“Silence, dear Lisette!” said her husband. “God will do what is best for us. Herr Haydn, Mary—spoke several times—of you. Her last word was to invoke—a blessing on you.”

Here the father went to the coffin and imprinted a long, lingering kiss on the cold, placid brow. Then, with many interruptions, he continued: “My darling Mary had a special, almost motherly affec-

tion for you. She often lay smiling on her pillow ; and when we questioned her, she gave no answer, but motioned to us to be still ; then after a while she would begin to talk of her own accord, and yet not like other people, but so strangely and so sweetly. At one time she said to us : ‘ Father and mother, you must pray for Joseph as long as you live, for he is a rare gift of God to men, and he will one day be a great man, but he will always remain humble ; the world will applaud him, but he will not become unfaithful to his God on that account. He must not seek out my grave ; let him name me in his prayers, but speak of me to no one. He should not weep for me, but sing a hymn at night when he sits all alone at his instrument.’ Thus the good child talked on, until the terrible cough stopped her breath.”

Haydn placed his two gold pieces on the corpse. “ Bury her with this. Let me at least have the sad consolation to procure her a resting-place beneath the sod.” In deep sadness he went home. His room had a private entrance from the alley, and to his surprise he found the door wide open. A suspicion at once flashed upon his mind, which soon proved but too well-founded. Drawers were torn open, clothes and linen had disappeared, papers were tossed about, and the little prettily painted

box in which he kept his treasure was broken to pieces and the contents carried away. A cruel hand had taken all that poor Haydn could call his own: even his compositions were scattered about the floor, and part of them torn. With folded arms and bowed head he stood for a while in bitter thought. The temptation came to his mind to murmur at fate, which thus threw him back into misery. But finally a smile passed over his countenance. He went to his spinet. "Though they have taken all else away from me, thou and my genius remain: I am not poor yet."

When, at their return from Klosterneuburg, whither they had made an excursion on that same day, the wig-maker and his daughters learned of Haydn's misfortune, they tried to console him with words of genuine sympathy. The old man was exceedingly angry. He declared that the criminal, if ever discovered, ought to be beheaded, broken on the wheel, quartered, and finally hanged on the gallows. When he had thus disposed of the thief, he turned on his daughters and berated them soundly for having persuaded him to go to Klosterneuburg and to leave the house all alone. Then he went to his wardrobe and brought out a large armful of clothes, which he threw on Haydn's bed.

"Take them!" he said, growing more and more

excited. "Take them! You shall see that I have a heart for your grief. And you, Nannie, you are a stupid goose! and you too, Lina!"

In spite of his grief, Haydn was obliged to laugh. The sympathy of the old man was perfectly sincere, but was shown in such a droll manner that it was impossible not to be amused.

"Father Keller," said Haydn, shaking hands with him and thanking him heartily, "the thief has not stolen the brains out of my head or the heart out of my body. I must only start anew. If God permits me to be tried, I cannot believe that he will entirely forsake me."

Haydn's words quieted the old man. He wiped his heated brow, thrust his hands into his coat pockets, took several large pinches of snuff, and held out his two hands to his daughters, saying: "Girls, you are right good children, and not geese! I said that in anger, and anger lies like a rogue. Go now to the kitchen and cellar and bring us food and drink. After such a fright, one requires some good nourishment. Quick, or I shall die of hunger!"

They were a pleasant, almost a merry, party at supper that evening. Haydn, though feeling deeply his sorrow and loss of the day, tried to appear the merriest of all. It was late when he went to his room. His heart drew him instinctively to his

spinet ; he would give expression to his sorrow in a little melody, and then lie down to rest in the peace of God. He was quite surprised to find a small packet lying on the key-board. By the light of a tallow candle he opened it, and found it contained a ducat and the following lines hastily written in pencil :

“ I cannot express how sorry I am for you. I feel that I must help you as well as I can. My savings-box does not contain much, but I give it to you cheerfully. I wish it were more. Do not mention this to father or to Lina. It is not a present, but a modest loan.

ANNA.”

Haydn wiped away a tear. The hearty sympathy of the girl more than compensated him for his loss. He had seen her daily, and conversed with her ; he admired her as a flower that one looks at and passes by. But now the maiden’s image seemed to be glorified in his sight. It was as if a veil were drawn aside from her picture ; and he remembered with astonishment the grace of her person, the thoughtful piety of all her conduct, and her maidenly modesty.

His candle had long since burned out, and the darkness was complete when Haydn lay down. He was so excited that for a long time he could not sleep. At last he fell into a refreshing slumber, from which he did not wake till ten o’clock in the morning. Though his long sleep did him much good,

Haydn was ashamed to get up so late. When he jumped out of bed, his eyes fell on the clothes that had been brought to him the day before by old Keller. He put on a suit of them and went to the glass to admire himself; but hardly had he seen his figure than he burst out laughing, for the clothes were far too short and too wide for him. Then he cast a melancholy look at his own coat, on which in several places the threads simply lay without any weft. After a while he went into the common room, where he found Anna sitting at a window with her knitting. Her fingers, usually so nimble, lay motionless on her lap, and her eyes rested thoughtfully on a rose that bloomed in a flower-pot near by. Haydn's entrance disturbed her revery. Blushing slightly, she bent her head and took up her knitting. Haydn walked over to her, and looking at her for a moment, said: "Anna, you are very good and kind. How can I ever sufficiently thank you?"

"Herr Haydn," said she, with some embarrassment, "I beg of you not to speak of it. Should you ever become a great man, and should fortune favor you, it will then be time enough to mention the trifling loan. Now you should think of how to raise yourself out of your difficulties. It seems to me that you ought to write to your parents for help."

Haydn became serious, and there was an expression of pain on his countenance.

“Anna, you do not know what you advise. My parents are old and poor, and cannot give me anything. Besides, they still feel some displeasure at me for having become a musician instead of a priest.”

“That does not look very encouraging, it is true,” replied the girl. “And yet I persist in my advice, because I think your parents ought to know how it fares with you.”

Haydn wrote on that same day to his father in Rohrau, and told him in simple words of his position, which was indeed a sad one, though without any fault of his. The letter was not altogether without result; for in about a week the elder Haydn entered his son’s room, sat down in silence, and looked thoughtfully before him for a long time.

“Sepperl,” he began at last, mildly and earnestly, “here I am. In spite of my age, I have undertaken the journey to you, for your mother and I wept when we read your letter and learned of your misfortune. Joseph, they stole so much money from you! That is hard! How long you might have lived on that sum, and kept on working without any care to trouble you! At first I wanted to write and comfort you; but I could not find the words that were in

my heart, and so I took holy water and my stick and have come to you."

"Father! may our good God in heaven reward you for your fatherly love!" exclaimed the youth, earnestly.

"Joseph, mother sends you a thousand kind messages. She prays every day for you, and you have still a warm place in her heart. She also sends you a *siebenzehner*; * that is all she has. And I can give you nothing but a good and well-meant advice: give up your music, and come home with me. My eye is growing dim, my hands begin to tremble, and I am fearful of the day when my workshop will be left empty. It is no longer honorable poverty that dwells under my roof, but merciless starvation. How I would thank our good God if your mother and I had you, our darling boy, with us; and after spending the evening of our life tranquilly, you could close our eyes in death, and pray daily at our grave!"

He was silent for a while, and took his son's right hand in both of his. "Joseph," he continued, still more urgently, "no happiness is to be found in the world for you. Our good God does not wish that you should ramble hungry through the world as a musician. Come home to us! There on Sundays

*A coin of seventeen kreuzers.

you can play the organ to your heart's content, and sing to it melodies as pious as you are yourself; and whilst the people here in this great city pass you carelessly by, in Rohrau all will love and prize and esteem you."

A hot tear fell from Joseph's eye on his father's trembling hand.

"Joseph, your mother expects you to return with me. I beg you, come home."

Our young friend tore himself away, threw himself on the seat near his spinet, and wept bitterly. Those were noble, golden tears that he shed in his struggle between filial love and genius. The old man looked at him with tearful eyes and with his hands joined, praying that God would direct the choice.

Then the son wiped away his tears, turned to his spinet, and played his farewell song. His melody expressed a sorrow that no words could tell; it was home-sickness that thrilled in every pulsation of a wounded heart; it was a prayer that ascended to heaven.

"Joseph, what is it that you have played?" asked the father, in a trembling whisper.

"My farewell to happiness and life."

"Who taught you to play thus?"

"God and my soul."

The old father arose, walked over to his son, and laid his hand on his head, saying: "Joseph, come not home with me. God has given you a treasure in your soul which I have no right or will to interfere with. Kneel down, my son, that I may bless you. Keep on your way. God, who has given you such talent, will surely not abandon you. May you always be in God's keeping, Joseph! I return alone to your mother, and I will tell her how poor you are, and yet how immensely rich."

CHAPTER XI.

POOR as a church mouse !

This is what could be said of Joseph Haydn, now in his twenty-sixth year; thus his incessant exertions and struggles had been rewarded. There are thousands who, if they had been made the butts for misfortune to strike at so constantly, would have given up the contest, and have lost faith in themselves and in Providence; for those men whom a pious trust in God supports on the billows of adversity, and who keep up their courage and confidence when so severely tried, are exceptional men. Haydn possessed in his heart a firm and well-grounded confidence that God who had so richly endowed him had not done so to let him perish half way. His cheerful disposition, which enabled him quickly to throw aside the remembrance of his own misfortunes, whilst he felt keenly the lesser sorrows of his fellow-creatures, also contributed greatly to maintain his courage. He continued to give lessons, to play the organ at the rate of seventeen kreuzers, and to act as organist for the Brothers of Charity and for the Count Haugwitz. This enabled him to keep his head

above water, even though he had often to be satisfied with short rations in order to clothe himself.

Now came a new event in Haydn's life, which was very little in keeping with his outward circumstances, and which he was the less able to guard against for the reason that he did not wish to. And this was—he fell in love.

Misfortune draws people closer together. Evil passions become blunted, and the good that is in a man's nature is brought to the surface in double strength. Whilst the old hair-dresser Keller in his honest open-heartedness showed a thousand little kindnesses to his lodger, the two girls rivalled each other in every imaginable attention to the "dear *maëstro*," as they loved to call him playfully. Now it was a flower, now an apple, or a bunch of grapes, or a piece of cake, that he found on his table when he returned from teaching. Slight though these tokens were, yet Haydn was so well pleased with them that he redoubled his haste when returning home, in order to see what kind token awaited him. There was one point that took up a good deal of his thoughts on such occasions ; to whom should he attribute all these little presents ? His heart inclined him to ascribe them to the gentle and thoughtful Anna ; but might it not be possible that Lina also had her share ?

They were both good-looking girls; the one like a violet, the other like a rose in full bloom; Anna, retired and bashful, pious and friendly, never a cloud on her countenance, no bitter word on her lips, and no angry passion in her heart. The dark-eyed Carolina was entirely different: violent in all her affections, strong in love or in hate; a child of impulse, giving with a liberal hand, and presently wrangling about a penny; prodigal of the treasures of her heart's affections, and then taking a strange pleasure in wounding the heart that she had just been flattering.

Haydn's soul inclined to the gentle, kindred spirit of Anna; and yet at times his eye and his heart bent wonderingly to Lina. Anna timidly kept her distance with him; Lina drew nearer to him day by day, without ever in the slightest particular overstepping the bounds of maidenly reserve.

Old Keller had his eyes open, and when he saw how Lina joked and quarrelled with Haydn; when he heard her in almost the same breath calling him a dear good fellow, and in the next declaring that he was intolerable, he smiled contentedly to himself and played with his marriage-ring. He sounded his daughters in regard to their feelings towards Haydn. Though this appeared to him unnecessary in itself, still he was not quite sure which of the two would

better further his designs. Once, when it happened that Haydn, contrary to his usual practice, was absent from the family gathering, and the hair-dresser, sitting in his easy-chair, smoked his pipe, whilst the girls were sewing by the light of a lamp, the old man thought it a favorable moment to throw out feelers.

“Girls, why so silent this evening? Do you miss anything?”

“Herr Haydn should be here,” answered Anna, in a low voice, without looking up from her work. “I take great pleasure in listening to him when he talks or tells stories.”

“I cannot say the same, for my part,” said Lina, with a curl of her lip. “Though I like the young man well enough, I hate his talk sometimes, especially when he speaks so piously that one might fancy him to be a monk instead of a jolly musician.”

The old man elevated his brows.

“Why, the very fact that he is so pious and so full of faith pleases me more than anything else in Haydn,” rejoined Anna.

“That is a matter of taste, Anna. That would be the very last reason to make me think of marrying him.”

“Why, girl,” said the father, “would you be willing to take Joseph Haydn for your husband?”

“Why not, father? It is true that I have not thought seriously of the matter, but I think I could like him.”

“And would you expect to be happy with him?”

“Certainly! Of course he would have to let me rule in the house and over his purse.”

“As to the latter, you would not have much to rule over, apparently,” said the father.

“Oh! because Haydn is such a poor, unfortunate fellow now, with seldom a penny in his purse! Had he me for his wife, that would soon change. Till now, Haydn has been quietly and humbly standing in a corner, and he will hardly venture to appear when some one asks for him or looks at him. When he has composed a piece, he is satisfied with any beggarly sum that the publishers throw at him; and if they give him nothing at all, as is oftenest the case, he will make a condescending bow and will not venture to say one word in opposition. I would push Haydn forward in life; he would have to work his very best for me, and he should step out boldly and proudly, hold his head erect, and show people what it is to be Joseph Haydn. And if any one wanted his compositions, he must weigh them with gold before he should get them. Then life would always have new charms for Haydn. With his profits his

talent would also grow ; and thus he who in all humility esteems himself one of the least, and pines away his life in poverty, would very soon be one of the first, admired by all, and carried aloft on the pinions of fortune. Thus it would be with Haydn in my hands," concluded the girl, with glowing enthusiasm. "He would be not only great before the world, but also happy in his own heart."

Old Keller listened to his daughter in pleased admiration ; he even forgot his pipe, which he had to light again before resuming his part in the conversation.

"Girl, all that you have said seems reasonable and sound and true. Yes ; I verily believe that you and no one else can make something great of Joseph Haydn. Countless men of talent have remained in obscurity without ever producing any fruit or blessing, because the hand of the wife was wanting, which would have carried them to high aims. Man must know for whom he lives and works ; then his life is fruitful, and he works with pleasure."

Anna listened to the conversation without taking any part in it. Stooping low over her work, she wept in silence, and the tears, which usually lighten the burden in the human heart, burned like fire in her eyes ; and deep down in her breast a secret grief took up its abode.

“Father,” said Lina, after a long pause, “what do you think?”

“I think you are right in everything.”

“Even if I told you that to-morrow I should offer my hand to Haydn in marriage?”

“Yes.”

Lina arose, went over to the old man, and stroked the few hairs back from his forehead. “Father, now I may tell you all. I love Joseph more than anything in the world. I would be proud to be the wife of one who is to-day a beggar, but who will not die before he has become a great man.”

Anna dropped her work on the floor and hastened from the room. The old man looked after her in surprise. Then he gave Lina his hand, saying: “Good-night. I have nothing against your inclination. If it be God’s will, I do not object.”

It was midnight when Haydn returned from a concert and sought his couch. He said his night-prayers in the best of spirits and went to sleep, his soul full of music. There were three pairs of eyes in the house that could not sleep: old Keller, who kept thinking of Lina’s words; Lina, who considered herself already as Haydn’s bride; and Anna, who wept in silent renunciation.

Next morning the bells of St. Stephen’s summoned the faithful to church for a holyday. At early dawn

Haydn was there in his capacity of organist. It was a festival of the Blessed Virgin. The "*Ave Maria*" that he played at the Offertory was the echo of his very soul, which was full of pure, heavenly love.

High mass was over, but Haydn longed for a quarter of an hour of quiet prayer. He sought out a somewhat obscure corner, to the right of the main entrance, where hung a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, beneath which there always burned a number of wax candles. A good many pious people knelt on the stone floor before the image, and he knelt down amongst them, without looking to see who were those around him. His devotions were disturbed by violent and convulsive sobs. In pitying sympathy he glanced at his neighbor. It was Anna. He felt for her very keenly, and tried in vain to imagine what could be the cause of this evidently deep grief.

After a considerable time spent in prayer, the girl arose, and Haydn followed her out. At the church door he offered her his hand. "Anna," he said, full of tender sympathy, "you wept so bitterly that your sorrow pierced my heart. I have neither the right nor the courage to ask what is the cause of your tears; but whatever it is, I feel deeply for you."

“ I have to-day buried what was very dear to me,” whispered the maiden in reply.

“ Anna, I do not understand you.”

“ That I believe ; and from me you must never learn my sorrow. Let me only tell you that the human heart can become a silent grave in which lies buried what is dearest to it.”

Haydn did not know what to say, for he could have imagined almost anything rather than the real cause of Anna’s grief.

“ Haydn,” she said, breaking the silence, “ I owe you my special thanks.”

“ For what ? ”

“ Your ‘*Ave Maria*’ to-day brought me heavenly consolation. May God reward you for it ! Our paths in life separate, perhaps so far that we shall never meet. Take with you on your way the prayer of a true heart. Haydn, preserve your pious faith, and keep your heart pure, and you will be great.”

“ Anna, I give you my hand and my word on it ! ” exclaimed the young man, enthusiastically. “ Sooner will I lose all—the light of my eyes,—aye ! the very music in my soul,—rather than my faith and piety towards God.”

They had reached their common home, and parted with a silent pressure of the hand. Haydn entered his room, which was more carefully made than usual.

New curtains were on his windows, and beside his spinet were two rose-bushes, the one with red, the other with white roses. His eyes rested but a few moments, almost indifferently, on the flowers. His thoughts followed the girl with the bleeding heart. After a short rest, his duty called him away again from his solitary chamber; but the image of the sorrowing maiden accompanied him everywhere, and her words resounded in his ears, "The human heart can become a silent grave in which lies buried what is dearest to it." It was therefore a real blessing to him that Ditters joined him, in order to walk and chat with him for a quarter of an hour.

But even beside his pleasant friend, Haydn could not resume his wonted cheerfulness. He followed his light chat without attending to it, and forgot to answer questions, so that Ditters, shaking his head, stood still, took Haydn by the hand, and exclaimed: "Joseph, to-day you are intolerably dull, more so than I have ever found you. Are you ill?"

"No; surely not."

"So! Then you are engaged!"

Haydn blushed. "Engaged!" he stammered; "what an idea! I am only serious, almost sad, and really I can hardly tell why."

Over Ditters's countenance passed an expression somewhat akin to mockery. "Let us drop the sub-

ject. Have you heard of the Bohemian Count Morzin, who is here forming an orchestra for the gratification of his musical tastes? He is now in search of a qualified leader. Sepp'l, that would just suit you."

Haydn stretched out his hand in deprecation. "Me? No, my dear friend. For Joseph Haydn the worst is good enough. Let me continue to drag out my life as a poor organist and music teacher. Why should I be any better off than thousands of others?"

"Bravo, Haydn!" said Ditters, mockingly, and with a tinge of bitterness. "You can croak like an old frog. To-day you are intolerable. Do you know what it is when a man like you loses faith in himself and in the future? I call it cowardice, shameful cowardice! I have lost all inclination to go another step with you. Farewell, Joseph! and do not venture to come near me till you have become yourself again."

"At least give me your hand at parting," begged Haydn, who felt hurt.

"No, I will not!" replied Ditters; and he walked off.

Out of humor and angry with himself, Haydn went home. Had he known that the vexation of Ditters was only the cloak of his real compassion for

his down-hearted friend, he would have thanked him with all his heart, instead of being provoked at him.

Gladly would Haydn have taken refuge in his room to let his feelings grow calm, but the old wig-maker did not give him the chance. At first he talked of indifferent matters, and was so nervous and excited that Haydn watched him with surprise. At last he stood before the young man, placed both hands on his shoulders, and, looking him straight in the eyes, said: "Haydn, you should get married."

Haydn trembled slightly at these words; likely old Keller felt this, for he drew back his hands at once.

"Father Keller, are you mocking me?" answered Haydn, in an aggrieved tone. "How should I, who can hardly keep the wolf away from my own door, dare to think of marriage? No, no, Father Keller! Let me pursue my solitary way. Perhaps it would be wrong for me to let my heart be divided between music and a wife."

The old man's face wore a look of dissatisfaction. "You speak bitterly now, and that is not becoming in a good man. You are dissatisfied with the present, and doubt of the future. That is not right or good. Haydn, there will be a bright sunrise for you some day. Let the clouds that hide the light pass

away. I believe so firmly in your talent that even now, when you are nothing and have nothing, I would give you one of my daughters in marriage."

Haydn's eye suddenly lighted up: he thought of Anna.

"You see," said the old man, in his ordinary tone of voice, "you marry Carolina—well, why do you turn pale? You may share in our table and our house; what I have I divide with you; and if God send you better fortune, then you may go with your little wife whithersoever you feel called. But how serious and downcast you look, as if there were a storm brewing in your soul! Or perhaps my offer does not please you? After all," he continued, jerking at his frill, "perhaps I was too hasty in loving you to the extent of offering you what I hold dearest."

Haydn saw the lightning flash in the old man's eye. "Dear Father Keller," he said, soothingly, "what you have said to me took me so much by surprise that I lost command of myself. A thousand thanks for all your love! Leave me but time to recover myself—"

"Very good!" answered the wig-maker, smiling. "It is true that I came like a thunder-clap on you; you are terrified thereby. But," he added, looking

at his watch, "it is time for dinner. Come along : I am hungry."

The conversation at dinner was rather monosyllabic. Keller was almost the only one that had anything to say. Haydn and Carolina ventured a remark once in a while, but Anna did not utter a word. She kept her eyes cast down on her plate, and hardly touched her food. Only once did she raise her eyes with a look of pain to her father's countenance when he seized his wine-glass, arose, and proposed, smiling : "To your happy marriage, my dear Haydn !" The latter blushed deeply, which Anna also noticed. It required a great effort for her to keep her seat. She breathed more freely when her father finally arose. She pushed over his easy-chair, in which he usually took a nap after dinner ; but he motioned it aside. "Anna," he said, "I do not mean to sleep to-day. It is altogether contrary to my habit, but—"

He walked over to the window, leaving his sentence unfinished.

The autumn wind swept through the streets, and clouds heavy with rain moved across the sky. The air was damp and cool. Those that were on the streets drew their cloaks tightly about them.

The old man turned back into the room.

"Yes, yes !" he said, in a kindly but peculiar

tone of voice: "a man takes firm root in the earth only when he has a warm fireplace of his own." His eye was bent questioningly on Carolina, who returned the look knowingly.

"Where is Anna?"

"She offered to attend to the kitchen alone to-day. Afterwards she will go to hear the sermon at the Jesuits' church."

"My Anna," said he, turning to Haydn, "is of a pious and retiring disposition, but she is hardly suited for the world. Carolina there is quite another kind of girl,—good, clever, pleasant, industrious, a thorough housewife, and up to the ways of the world. Have I not spoken truly, Herr Joseph?"

Joseph nodded assent.

"Let us come to the point. I am like our Prince Eugene: I attack the fortress and take it by storm at sight. Linerl," he added, taking her hand, "tell me, are you willing to take the good Joseph for your husband?"

The maiden thrilled with pleasure. "Yes, father; most readily!" Then she let her eyes fall. "But I do not know—"

"Whether Joseph will have you? Girl, you need not be uneasy. Haydn, take my darling. You are my son; I love you both; and until God provides you a table of your own, that will be my care.

My old dollars that I have locked up shall again see the light, otherwise the mould would eat them up."

"Father," interposed Haydn, in his embarrassment, "you forget that I am nothing and have nothing."

"That is mere folly! You will become something, and something greater than I am. Good fortune will smile upon you; but that is not why I give you my daughter, but because you are a good man, whose like I have not yet met in Vienna. It is true that my daughter might marry a rich citizen, but not a better man than you."

Haydn threw himself on the old man's neck.

"Very good," said the latter, stroking the young man's burning cheeks, and smiling contentedly. "Go to your Lina, and whisper her a word from your heart."

Haydn moved bashfully towards the girl. But Lina, giving him both of her hands, whispered: "Joseph, you do not need to say a word; I know that you are mine."

"God bless you and make you both happy!" said the father, kissing them fondly.

Just at this moment the bell rang. Keller opened the door, in no pleasant humor at the interruption. A young man stood there.

"What is it? What do you want?" said the

old man, impetuously. "To-day I do no hair-dressing, not even for the Emperor of Japan."

The other looked at Keller for a moment in astonishment, and then burst out laughing.

"See here, young man, this is shameful," said the man of the house angrily.

"I wish to speak to Joseph Haydn."

Keller was quite taken aback. "Ah! pardon! I beg a thousand pardons!"

The stranger entered the common room and grasped Haydn warmly by the hand.

"Old fellow!" he exclaimed, "it is autumn outside, but for you the warm sunshine of spring begins. I bring you good news."

"Ditters, I do not understand you."

"Quite likely! Be assured of one thing, that this morning you made me very angry. Yes, you may look at me with surprise! Did you not tell me in bitterness of soul that the worst was good enough for Joseph Haydn, and that it was your destiny to drag out your life as a poor organist and piano-teacher? Man, this word of yours hurt and angered me very much, and I determined to punish you by convicting you of falsehood. I went to Count Morzin, and praised and extolled you till I almost made him weep, and at last he exclaimed: 'Very well, then. On your recommendation I take

Joseph Haydn into my service as Kapellmeister. He is unmarried? ” ”

“ ‘Free as the birds of the air,’ I answered, accepted the count’s offer in your name, and now I salute you as Count Morzin’s Kapellmeister.”

Haydn smiled. “And here is my intended bride!” said he, taking Carolina by the hand.

It was like a thunder-clap from a clear sky, threatening their new-born happiness. Haydn held Carolina’s hand; he stood firm and erect; his countenance was tranquil. But old Keller, who stood just outside the door, trembled with excitement. He suddenly came forward. “Joseph, what are you going to do?” he asked, in a husky voice.

“I will marry my Lina.”

Keller drew a long breath. “But your appointment?”

“Let it go!” answered Haydn, laughing. “If there were but one star in heaven, and but one hope in man’s heart, they would neither of them be beautiful.”

“My worthy boy!” exclaimed the old wig-maker, in a transport, “I now love you a thousand times better than before.”

“My dear friend,” said Haydn, turning to Ditters, and offering him his hand in thanks, “you see that it cannot be. Present my grateful respects to the

count, and tell him that I have a bride, and this prevents me from being his Kapellmeister."

Ditters compressed his lips, and there was an angry flash in his eye. "Candidly," he said, "it is a hard task to befriend you. But yet!—let us look at the matter coolly. Count Morzin desires that you be unmarried. You are so. But that you shall not get married he has not said."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Keller, clapping his hands.

"But is this honorable?" questioned Haydn, anxiously.

"Talk about honor!" replied Ditters. "The count does not provide for your wife and children, and since he does not, he has no right to forbid your marrying. Morzin is an enthusiast, a whimsical person, who travels the country like a gypsy, with his one solitary love—music; for that reason he wishes that all who enter his service be unmarried, so that no other bands may fetter his musicians but their love of music."

"Joseph," said the bride, coaxingly, "go to the count to-day. Should he ask you about your wife, tell him that you have none; he will not think about your bride."

Haydn hesitated.

"You balance between your love of me and of

your interest," said Lina, earnestly. "If the latter seem to you the more important, forget me."

Haydn snatched her hand immediately.

"That is right, dear Joseph," she continued; "unite your life to mine, and you will not repent of it. There are others with whom you can earn your bread as well as with Count Morzin."

"Foolish child!" said Ditters, reproachfully; "you talk as if counts and barons came every day to seek for Haydn's services. Lovers are unreasonable and unpractical; when they are in their sweet delusions, others must take charge of them. Haydn, put on your best clothes, and we shall present ourselves before Count Morzin."

"I have on my best and my worst."

"Then it will do. Forward, therefore. Mademoiselle Lina, I will bring your Joseph back to you speedily."

CHAPTER XII.

IN silence the two friends walked side by side through the crowded streets,—Haydn serious and thoughtful, Ditters merry and laughing. They entered a palace which had evidently seen better days; everywhere faded splendor, crumbling grandeur. A servant led them into an obscure ante-chamber, and told them to wait there.

“Man,” whispered Ditters, “I warn you not to be guilty of any folly. The count will ask you if you are married; what will you answer?”

“Not yet; but soon—”

The folding-doors opened. Ditters had barely time to give his friend a warning sign, and both he and Haydn, with profound bows, entered the reception-room.

The figure of the count was distinguished, and he received his visitors with that barely perceptible nod of the head with which the great are accustomed to show their condescension to men of an inferior rank. Holding a gold snuff-box between his long, aristocratic fingers, he fixed his penetrating look on the two, inhaled some nerve-strengthening perfume from

his cambric handkerchief, walked to a large arm-chair, into which he dropped negligently ; played for a while with an ugly poodle-dog that waddled over to him with difficulty, and at last, as if suddenly remembering that there were some persons waiting on him, he raised his half-closed eyes to the young men. “Ah ! Monsieur Haydn ? *N'est ce pas ?*”

Haydn bowed.

“*Bien ! Au fait !* You have been recommended to me as a skilful musician. I love music, *je l'adore*, I—*enfin*, I want a *maître* for my orchestra. Do you think yourself qualified for this important post ?”

Ditters hardly noticed the anxious countenance of his friend as he answered in his stead : “Joseph Haydn can direct any orchestra, even the grand opera. I recommend only talent of the first rank.”

“Ah ! *c'est ça !* Let us settle the matter ; you will receive a yearly salary of two hundred gulden (a little over \$83) ; will take your meals with my servants, pass the winter with me in Vienna, and the summer at my country-seat in Bohemia ; make my orchestra acquainted with your own compositions and the best productions of the present day, and at all times, by day or by night, be at my command. *M'avez-vous compris ?*”

“ I will try to fulfil my duty at all times.”

“ *Bien, fort bien!* You begin to please me, *parbleu!* Your toilet is somewhat neglected, *mesquine, pauvre*; but that is to be improved, *bien entendu?* I am accustomed to have the *crème de la noblesse* at my house. *A propos!* You are not married, *n'est-ce pas?* ”

Haydn blushed deeply. “ I am not yet married.”

“ *A la bonne heure!* Otherwise I should not take you into my service.”

He rang a little silver bell. A servant appeared. “ Jean, my new Kapellmeister,” said Morzin, pointing to Haydn. “ From to-morrow you will set a place for him at the servants’ table. The orchestra is to meet this evening, and I expect something splendid.”

He arose, bowed his head to Ditters alone—Haydn was now his servant,—and went into a neighboring room.

On the steps outside Haydn halted with a puzzled look.

“ What is the matter? ” asked Ditters.

“ How can you ask? The count expects something splendid this evening, and I am not even acquainted with the orchestra.”

“ That is so, Joseph.” Ditters caught the servant by the shoulder as he was passing. “ Look here,”

he said, roughly, "the count orders a concert for this evening. You must at once give the musicians notice to meet for a rehearsal."

The servant angrily jerked himself away. "I will do nothing of the kind! I have no orders to receive from you."

"Good! Then, Mr. Coxcomb, inform the count that there will be no concert to-day."

Ditters's rudeness overawed the servant. "Monsieur Haydn will find the orchestra assembled in the music hall in two hours," he answered, sulkily, and hurried away.

At his return home, Haydn had barely time to tell his bride that he was now actually the Kapellmeister of Count Morzin, with two hundred gulden a year, and his meals with the servants, and how his poor heart sank when he told the count that he was not yet married. He knew well that he had not uttered a falsehood, but his heart beat louder and faster.

Lina heard him to the end, and then laughed heartily. "Joseph, I congratulate you. You *are* Kapellmeister, and you *will be* my husband. Go, and let your music for the count be such that he shall say he never heard better. In the morning you will tell me of your *début*. Adieu, my dear Kapellmeister—and bridegroom!"

She reached him her hand, and the light of her eyes was like sunshine to his soul.

Half an hour later Haydn was in the music hall. A few members of the orchestra sat gloomily in a corner; the others dropped in by degrees. They were all of a ripe age, if not actually old, and they looked upon their young director with anything but friendly eyes. The murmurs and the angry looks of the musicians did not escape Haydn; but he tried not to heed them, though he could not help being filled with anxiety. He had brought one of his own compositions with him, and distributed the parts on the several stands. The men turned up their noses and smiled scornfully.

Haydn was cut to the heart. He saw they did not want him as Kapellmeister, that they despised—nay, even hated him.

“Gentlemen, please get your instruments ready.”

They obeyed very slowly. At last Haydn could give the signal to begin. At the start the parts went very well together, but soon the first violins were out of time, and presently there was sad confusion.

“Again!” cried Haydn, making a great effort to keep cool.

The result was even worse than before.

“Once more!” repeated Haydn, snatching a

violin and playing loudly ; but the result was no better.

Haydn wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Gentlemen," he said, "either you do not wish to play or you do not know how. In either case, your position is at stake."

The musicians were startled. Haydn's decided stand impressed them.

"Now let us try the thing again!" grumbled an old fellow with a copper-colored face and moist eyes. "If the thing *must* go, it *will* go."

And it did go splendidly.

"Bravo, gentlemen!" said Haydn. "You can play very well."

"When we choose," sneered one of the men, in a low voice.

Haydn selected a few more pieces from the old collection of the orchestra, and the rehearsal ended.

The musicians scattered themselves in the neighboring taverns to refresh themselves and wait for the hour of the concert. Haydn remained alone in the hall, looked over the pieces at hand, tried the instruments, then seated himself in a somewhat gloomy corner to let his mortification pass away ; for the evident dislike of the men grieved him. However, he did not dwell long upon his gloomy thoughts, for hope was stronger in him than vexation. He

took up a violin and played a soft and simple melody, such as might soothe a child to sleep. With his music grew his courage, and with his courage his inspiration. Grand, full, and majestic came the double and triple notes from the strings; and when he ceased he kissed the violin like a dear friend and pressed it to his bosom.

“Bravo, *magnifique*, superb!” was called out from a dark corner.

Haydn turned in alarm. The one solitary wax candle could not light up half the hall. Count Morzin walked forward into the light.

“*Mon cher* Haydn,” he said, in a gentle voice, “you have played wonderfully, *parole d’honneur!* What piece was that? It was a masterpiece, *en effet.*”

Haydn smiled. “I felt sad and embittered,” he answered, “and in such cases one must sing away the storm in his soul or pray it away. And as I could not pray here, I sang my song on the violin, just as I felt at the moment, and now I am again calm and cheerful.”

“Your friend Ditters did not say too much. The man provoked me when he told me that he recommended only talent of the first rank. I considered that a piece of impudence; *mais je me suis*

trompé : he was right. Thank him for me, Monsieur Haydn."

The hour for the concert arrived. A servant lighted the candles on the music stands, whilst the rest of the hall remained in darkness. Haydn could not understand what this meant. He heard some of the musicians whisper : "Let us play properly for the count this once ; it may bring down a storm on our heads if a false note escapes us."

After a little while the servant came to Haydn. "The count desires that the concert begin."

Haydn tried to catch a glimpse of Morzin through the darkness, but in vain. He gave the signal, and the symphony began. The young Kapellmeister was more than happy. The melodies were played with faultless accuracy, and he—he was their ruler ! He felt like a magician, from whose wand the enchanting harmonies flowed. Haydn kissed his hand to the musicians, and they looked up to him smiling. The succeeding pieces were played with the same care, and *con amore*. And now Haydn's own composition was to wind up the concert. His heart throbbed, and he turned his thoughts upward in prayer, that God would give a blessing. Clear like a spring in the forest, rippling, purling, laughing amongst flowers ; then serious and solemn, like soft

and mysterious whispers in a grove at night, like an angel's song, or like a hymn by God-fearing men—thus undulated the melody in a full and united stream through the gloomy hall.

Haydn set down his rod and closed the partition.

“I thank you, gentlemen,” he said, in a half whisper, extending both hands to the musicians. He felt a gentle touch on his shoulder, and turned at once.

“*A merveille*, Monsieur Haydn, *je suis ravi, enchanté!* That is real music! You are like the general of an army, who by a sign commands thousands. The last piece is new to me.”

“An attempt of mine.”

The count bowed his head. “That is not an attempt, but a perfect composition, *parole d'honneur!* Monsieur Haydn, you deserve better than to be my Kapellmeister.”

“I am thankful *for that*.”

The count with a slight salutation, walked away. The musicians had meanwhile departed, except one old man, who waited for Haydn to retire, and as he was doing so, the old man joined him with an air that was at once confident and respectful.

“Herr Kapellmeister, may I accompany you?”

Haydn grasped the old man's hand cordially.

“When you appeared before us for the first time

to-day, we hated you ; we thought that a worthless favorite, a mercenary upstart, was placed over us who have grown old in the business ; that hurt us at the time, and you can understand it. But when we saw that you were a master in the kingdom of music, then you won our hearts. We should have continued to despise a pretender, but we honor you. Pardon us, therefore, the little rebellion that we set up against you ; you will find us true to you henceforth."

"I thank you and all the men with my whole heart. Permit me to ask you a question. I do not understand the count."

"Ah! I can readily believe that. We play most of our concerts for him alone. He is no modern enthusiast, but a thorough judge of art, and when he enjoys something, he wishes to enjoy it alone and undisturbed. A hidden door in the tapestry leads from his apartments into the music hall. Entering by it, and hiding himself in the darkest corner, he listens to our playing, and is happy ; and this is his only pleasure. I would not change with him."

Haydn did not answer. He thought only of his own happiness in being Kapellmeister.

"We should all be well satisfied with the count," the old musician went on, "were it not that he is

so cruel as to forbid his musicians to marry. That makes but little difference to old fellows like us, but a hearty young man like you, Herr Kapellmeister, must find such a prohibition terrible."

Haydn was glad that the darkness of the night hid his tell-tale blushes. "With good will and prudent care all things come right," he replied, ambiguously; and having reached home, he took leave of the talkative old man. On his table he found a flower. He understood its greeting and smiled. With grateful heart he offered up his night-prayers, and crept under the bed-clothes. For a long time he could not sleep, and when he did, in his dream he stood at the director's stand, and thousands sat at his feet who listened to his melodies in raptures.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME happy weeks passed over Haydn's head. His orchestra was his pride and delight, and when he went to his quiet home he was surrounded by tender and sincere affection. It is true that he would sooner take his meals with the Keller family than at the table of the functionaries and servants of the count; but he had to submit to Morzin's will. However, he still had the pleasure of spending with his friends those evenings on which there was no concert.

One day Count Morzin summoned him. He received his Kapellmeister with that distinguished and condescending friendliness which rather raises than lowers the person exercising it.

"*Mon cher* Haydn, I am desirous of proving to you how great a value I set on your services."

Haydn bowed his acknowledgement.

"*Au fait!*" continued Morzin; "I am fully aware that your salary is not a very splendid one; but, as a proof of my appreciation, I have ordered a room to be prepared for you in my palace, and I think that it will please you. You will take possession of it

this evening, and to-morrow you can let me know how you slept beneath my roof. *Eh bien, qu'en dites-vous ?* ”

Haydn turned pale at these words. “I am thankful for the favor,” he answered, with difficulty.

“*Et pourtant !* I love the modesty that makes no demands, but not that which hesitates to accept benefits. Monsieur Haydn, I command you to take up your residence in my palace this very day. *Oui, je le veux ! Entendez-vous ?* ”

“Herr Count, I earnestly pray you—”

“Monsieur, I do not understand you!” interrupted Morzin, angrily. “My servants have received orders to bring your effects here.”

“And this, too!” said Haydn to himself, bitterly. “Must a dozen servants enter my room to carry away an old spinet that is cracked at every joint, and my earthly possessions, which could fit in a pocket-handkerchief? I am not ashamed of my honest poverty, but neither do I wish to have it held up to be laughed at.”

“Herr Count, I bow to your will,” said he, firmly and decidedly; “but I myself will bring here all that I really need.”

The count shrugged his shoulders. “*Comme vous voudrez ! Mais je vous dis*, any one else would show

himself more grateful than you do, Monsieur Haydn. Adieu ! ”

Haydn went home in a very excited and angry frame of mind. He flung his hat into a corner, threw himself into Keller’s arm-chair, and declared, with a groan : “ I will start for America, where a man is not plagued with stupid benefits ! ”

The old hair-dresser looked at him in surprise. “ Joseph,” he asked, placing his hand on the young man’s forehead, “ are you ill, or have you turned crazy ? ” .

“ I almost wish I were so ! ” he cried, jumping up. “ Henceforth I am to dwell, and under strict orders, in Count Morzin’s palace.”

“ Thunder ! that will never do ! ” replied Keller.

“ So thought I also ; but the count told me that it must be so ; it is his will, and of course it must be.”

“ But I have a word to say in the matter,” exclaimed Carolina. “ Shall our happiness be thus broken in upon ? How shall we pass our evenings when our dear Monsieur Haydn is no longer with us ? That would be as if some one robbed us of the last sunbeam in our hearts.”

“ Well, Joseph can at least spend his evenings with us,” said the hair-dresser. “ And, after all, his dwelling with the count will be princely, whereas here he had but a poor little room to sleep in.”

As far as the princely dwelling was concerned, Haydn need not be alarmed. He had a room opening on the court-yard, so poorly furnished that it did not inspire him with a single thought of pride. It was, in fact, a servant's room ; so that he was at the same time Kapellmeister and common servant.

Haydn felt the awkwardness of his position, but he thought of his duty and his love of music, to which he could now devote himself more than ever, and he was happy and content. The execution of the orchestra was improving. Count Morzin expressed his approbation,—nay, he once went so far as to press the master's hand, and whisper to him : “ *Mon cher Haydn*, your performances are splendid. I wish I could sufficiently reward you ; but I cannot. *Impossible !* ”

Haydn's poverty would have prevented him from ever thinking of marrying one of Keller's daughters, — nay, he would have rejected the thought as a temptation ; but when Keller himself had urged the matter and said : “ Haydn, you must take one of my daughters,” his inclination at once pointed to Anna, although the impetuous Lina was not without charms for him. However, when he began to sing the praises of Anna, the father impatiently cut him short with such words as these : “ What you say of Anna is all very true, but my

Lina is still better ; therefore you did well to take her, and not Anna."

The old man took upon himself to make all the preparations for the wedding, and when things did not go as smoothly as he wished, he would stamp his foot angrily and say : " It must go on ! "

Haydn made his visits regularly in the evenings to the family, which had become very much endeared to him. Anna always continued to be like herself ; she was not exactly reserved—we should rather say she was veiled—when she spoke to Haydn. Her words were gentle, her voice trembled, and what she said was cold, coming as it did from a broken heart. Lina, on the contrary, displayed all her virtues and all her faults in their most striking contrast. She showed a warm attachment for Haydn, yet a moment afterwards she tortured him with her jealousy ; she was indignant if he came a moment later than she expected, and when he made his appearance she would remain sullen and silent for quite awhile. Now she would speak to him in the most endearing terms, and then, again, by a bitter word, would thrust a dagger into his heart. Haydn was sometimes frightened at his bride, and yet he was pleased at this dazzling play of colors in her character. The lights and the shades were side by side, and made the girl's image

all the more attractive. Often in his solitary moments he asked himself whether he really loved her sufficiently to be happy with her; but he could not reply by an unreserved "Yes" or "No." His friend Ditters had looked deeper into his soul than he imagined. Ditters saw clearly that of his own free will Haydn would never have chosen for his bride one so unlike himself in disposition as Lina, but that other influences must have been brought to bear. Nor did he fail to speak seriously to his friend on this point, though the latter always cut him short. "Father Keller wishes me to marry Lina. He has a right to my gratitude; and I take Lina for my wife out of gratitude, and not out of love. I expect a contented life with her by my side; no earthly wife could make me *happy*; music alone can do that."

"Did you think of Anna whilst uttering these words?" asked Ditters.

Haydn did not answer immediately. His glowing cheeks bore witness to his emotion. Finally he said: "Friend, this question I should repel indignantly if asked by any one else; but from your lips, I am grateful for it. Behold, when a rose blooms solitary in the forest, and only the sunbeam that steals through the thick foliage looks down on it, it would be wrong to pluck the flower in order to

place it in your bosom, to enjoy its beauty for a few moments, and then see it wither in your hands. Man is made happy by the ideal, not by human creatures. Lina will be to me a faithful and devoted companion through life, and will lighten for me the prosy side of existence; but when my soul craves for nourishment, I need not look to anything created; then I turn to music—and to God.”

It was early morning, and deep darkness brooded over the city. In the private chapel of the Brothers of Charity stood the bridal pair before the priest. Keller, Anna, and Ditters were the only witnesses.

Haydn answered “Yes” to the solemn and momentous question of the priest, and his voice trembled slightly. Was it merely the excitement of the moment, or was it a presage of the future?

Haydn’s married life was rather peculiar. He was obliged to eat and sleep at Count Morzin’s, from whom he must keep his marriage secret, as if it were a crime; otherwise, he would infallibly be dismissed. Besides this, Haydn, growing more and more attached to his solitary room in Morzin’s palace, often spent days together over his compositions, and forgot entirely that he had a wife, who expected him with growing anxiety and impatience. When he at last thought of her, and breathlessly rushed up the high stairs to her dwelling, he was received

with tears and reproaches, which increased in bitterness with each delay, so that it became harder and harder for him to pacify his offended spouse. On Sunday afternoons they could not go out walking together like other people, for fear the stern count should meet them, and discover their secret marriage. All these causes were more than sufficient to cast a cloud over the spirits of the young married couple. But this was not all. Amiable as old Keller showed himself to his son-in-law, relieving him from all expenses for housekeeping; conscientious also as Haydn was in carrying home every cent that he earned, and placing it in Lina's hands, still she always reproached him for not bringing enough. Lina thought only of the future, when she would have her own house to live in with Haydn, and she began to purchase household articles for that time; and in regard to the prices, she was recklessly extravagant. As to herself, she considered that she was no longer merely the insignificant daughter of a hair-dresser, but Madam Kapellmeisterin, who ought to be dressed in better style than formerly. Like drops of water on a hot stove, the small earnings of Haydn melted away in Lina's prodigal hands; and things soon came to such a pass that he actually dreaded to enter Keller's house, knowing full well that he would be

met by demands for money. Then followed reproaches as to how little he earned, and how poor a hand he was to make his talent appreciated; he should compose more industriously, and sell his productions dearer; and he should also demand a higher salary from the count, for two hundred gulden was a beggarly pittance, of which Morzin ought to be ashamed. Haydn did the best he could. He composed, but there were no purchasers for his scores; he helped various church choirs, and received the usual small fee; he even ventured to make to the count a modest but plain representation of the propriety of increasing his salary. But this was an unfortunate step; for Morzin got so angry that he called Haydn a bold and insolent fellow, which cut our hero to the quick. When his courage was thus brought to the lowest ebb, he sought out Ditters, to whom he related all his sorrows; but in him he found a Job's comforter, who told him that every ass must carry his own burden, and Haydn had shown himself little better than an ass in his marriage. Thus there remained to him but one spot where he found rest, and that was the dark corner in St. Stephen's church already mentioned, where he could pour out his soul before the Mother of Sorrows, and weep his grief away. The count grew daily more exacting with the orchestra. Con-

certs and balls followed each other in rapid succession. It often happened that Haydn could not find time to take his dinner, still less to visit his wife, whose temper was growing more and more sensitive.

It was a fortunate thing when the snow melted and spring returned to greet the land. Whilst this season revived nature, it also caused many a human heart to beat more gladly and to rejoice at the sunshine within. When the first blossoms and flowers began to appear, Morzin summoned his orchestra and informed them that in a week they were to leave Vienna and proceed to his castle in Bohemia. Morzin's countenance brightened up as he made this announcement. He himself, with his wounded heart and his hidden sorrow, the cause of which no one knew, evidently longed for retirement.

Haydn's parting with his wife was gloomy. Lina had but few words of comfort for him. The desire of ruling, covetousness, and jealousy were plainly indicated in her words. Haydn bowed his head, and felt one misery superadded. Heretofore he had borne everything in silence; but that Lina should strew his future path with jealousy, fell like poison on his heart. There is a baleful star, a dark shadow over the lives of many great men; and they who are so rich in mental treasures are often beggars as

regards the heart; and they who do much for others, often cannot procure for themselves the most desirable of all blessings—peace. Haydn belonged to this unhappy number. His wife grovelled on the earth, whilst his genius raised him aloft. More striking contrasts cannot easily be found; and it is not one of the least of Haydn's virtues that in these circumstances his genius was not crushed,—nay, perhaps his earthly sorrow only made him soar with the greater vigor towards heaven; and when all was dissonance around him, he took his flight thither where all, even the bitterest sorrow, is turned into harmony. Old Keller felt his departure keenly. He had become so warmly attached to his Joseph that life without him seemed insipid and barren. It was touching to hear how he lamented his departure, and longed for autumn to bring him back. “Joseph,” he said, laughing through his tears, “I will soon visit you. No drop of wine would have any taste for me if I did not hope to see you soon again. May God, therefore, watch over you; and in his mercy, may he send snow in August, in order that your count may be driven back with you out of his rat's nest in Bohemia!”

The count made the journey to his castle of Lukavec, near Eger, in his heavy coach, with his dog and his smelling-flask beside him. The musicians,

with Haydn at their head, travelled on foot over the dusty roads, like a veritable strolling band,—their violins and flutes under their arms, their baggage and the heavier instruments on a wagon that followed them slowly. Some of the members of the orchestra were Viennese, with an inexhaustible fund of good humor; others, Bohemians, who were delighted to breathe the air of home once more; for, in their opinion, the earthly paradise was, of course, to be found in Bohemia. Thus a pleasant week was passed. It is true that it sometimes rained, that their poor garments were soaked, and that they splashed through muddy roads with boots not in the best of repair; but that was no drawback to the good humor of the party. It was only on the eighth day, when the lonely castle appeared before them, in the midst of a gloomy forest, that they became serious, almost sullen. Who could preserve cheerfulness in such a dismal solitude? The count received the orchestra with cold and dark looks. The soiled condition of the men after such a long tramp offended his delicate nerves. He seemed to think it a mere matter of course for the poor fellows to toil painfully along through heat and wet and dirt for a whole week.

“From to-morrow forward there will be a concert daily, *bien entendu!*” were his orders to Haydn,

“My major-domo will inform you each time at what hour.”

Haydn did not suspect all that these words implied, but he and his musicians were soon to learn. With the growing depression of the count, who every day became more serious, gloomy, and downcast, his capriciousness also increased. At almost any hour of the day, and even of the night, Morzin would call for his orchestra. Often there was quite a ferment amongst some of the members, and several declared, in open and violent anger, that they would rather tramp through the world as begging musicians than be any longer the slaves of the count. Haydn pacified them as long as he could, but at last he could do nothing with them; the whole orchestra threatened to leave during that night. Haydn begged and entreated them, but in vain. “Let us at least make one more trial,” he said to them. “In the morning let us go together into the forest, where no one can find us, and stay there till after the count has arisen; and at ten o’clock at night let every one betake himself to his bed. During the balance of the day the count may command us as he pleases.”

The proposition was accepted by all, and next day they started out into the woods, carrying their instruments with them. Arriving where the fir-trees spread their branches over the swelling moss,

they threw themselves on the ground. At a signal from Haydn, the instruments were tuned, and the melodies sounded soft and wonderfully sweet throughout the forest. Thus they continued to play for an hour or more with growing enthusiasm. At last Haydn expressed the wish to return. The musicians rose from the moss, when Count Morzin stepped up to Haydn, laid his hand on his shoulder, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said: "My dear Kapellmeister, I was very far from expecting this proof of your regard."

Haydn was bewildered. He instinctively raised his hand to his forehead, as though to unravel to himself how it was that Morzin started up out of the moss like a spirit. He had no suspicion that the poor count was accustomed occasionally to betake himself to the solitude of the forest at early dawn, there to seek relief for his sadness.

"And yet I pray you," continued Morzin, after a pause, "not to enter these woods again. They are my last refuge."

Weeks and months passed as slowly as if Time, which usually travels so fast, had leaden weights attached to his feet. It was seldom that a guest stopped at the castle for even a night. Life in the forest vale was as uniform as the strokes of a pendulum. Summer passed away, and autumn made its

appearance in the land. The count was growing more and more retired. The refusal of the orchestra to humor his whims at all hours of the night as well as of the day provoked him so much that he seldom asked them to play, and when he did, he always added the clause: "If it is not disagreeable to the musicians."

The news received by Haydn from Vienna was almost as uniform as his life. Longing, impatience, discontent with her lot—this was the substance of the young wife's letters. Haydn on his part sighed for the first appearance of snow. Vienna, with its artistic enjoyments, was the object of all his wishes; and though his wife was far from occupying his entire soul, still he felt a growing desire for home. The leaves began to fade, the fields were torn up by the plows, and the cawing rooks hunted for their food in the furrows. The days were growing shorter and shorter.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON a sunny day in autumn the count walked out on the road leading away from the castle through the forest. Deep silence reigned around ; only once in a while a woodpecker might be heard hammering away at a tree, a hawk flying heavily through the air, or a nimble squirrel jumping from branch to branch. The count felt that this repose of expiring nature did him so much good that he threw himself down on the moss to indulge in his reveries. The grating of wheels and the heavy tramp of horses recalled him from his dreams. A dilapidated old coach came slowly along, from the window of which peeped a female face, quite rosy from the fresh morning breeze, and a gray-haired man, whose countenance was good-natured, but evidently burning with impatience.

“ Driver, is that Count Morzin’s castle yonder ? ”

“ Yes, your honor.”

“ Where Joseph Haydn is Kapellmeister ? ”

“ I don’t know anything about that.”

Morzin listened to this short dialogue. The old

coach drove quite close to him ; he fixed his sharp eye for a moment on the travellers, who made him a friendly salute ; and then he arose and disappeared in the forest.

The orchestra was assembled in the music-hall of the castle. The count had ordered “ the last concert ” for that evening—an order that was joyfully received by all the musicians, for they longed to escape from solitude.

Haydn, availing himself of the opportunities of his retirement, had composed his first symphony. This was the first great work of his to which, modest man that he was, he ventured to attach any particular merit. Often in the silent hours of the night he played the partition over on his spinet, or studied it carefully through and through, changing a note here and there, until at last the work seemed to him perfect throughout. He tried it to-day with the orchestra, and in the evening it was to wind up the concert. The musicians played it with such love and feeling that Haydn’s soul was jubilant.

A servant interrupted him to say : “ There are strangers who wish to speak to you at once.”

Haydn angrily dropped his rod ; the music stopped.

“ Does the emperor want me ? ”

“ No.”

“Then tell those people, whoever they are, to wait till I have time.”

The servant went off, grumbling. Haydn began the rehearsal again, and it was noon when he laid down his rod.

The servant delivered Haydn's message as rudely as possible, adding: “The Kapellmeister is a very proud *monsieur*, and what is he, after all? A musician, such as spring up by the thousand here in Bohemia.”

The countenance of the young woman flared up indignantly: “My Joseph is not proud!” she exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment.

“Ah, pardon!” said the fellow, in that sort of impudent humility sometimes assumed by servants. “Monsieur Haydn seems to be in great favor with Mademoiselle or Madam. Good-day to you!”

Coming out of the tavern, he almost ran against the count, who was just returning.

“Have I not forbidden my servants, under penalty of dismissal, to enter a tavern in the morning?”

The servant bowed profoundly. “My gracious lord,” he said, “I have not tasted anything stronger than water to-day. I hate wine and beer. Strangers have come and have asked for the Kapellmeister,

and this is what brought me, just for a moment, into the accursed saloon.’”

“An old man and a young woman?” asked Morzin.

“The same.”

“What do they want?”

“I do not know. It is strange that the woman spoke quite affectionately of your lordship’s Kapellmeister. Perhaps she is his sister.”

Count Morzin fixed his piercing eye on the servant. “Be silent, fellow!” he said, angrily, and walked off to the castle.

After the rehearsal was over, Haydn took his dinner. He thought only of his symphony, which re-echoed in his soul, and forgot that strangers were waiting for him. It was well that the same servant crossed his path as he was leaving the castle for a walk.

“Did you see your friends yet?” asked the domestic, insolently, pointing over his shoulder to the tavern. “The woman is quite impatient to see you. She is, perhaps, your sister or your cousin. The count is also interested as to the relationship.”

Haydn could have struck the impudent fellow, and at the same time the reference to the count made him uneasy. The thought that the stranger might be his wife was uppermost in his mind. Pay-

ing no further attention to the saucy servant, he hastened to the tavern, and, a moment later, Lina, with words of ardent love and bitter reproach, threw her arms round his neck.

Haydn saluted wife and father-in-law most heartily.

“This is true affection !” he exclaimed, “and you will be rewarded for it. This evening we give our last concert, and then we start back for our beloved Vienna. Of course we will travel together, and after so long a separation we shall be happy with our whole heart.”

“Good ! good !” exclaimed the hair-dresser. “Since you left, Vienna no longer seemed to me the same place.”

“Have you composed industriously ?” asked Lina.

“Surely : a symphony.”

“Only one ?” she sighed ; but she quickly added : “And how much did you get for it ?”

“Nothing.”

“Joseph,” said the young wife, reproachfully, “I do not understand you. You do not think at all about earning and saving. I have a right to remind you of this duty.”

Haydn’s countenance fell. “Spare your admonitions, Lina. I do what I can. To ask more of

me is in vain. The productions of genius are not measured by the yard, but by the weight. You mean well, but you do not understand these matters."

Lina curled her lips angrily, and drew back to pout in a corner. Keller and Haydn chatted for some hours, and then duty called the latter away.

"I wish to be present at the concert," Lina declared.

"The count will not suffer an unbidden guest."

"Will your symphony be played?"

"Yes."

"Very well! I will be at the concert in spite of your count."

Haydn cast an uneasy look on his wife, an entreating one on Keller, and departed.

The concert hall was more brilliantly lighted than it had ever been before. One might imagine that the count had invited a large company, and wished to display all his riches and magnificence; but in the long wide hall stood one solitary easy-chair. The others had been put aside. The orchestra, in full dress and in silence, awaited the coming of Morzin, who at last entered the hall after a long delay. He also had donned a festive dress, and on his breast sparkled the stars of several orders. Making a slight bow, he took his place, made a sign

for the concert to begin, and covered his face with his hand. Haydn selected those pieces which he knew to be his master's favorites; and, however often the latter had heard them, those well-known melodies never sounded so beautiful as now. The time for the symphony came at last. Haydn raised his eyes piously in prayer for a moment, struck his rod on the stand in front of him, and the tones, clear and transparent—like a laughing mountain stream that makes its way down amongst flowers—gushed forth in soft melody, bubbling, skipping, laughing. Morzin listened with astonishment. His hand dropped from before his face, and his dark eye flashed upon his Kapellmeister. The clearer the melodies unfolded themselves, so much the nearer he was drawn to the director's stand, until at last he was close to Haydn, looking as if he were under the influence of some mysterious power. After nearly half an hour, Haydn laid down his rod, took a step backwards, and bowed profoundly to the count. The latter looked him long in the face scrutinizingly, and with pleasure and admiration commingled. “Wonderful, superb, *mon cher* Haydn!”

Saying this, he took up the partition from the stand and turned over the leaves to the title-page, where he read: “First Symphony. Composed by

Joseph Haydn, Kapellmeister of His Lordship the High-Born Lord Count Morzin."

His hand trembled, so that he had to put back the heavy volume on the stand. "Wonderful, *magnifique!*" he repeated, and a big tear rolled down his cheek. "Haydn, it is indiscreet, *je le sais*, but I beg of you, let me hear your symphony once more."

Haydn joyfully acquiesced. Those were blissful moments for all who listened to the melodies; but by none were they more heartily enjoyed than by the blooming young wife, who had seated herself at the foot of the steps leading up to the director's stand, and whose eyes were fixed on him with a proud look.

Morzin, buried in his arm-chair, listened again to the symphony. At the last notes he arose, hastened over to Haydn, and saw the young woman kissing the Kapellmeister's hand passionately.

The count stood motionless, as if turned to stone; the expression of his countenance grew hard, hostile, angry.

"Your wife?" he asked, with tremulous voice.

"Yes."

Morzin slowly turned around and left the hall. Five minutes later Haydn was summoned to his office. His heart beat with vexation and uneasi-

ness. Had not his thoughtless wife lifted the veil of a mystery, the discovery of which was ruin to him?

The count, leaning against the mantel-piece, received his Kapellmeister in a cold, haughty manner. Making a slight gesture with his hand, he said: "Haydn, I read in your countenance that you mean to apologize for having deceived me. You need not. *N'en parlons pas!* Here is an order that secures to you and to all my good, faithful musicians a quarter of a year's salary in advance. And here is a second order"—the count's voice refused its services for a moment—"which disbands my orchestra. Haydn, I have become a beggar; I looked on with cold eye as my riches melted away year after year; I cared not for this, so long as I had the means to pay my orchestra; but now—" and he turned away to weep—"now even the last sunbeam has faded out of my life. Bid them all a grateful farewell for me. And you, Haydn, when your genius leads you to high paths, and the world applauds you, forget not me, who now, a poor man, seek solitude; and neither will I forget that Joseph Haydn was my last Kapellmeister."

CHAPTER XV.

HAYDN was once more thrown out of employment. This constant change of fortune operated so much the more depressingly on him from the fact that he was himself entirely blameless for his ill success. It is true that, on the one hand, it is a consoling thing for the man of honor to be able to look misfortune in the face with the consciousness of innocence; but, on the other, it is very humiliating for him in his constant struggles to have to suffer want and hunger, whilst the bold upstart, with brainless head, is surrounded by abundance.

Haydn was back again in Vienna. His endeavors to find employment suited to his abilities were unsuccessful, because he was a German, and not an Italian, musician,—in those days a really great obstacle amongst people who set no value on any but Italian *maëstros*.

Haydn lived through a gloomy and joyless winter. He must now again, as formerly, work in various choirs for a few kreuzers; no compensation was so small and contemptible that he would not accept it, in order to be able to carry home some-

thing as a peace-offering. Carolina had imagined that it was impossible for a genius like his to be long unrecognized in Vienna, a city which was from olden times a metropolis of music. She thought that the rich and the great would contend for his possession; in her imagination she saw him loaded down with honors and riches, and herself raised aloft on the wings of his fame; she had unhesitatingly given her hand to Haydn when he was almost wholly unnoticed and unknown, in the expectation that she would soon be the honored wife of a great man; her vivid imagination had pictured the future in the most glowing colors; like a child watching the brilliantly lighted Christmas-tree, she had delighted herself in the contemplation of all the glories that a kind, nay, a just fate, had in store for her; and now!

The snow-flakes were falling in tireless monotony from the grey sky. Lina sat at the window knitting for hire, and not far away, in his well-known little room, stood Haydn, leaning his anxious brow against the window. Grey and shapeless, like the twilight that was sinking over the city, lay the future before him; and nowhere was a friendly star visible to bring him comfort and hope. With a deep sigh he turned away. He had not perceived the entrance of his wife, who seated herself near

the open spinet. He laid his right hand caressingly on her brow, smoothed back her luxuriant hair, and kissed her pale forehead. "Let us not despair!" he said, gently. "Spring will and must come for us at last."

"Do you believe in your own words of comfort?" asked Lina, doubtingly.

"I force myself to do so. It is not on men that I rest my hope; their word, the more it flatters, the more bitterly does it deceive. I trust not in my own abilities, but in Him who has placed in my soul the heavenly spark, not that it be there extinguished, but that its light may shed golden rays around. Wife, the night surrounds us, and deep shadows hide creation in their black mantle; but sunshiny morning follows night. In like manner, the dawn of fairer days will break for us also. Confide in God, and leave things to his disposition."

"Joseph, have not thousands hoped like you,—trusted in God, striven and contended, and failed miserably? Certainly any one that sees how pious you are must either share your hope, or give up his faith in a just God. But, Joseph, suppose our hope be realized too late? Have you not for months past been singing the same song, been rocking your soul and mine on the same dreamy waves; and what

has come of all our hopes thus far? At first, I resisted our hard fate in wild indignation; I rebelled against God, and persecuted you daily and hourly with the most bitter reproaches; yes: I even cursed the hour that bound me to you and to your poverty. But when I beheld your silent resignation, whilst the tears stood in your eyes; when for all my complaints you had only words of comforting patience; when I saw how you carried home every hard-earned kreuzer and put it into my hand; when I saw with what confidence you prayed, as if you stood before the very throne of audience, and how you eat your dry bread with the same satisfaction as if it had been the best that earth affords,—in a word, when I saw you equally great both as a man and a Christian, then my resistance was conquered, and I began silently to hope with you. But now, hope, faith, confidence,—all are tottering again. To-day I changed the last gulden: when it is used up, we must only beg!”

“And even now we are like little children, who eat from their father’s table,” added Joseph, bowing his head.

“Joseph,” said the wife, caressingly, “you know how generous father is, how dear we both are to him, but you, especially. Do not look upon it as a humiliation for us to eat at father’s table. The time

will come when we can offer him a good meal in return."

"God grant it!" sighed Joseph. "That day is far off, however, whilst the present has want in store for us. God must help us further." He kissed his wife, snatched up his hat and cloak, and went out into the darkness. The oil-lamps burned dimly at the street corners; over the snow-covered path the few foot-passengers hastened along, closely muffled in their cloaks. Haydn directed his steps towards the Leopold suburbs, where the monastery of the Order of Charity was situated, the prior of which was a particular friend of his. The clock in St. Stephen's tower struck six. Haydn moved forward more rapidly, in order to reach the monastery before the doors—which always remained open for the sick—should be closed against visitors.

The door-keeper looked at him with surprise. "So late, Mr. Haydn?"

"Is it too late to see Father Prior?"

"Not if you must see him, I suppose. He has a distinguished visitor with him now in the refectory."

The brother went and announced to the prior in a whisper who had called.

"Will your highness permit a friend to interrupt our conversation for a moment?" the prior asked his visitor.

The latter nodded assent, and Haydn was shown to the refectory. He hesitated to make known his troubles to his friend in the presence of a stranger ; but when the monk put his hand on his shoulder, and said : “ Joseph, your countenance tells me that you have some trouble,” Haydn related his difficulties.

The stranger had arisen and stood examining the dark pictures of the saints on the walls, whilst at the same time he followed the words of the visitor with increasing interest.

“ And now you know my troubles,” concluded Haydn ; “ and I feel that I have not told you them in vain. If I were alone in the world, I should have courage and strength to bear my misery ; but my young wife trembles with me before the great riddle of life : ‘ What shall we eat, and wherewith shall we be clothed ? ’ Had I taken to the hammer or the plane, I should be able to earn my bread ; but because I have followed the genius given me by God, want and privations dog my footsteps. My mother—God rest her soul !—often said to me, warningly : ‘ Joseph, as a musician, you will have no luck ! ’ She spoke only too truly.”

“ Joseph,” answered the monk, gently and impressively, “ you have just said that the great riddle of life stands before you and your wife : ‘ What

shall we eat and what shall we put on?' Friend, have you forgotten what answer the Eternal Wisdom gives to this question? Does not our Lord warn us not to be troubled like the heathens? But when I remind you of God's providential care, I must not forget that one does not love his neighbor when he merely addresses him in kind words, but only when he makes himself the instrument of God's goodness. Your highness," he said, turning to the stranger, "I am a poor monk, and can say with St. Peter, 'Silver and gold I have none.' I can help my friend only by striving to interest others in his favor. Open your hand and your heart to this man; it will not be the least merit of the house of Esterhazy, which is the distinguished patron of art, to take Joseph Haydn under its protection and into its service."

The prince turned around quickly to Haydn. His look revealed interest, curiosity, surprise, and sympathy.

"You are Joseph Haydn! I thought that your services were long since engaged. I have heard much of you. How could Count Morzin part with such a Kapellmeister?"

"He was forced by his own embarrassments to do so."

"Ah! then he is really a bankrupt! And now?"

“For months I have been out of employment. No one wants my services. Perhaps,” he added, with a touch of bitterness, “what I call my talent is nothing more than bungling. The low estimate in which I am held almost forces me to think so.”

“Haydn, now you have said what you yourself do not believe to be true. You well know your own worth, even though there are few that can appreciate it. So far, I have had the pleasure of hearing only a few of your compositions, but these few reveal the master, in whom only a single want can be discovered.”

Haydn's look was one of anxious questioning.

“That the sun may shine brightly, no cloud must darken it; and if the spirit is to soar aloft to heaven, cares must not hold it down to earth. You want rest that is void of care, without which nothing great can be produced.”

“And is there no one on the face of the wide earth that will give me a quiet arbor, through the green branches of which the sunlight can penetrate, but which will exclude anxiety for daily bread?”

Haydn had unconsciously joined his hands as he uttered these words. Esterhazy smiled.

“My dear Haydn, would you wish that, in order to serve you, I should dismiss the old and faithful director of my orchestra?”

“God forbid!” exclaimed Haydn, energetically.

“You see, therefore, my dear sir,” concluded the prince, “how little it is in my power to help you.”

He looked at his watch, which was set with diamonds. “Father Prior, can you spare me a quarter of an hour more?”

The monk bowed. Haydn took this as a signal to withdraw.

“One word more, my dear Haydn. It may be well for us not to lose sight of each other. Be of good cheer now; go home, provide yourself with a warm room, and compose something beautiful. Here, this will inspire your talent.”

Haydn blushed, and hesitated to accept the proffered purse.

“Your highness,” he stammered, “I do not wish to—”

He could not utter the word “beg.”

“It seems that you do not understand me. You are to compose, and this is your fee. If I pay you beforehand, that is my affair, and you need not argue with me about it.”

Haydn accepted the delicately offered present; the tears in his eyes were a more eloquent thanks to the noble donor than words.

Esterhazy followed the departing form with kindly eyes.

“Father,” he said, when they were again alone, “I hesitated for a moment this evening whether or not to defer until to-morrow my visit to my sick valet in your hospital. Thank God that I did not put off the performance of my duty ! I should have missed the opportunity of making an interesting acquaintance. You seem to be quite a friend of Haydn’s ; tell me what you know about him, but ” —and he raised his finger in warning—“do not pile on the gold too thick.”

The monk in warm and simple words praised Haydn’s blameless character, his humility, piety, and especially his eminent musical talents. “Were I a prince,” he concluded, “I would bind Haydn to me with chains of gold ; I should thus secure to myself pure joys and be certain to make my name imperishable.”

Esterhazy had arisen.

“You are a warm advocate of your friend’s interest. My Kapellmeister is old and feeble ; should he die, your friend Haydn, and no other, shall take his place.”

“And should he live long ? ”

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

“We monks are practical people,” continued the prior, smiling. “When one of us is charged with the government of a monastery, no matter how young

and strong he may be, an assistant is given him, who is capable of representing him and taking his place; were we musicians instead of being monks, we should call this assistant vice-Kapellmeister."

The prince turned his head suddenly towards the prior. His look was almost angry, but immediately it softened again.

"You monks are strange beings. Everything sounds peculiar in your mouths. It is impossible to be angry with you. But now, good-night! Take good care of my valet, and I will also think of your Haydn."

Haydn had gone rapidly from the monastery. He was anxious to get home, for one bears sorrow alone more readily than joy. The former, like a gnawing worm, hides itself within; the latter is like a young butterfly, which, having escaped the chrysalis state, spreads its many-colored wings and flies away in the sunny air.

Wet with perspiration, for the snow impeded his rapid steps, Haydn entered his residence. His wife opened the door for him, and a reproach was on her lips for his long absence, when, looking into his excited countenance, she thought better of it and was silent.

In the solitary room the oil-lamp burned on the table; the old grey cat lay asleep in Father Keller's

chair ; Anna, who for some time past had been in feeble health, had retired to her room.

Haydn dropped the snow-covered cloak from his shoulders, kissed his wife, and said, in a voice full of emotion : “ Lina, our trust in God must never falter.” He placed the purse in her hand and related to her the events of the last hour. Lina, smiling and weeping at the same time, listened breathlessly. She loosened the string of the silk purse, and twenty ducats rolled on the table.

“ Gold ! ” she exclaimed ; “ gold ! ” and her eyes sparkled.

“ It is gold ! ” said Haydn ; “ but every noble man has still better in his breast.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SUNDAY came around soon. Carolina went to early mass at St. Stephen's, and Haydn went from church to church, to earn his seventeen kreuzers at each by playing. "If I could only pray!" he would say when he came home tired from this work; "but it is true that servers and musicians are the worst prayers."

It was ten o'clock. Carolina had just put the roast into the oven when the door-bell was pulled violently. The young woman had a rather ill-natured look as she opened the door to the visitor—an old gentleman, closely wrapped up in his cloak, who entered without removing his hat.

"You live one story from heaven, it seems!"

"Well, so much the shorter will be our journey there after death," answered Carolina, promptly. "Poor people must be content with what they can get. But what can I do for you? I am busy in the kitchen."

"I wish to speak to Mr. Haydn."

"My husband is not at home now; he is engaged playing in church."

The stranger took off his hat. "Ah! pardon, madam! May I enter your husband's room for a moment?"

The wife blushed. No strange eye had yet seen her husband's room, which bore the stamp of extreme poverty, and now this man wanted to enter it. She led him into the little parlor.

"Perhaps this room will suit your purpose," she said, hesitating and embarrassed, and she attempted to close the half-open door that led into Haydn's room; but the stranger, having caught a glimpse of the old spinet, gently stepped forward and entered. He threw his cloak and hat on a chair, tried the instrument, which hardly answered his touch, glanced at the miserable furniture, which even in its best days was poor enough; and then examined the papers that lay around. Haydn's wife looked on with growing displeasure at the proceedings of the stranger, and was on the point of expressing her opinion in strong language, when he turned to her with a certain benevolent condescension and said: "Madam, I thank you for your presence; it seems to me, however, that it would be better for you to watch your husband's dinner, and not let it burn."

Saying this, he held out his right hand with a friendly smile to Madam Haydn, who was speechless

with surprise. She noticed a costly ring sparkling on his middle finger.

“He can hardly be a thief!” sighed Lina to herself, and she slowly withdrew. Even the poor find it hard to part with the little that they possess. Before going to the kitchen she looked down the high stairs and listened for her husband, but he was not coming. Then she slipped off her shoes and crept noiselessly to the door to see what was going on in the room; she saw and heard nothing, and her anxiety increased every moment.

Meanwhile, the stranger had found amongst Haydn’s papers a musical score, on the cover of which was written: “To Prince Esterhazy. God bless the work, and still more the noble benefactor.” It was a half-finished composition. With increasing interest the stranger read the partition, then seated himself at the spinet and tried to play it; but the feeble old instrument groaned and creaked, and notes here and there refused to speak. “Miserable box!” he cried out, angrily, and struck the key-board till it rattled again; then he read the manuscript to the end. For a moment he looked smilingly before him, then seized a pen, dipped it deep into the ink, and wrote on the cover, under Haydn’s name: “Vice-Kapellmeister of His Highness Prince Anton Esterhazy.”

A disagreeable smell of something burning greeted his nostrils.

“Where are you, Madam Haydn? the meat is burning!”

Carolina hastily ran from the door in alarm. Yes: the roast was burned black. The stranger with his cloak thrown over his shoulders, approached the kitchen door. His countenance was stern.

“Madam, I suspect why the meat is burned. The fire alone is not to blame. Here, get your husband something fit to eat from the hotel.”

So saying, he put a gulden on the kitchen table, and left the house.

Lina cast a look of surprise and anger after him, bolted the door, and hastened into her husband's room to see whether the mysterious visitor had not appropriated something. Everything except the music paper was in its place:—it would cost a thief some reflection to make a choice here. The wife cared little for the disorder of the papers, and she was just returning to the kitchen when she heard her husband coming up the stairs. She hastened to let him in, and in incoherent words related what had happened.

Haydn sniffed the burning meat, but he was silent, knowing how sensitive Lina was in regard to the culinary department. Smiling, and looking for the

solution of the riddle that he had just heard from his excited wife, he entered his room. The disordered papers caught his attention immediately: a man returning home looks first after what is dearest to him.

“My Lina has been at work here again!” he grumbled, gathering up the scattered papers. “Why cannot womenfolk learn that we thank them just as little for dusting our furniture as we do for throwing away our papers! Well,” he continued, smiling, “let us put the leaves together again. It is not pleasant, but it is useful work.”

The longer he continued at this work, the darker grew his brow. “Where can it be? Once already has my wife played me the trick of treating as waste paper a new composition which I was particularly pleased with, and which I had carefully set apart—taking it to the butcher’s to wrap her meat in. Lina!” he called out impatiently.

She appeared at once.

“Have you been cleaning out here again? You know well how little I like such care for me.”

“Joseph, what are you looking for?”

“You know,” he answered, “that I have begun a composition, which is not a mere amusement, but a duty and debt of honor. Where is it?”

“I do not know.”

Haydn stamped his foot.

“There is something on the window-sill ; perhaps that is it.”

He snatched up the paper and opened it. His brow cleared again. “Thank God that you did not carry it to the butcher’s !”

“Joseph,”—and her voice was stormy—“if I had the old man that was tossing up your room to-day as if he were master here, I would pick his eyes out. He tossed your music about. Now beg my pardon, you savage !”

She held her face up for him to kiss, but he paid no attention to her, continuing to get the sheets—which were not yet sewed—into their places, until at last he closed them together. Towards the bottom of the title-page he saw a large blot of ink. His gaze was arrested, for he considered a soiled manuscript as a desecration of art ; and now he read the words that were written above the blot, and which looked as if they had been penned with a stick instead of a quill : *Joseph Haydn, Vice-Kapellmeister of His Highness Prince Anton Esterhazy.*

The paper trembled in his hand. “Lina, read what is written here. The words are blurred before my eyes.”

“The stranger wrote that !” she cried, after casting a hasty glance at the page.

“Then it was Prince Esterhazy himself who was in my room. He did not disdain my poverty!”

Haydn raised his eyes joyfully and folded his hands in prayer. “Yes, thou good and merciful God in heaven above, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart that thy love has not departed from me and thy arm has not been shortened! Thou hast removed the tears from my eyes, and anxiety from my heart. O God,” he concluded, stretching out his hands in pious enthusiasm, “grant that I may never be ungrateful to thee!”

His wife stood beside him with tears in her eyes, and she also prayed, and thanked God.

“Little wife,” said Haydn, turning to her, in overflowing good humor, “I am hungry! You have let the meat burn? What matter! I should have done the same, had I been cook. Set the table and bring in what you have.”

“Joseph, the prince gave me a gulden to get you a dinner from the hotel.”

“Child, you shall give me the gulden. I will have a mass of thanksgiving said to-morrow, so that we may have a blessing for the future also.”

In the afternoon came a note which required Haydn’s presence at the palace next day. He saw not the splendor that met him; he had no eyes to examine the grandeur of the palace, and no thought

to draw therefrom any conclusions as to his future life ; he considered only the goodness of the prince, which, great though it was, was far less than his gratitude.

Prince Esterhazy received him with that genuine noble cordiality which proclaims not the difference of birth, but of talent.

“Haydn,” he began, “I read from your countenance that I have secured in you a friend. I think we shall be the best of friends. You wish to thank me ? It is not necessary. You are now my vice-Kapellmeister, and hereafter you will be sole ruler in a kingdom for which I am envied by all that are capable of appreciating it. Every man in my orchestra is an artist. I will provide for you a tranquil home in the Esterhazy House ; there you shall find peace and leisure more than enough to spread the wings of your genius. Will four hundred gulden a year be enough in the beginning ? After a time I will cheerfully increase your salary ; and as for food and lodging, you shall be amply provided : half benefits are no benefits ; and what I do, I wish to do fully. And now a word as to your position in my house. My brother Nikolaus and I are both enthusiastic devotees of music. For us it is not a mere amusement with which to while away our idle hours, or a cheap means of playing the part of Mæcenas

before the world. Nikolaus is a *virtuoso* on the violin ; both of us look upon music as a sacred gift of God, for which we are more thankful to Heaven than for the advantages of birth or the gifts of fortune. Whoever shares with us love and enthusiasm for music we regard as a dear friend ; whoever is endowed with the heavenly talent of increasing this love in us, to him we look up with grateful reverence. My dear Haydn, you are said to be a special favorite of the Muses, and that in you is the spark of immortality. That you are a thoroughly good man, a genuine Nathanael, I know from the lips of your friend the prior ; and therefore I do not take you into my service, but I salute you as a dear friend, to whom my brother and I join in wishing a joyful and golden future."

Tears streamed from the eyes of our good and tender-hearted Haydn. All that the past contained of bitterness, sorrow, and want, vanished in this happy moment. The future lay before him like a sunny morning in spring ; he felt the wings of his spirit expanding, and his genius, like a lark, soaring to the bright ethereal regions, there to sing the praises of the Creator in hymns of jubilation.

"Your highness, no one has ever before spoken to me so kindly. I thank you not in empty words. Let me devote to you and to your princely house

my life and my work, and that which God has given me as a grace and a vocation. And if the name of Joseph Haydn should go down to future generations, then will people gratefully bless you who secured to him free flight heavenward for his genius."

CHAPTER XVII.

IT is a relief to us to have reached this part of our history. It is certainly not a pleasant thing to see a highly gifted man struggling in the dark waves of evil fortune. It is an ever-recurring fact, it is true, that great men have had to fight their way up in hunger and cold to their future eminence ; but this does not prevent us from giving them our most hearty sympathy.

Prince Esterhazy spent the summer partly at the Castle of Esterhazy, which lay in the midst of a low, marshy solitude, and which was fitted out with royal magnificence. The library and the picture-gallery, both which were afterwards brought to Vienna, were celebrated, as were also the theatre and opera-house, and the park, which was reclaimed land. The prince resided also partly in Eisenstadt, where he had a castle which was at any moment fit to receive an emperor. Orangeries, diminutive lakes and waterfalls enlivened the park ; besides these, there was a pleasant garden and an extensive chase. To one side lay the little town,

with its narrow and not over-clean streets, its churches and cloisters.

Here in Eisenstadt and at the Esterhazy Castle Haydn passed thirty years of his life. Concerning his much-trying youth and his honored old age, the accounts handed down to us are abundant; but as regards this long period, when the master stood at the height of his genial work, we have but very meagre accounts and some scattered dates. This is doubtless owing, in a great measure, to Haydn's unpretentious disposition and his retired life.

At the opening of spring, our master went alone to Esterhazy Castle, where the prince generally spent six months. Haydn's wife was disconsolate at having to remain alone in Vienna; but as the new palace was only half built, the prince could not allow his musicians to bring their families. However, when the prince left Esterhazy for Eisenstadt, whither he was accustomed to go before returning to spend the winter in Vienna, the musicians were then permitted to take their families with them.

Haydn adapted himself readily to his new position as vice-Kapellmeister, with that pliability that springs, not from lack of character, but from modesty. The old Kapellmeister under whom he was placed was quite sickly, and his humor was, therefore, often far from being agreeable; besides, he set

no value on any but Italian music, and designated the works of German composers as worthless bungling. "I warn you," he often said to Haydn, in his wheezing, asthmatic voice, "against the attractive temptation of venturing on compositions of your own. It would be a waste of ink and paper. Let us thank God that we have such excellent Italian masters." And when Haydn modestly interposed that the prince expressly wished him to compose, the old man would reply angrily: "Well, I shall know how to prevent the prince from ruining his artistic taste with German trash."

Haydn let the Kapellmeister scold and fret, and went on devoting his spare hours to setting on paper those melodies that kept re-echoing in his soul. Sometimes when only the productions of Italian masters were given at concerts, Prince Anton asked his vice-Kapellmeister how soon would some of his compositions be studied; and Haydn, without bitterness, or any signs of sensitiveness, mentioned the strict orders of the Kapellmeister. "Very well!" answered Esterhazy, laughing; "let the old man have his way, and let us not destroy his good nature, or make him more ill-natured than he is. Go on composing industriously; the time will come when I may enjoy your works."

But that time was not to come. A year had not

elapsed since Haydn's entrance into Prince Anton's service, when the latter died and was laid to rest with his forefathers. Haydn's grief was deep. He knew well that his position was secure, but he felt that he had lost a good and noble friend. Prince Anton Esterhazy it was who had drawn him from the depths of sorrow, and secured to him that freedom of mind in which, step by step, he built up his future greatness.

The immense wealth of the prince, together with his orchestra, fell to his brother Nikolaus. He was a rare man and a perfect nobleman. With tears in his eyes he entered into possession of his inheritance. His first care was to permit the old and sickly Kapellmeister to betake himself to a well-earned retirement, and to put Haydn in his place. A fine judge of music himself, a master on the violin, he fitted up an opera house, a theatre, and a puppet-show—an amusement then quite in vogue in society.

“Haydn,” he said, with friendly warmth, “of all that I inherit from my deceased brother, there is nothing that I value so much as you. Give me your hand, and let us enter into a covenant that we will not part as long as God permits us to live together; and when He parts us, we will submit. I consider you so entirely mine that I do not admit the thought of ever seeing you in the service of any one else.

My brother, out of regard to the hobby of his Kapellmeister, had to patronize Italian, and neglect German music; but I wish to have Haydn and Mozart for my masters, in preference to all others. Now, I know right well that the spirit that is to work and create, no matter how richly it may be endowed, must above all things be freed from the turmoil of everyday life. I will therefore arrange to have a quiet home for you, in which you may compose to your heart's content."

And the prince was true to his word. In Eisenstadt, where he delighted to pass most of his time, he purchased a small and retired house, which was shaded by elder-trees, and whose repose was disturbed only by the song of birds. There Haydn's genius brought to maturity rich and rare fruits.

Prince Nikolaus was a *virtuoso* on the baritone; for this instrument alone Haydn composed one hundred and sixty-three pieces, besides many divertissements, concerts, quartets, sonatas, hymns, canons, and the like. His fruitfulness appeared to grow with years, and every success stimulated his active, overflowing genius to new efforts. He considered it a duty of honor, unless when circumstances beyond his control required it otherwise, to have all his compositions first produced by the prince's orchestra; for he looked upon himself as being, in a

sense, the property of one who showed more and more interest in him every day, and who—although the modest master himself never asked it—gradually increased his salary to the sum of one thousand gulden annually—a very considerable amount in those times.

On the 11th of January, 1763, Prince Nikolaus Esterhazy celebrated his marriage with Teresa Countess Erdödy, and Haydn contributed to the splendor of the occasion by the first production of his opera, *Alcide and Galatea*. Five years later followed the opera, *Lo Speciale*; and in 1770, the opera, *Le Pescatrici*. These works and numbers of others, including church music, spread his reputation farther and farther. When, in 1773, the Empress Maria Teresa came to Esterhazy, and accepted the hospitality of the prince, Haydn produced the new *burletta*, *L'Infedeltà delusa*, for which he was highly complimented. In the same year he wrote the puppet-opera, *Philemon and Baucis* (which became a favorite piece with the empress), and the puppet-piece *Der Hexenschabbes*,—"The Witches' Sabbath."

Though Haydn readily yielded to the wishes of his master, and composed a great many operas, his genius rather inclined to lyrical music. The texts

of the operas, which were often nothing more than an empty, childish play upon words, were very repugnant to him ; for genius feels it a degradation to be made subservient to inanity. What his own soul conceived and brought into form, where his spirit could sing its own song independently of the thoughts of others, there Haydn felt entirely free, and was happy in his freedom. Often, when all the lights had been extinguished in Eisenstadt, or in the neighboring castle of Esterhazy, and even when the grey dawn was breaking into his room, the master was still seated at work,—one hand on his spinet, in the other a pen, rapidly setting down the melodies.

Thus passed happy months, unclouded years. Haydn lived only for his art ; in it he found real content. Every winter he spent from one to three months with his wife in Vienna, where she continued to reside as long as her family lived. Their meeting was always a stormy and passionate one on the part of Carolina ; and before the first hour had passed, money became the subject of their discourse. At first she used to complain that he did not send her enough, though he always sent her half, or more than half, of what he earned ; but she soon went a step farther. She contracted debts in his

name, well knowing that her Joseph would certainly pay them. And he did so. No bitter word escaped his lips; he went no farther than to request his wife to have some regard for his circumstances. Such a remonstrance was generally met by a scornful laugh. "Sell your compositions, instead of letting them fly from hand to hand as if they had no owner, and there will be money enough for both of us."

It is a fact that Haydn never learned to make capital out of his compositions. This idealist, this unpractical man, had a wife who every year grew more and more urgent in her demands, not for the purpose of saving, but to have as much as possible to spend. She had become a spendthrift. Whilst he was satisfied with frugal fare, and often, in order not to break off his work for dinner, he contented himself with a glass of wine or a cup of coffee, his wife was seated at an abundant table, surrounded by merry guests, who drank the health of the absent master in the most costly wines. But let us not do injustice to this insignificant woman. No blemish in regard to her morals has ever been laid to her charge; she was a vain, uncalculating, and impulsive child even to old age.

It would be useless for us to ask to what height

Haydn would have soared without such a wife, without such a shadow hanging over his soul ; she was like a leaden weight on the wings of her husband's genius, whose soul was filled with only the noblest love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAYDN received great honors whenever he came to Vienna. People were eager to hear his compositions ; and though Prince Esterhazy allowed his Kapellmeister the free disposal of all his works, yet he laid a claim to Haydn's operas. These he wished to have as his exclusive property, and he took a just pride in them.

The master lent his compositions indiscriminately. They were copied in all directions, and the original was invariably returned with thanks and admiration. Haydn's melodies were to be [found in every good orchestra, where they were looked upon as master-pieces ; he was praised on all sides. The music dealers were puzzled, and could not understand how a man could give away recklessly, as they said, his best flowers, and never once think of selling them. They made him offers, but Haydn laughed, and told them that he had nothing to sell, having given away all his compositions. Thus the reputation of the master increased, but not his wealth. He had only the salary allowed him by the prince, which, how-

ever, would have been more than sufficient for himself.

On one occasion the *landtag* assembled in Pressburg. The Empress Maria Teresa was present ; the magnates displayed all their magnificence, and Prince Esterhazy had ordered his orchestra thither in order to afford a rare treat to the empress, who was a great lover of music. On this occasion, Haydn was to produce some of his best compositions, for the prince took great pride in him. When Esterhazy's intention was made known, four amateurs of high birth expressed the wish to play a symphony before the empress, with the help of two of his musicians. Prince Esterhazy was not enthusiastic over this petition, but he could not well refuse without insulting those high-born gentlemen. Haydn and Tomasini was designated to assist.

The concert took place in presence of the empress and the nobility. The first part consisted of the choicest compositions of Haydn, which were played by the orchestra in masterly style. Respect for the presence of the empress restrained any loud demonstrations of applause, but Maria Teresa overwhelmed the delighted Haydn with the most liberal and enthusiastic praise. At the conclusion the empress asked : " Have we not met before ? "

Haydn bowed profoundly. "Yes, your majesty. It was at the time when the palace of Schönbrunn was in course of erection."

"I do not remember the occasion," said the empress, trying to recall it.

"I was then a fresh and thoughtless youth," continued Haydn, smiling, "and I was one of Reutter's orchestra boys. It was Sunday, and we were allowed to ramble about at our pleasure. Curiosity led me to view the new palace, and I went to Schönbrunn. At first I was satisfied with admiring the immense walls, but after a while I took it into my head to climb the scaffolding. The higher I climbed, the bolder I grew, and I did not stop till I got to the very top of the scaffold. Once I began to feel dizzy, but I soon got over that, and clambered over the walls, timbers, and boards. After a time I turned to come down. I jumped from one frail stand to another, making the boards clatter by my weight, till I was just going to spring to the ground. Then I saw your majesty with some ladies and gentlemen just below me."

The eyes of the empress sparkled; she remembered the circumstance.

"I hesitated for a moment, and then came down the ladder very slowly. Hardly had I reached the ground than a servant grabbed me. Your majesty

looked at me so sternly that I felt very much embarrassed. I had to tell who I was—during my whole life my voice never trembled as it did on that occasion,—and thereupon I was dismissed, after a severe reprimand for my rashness. Next day Reutter ordered me to be whipped—by your majesty's directions, he said."

"It is quite correct," said the empress, smiling; "and I am well pleased thereat, for it seems that the foolishness was beaten out of you, and Joseph Haydn has been preserved to us to become a great master. What are we to have next?"

Haydn was about to answer, when one of the noble *dilettanti* stepped forward and said: "Four counts are happy to be able to play a symphony for your majesty."

"Is it one of Joseph Haydn's?"

"No, your majesty," and the speaker glanced at Haydn superciliously; "but Haydn and Tomasini will help. We care only for Italian music, and we can do justice to it."

"And do you disregard German music?"

"Yes, your majesty: for a German cannot write music."

The empress frowned. She turned away from the boastful nobles and addressed herself to the prince, who was seated at her left.

“So think not we, I believe, dear Esterhazy,” said she. “We rejoice at the talent that we find in our midst. And I should like to know,” she added, in a cheerful humor, “how it would go with the haughty *dilettanti* if their assistants deserted them in a pinch.”

Haydn overheard these words and took the hint. With apparent indifference he walked over to Tomasini, whispered to him for a moment or two, and then went to the music-stand to tune his violin.

The symphony began. Haydn and Tomasini played the first violins; all went on smoothly; the two masters kept the *dilettanti* in time by their firm touch. But in the midst of their performance the treble string of Haydn’s violin snapped; one of the noble musicians perceived this, and offered Haydn his own instrument. Disregarding the offer, Haydn held his handkerchief to his nose as if it were bleeding, and hastened from the hall.

Tomasini played a while longer with the *dilettanti*; the passages were easy and required no great skill. But now the pages became black and confused; the demi-semiquavers, the notes with triple bars running through them, stared at the musicians threateningly; they cast anxious looks on Tomasini, who tranquilly began the difficult passage. Still everything went on well till a string broke on his

violin ; shrugging his shoulders he laid down the instrument and walked away.

He had not yet closed the door behind him when the symphony began to halt, totter, and after a few bars it broke down completely and disgracefully. The violoncello uttered a few despairing notes, and it died too.

The four *dilettanti* were thoroughly humbled, and wiped the perspiration from their brows ; there was a painful suspense amongst the audience, and all eyes were turned to the empress ; but she laughed gleefully and clapped her hands.

“ Console yourselves, gentlemen,” she said to the crestfallen nobles : “ the German master, Joseph Haydn, will make amends for your blunder.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE members of the orchestra were not permitted to bring their families to Esterhazy, as we have mentioned, but they might take them to Eisenstadt. One autumn, when, according to the usual practice, the time drew near to set out for Eisenstadt, the prince, wishing to spend some months or more in Esterhazy, issued an order that set the members of the orchestra in a fever of excitement. "We will not remain! It is an imposition to keep us so long away from our families. We had rather give up our positions." Thus the musicians grumbled and threatened. "Haydn must help us," they all agreed in saying; "and if he does not, we will help ourselves." Haydn entreated, reminded the men of duty and gratitude, and represented to them that, although they could easily leave the prince's service, they would never again find so noble and generous a protector. It was all in vain. "We are artists, and not day laborers," they declared. "We will not allow people to treat us as they please. The prince must let us return to our families this year the same as other years." After long entreaties,

Haydn persuaded the musicians to wait patiently for a week longer. Through regard for him they consented, but declared that after eight days were passed no power on earth could retain them at Esterhazy.

Haydn studied to find some plan that would preserve the good feeling between the prince and his orchestra,—such as would not offend the former, and would procure for the latter the gratification of their desire. He did not forget to have recourse to prayer in this difficulty; and after having been for some hours at a loss how to proceed, his countenance cleared up at once. Two days and two nights he worked incessantly, until he had written the last note of the symphony in F sharp minor. He then breathed freely. He went into the garden, where Autumn had already begun his slow but sure work of destruction. There he met the prince, as he expected.

“Haydn, I wanted to see you. I notice signs of deep discontent amongst the members of my orchestra. What is the matter? Are the men dissatisfied? I think that Prince Nikolaus Esterhazy is not a very unreasonable master.”

These words were uttered in a sharp, cutting tone. Haydn felt that he must use the greatest

precaution in treating with the kindly disposed but sensitive prince.

“ When the autumn comes, your highness, the bird whose home is in the South begins to long for it; he spreads his wings to try them for the flight; his little heart swells; he tries to fly off to his warm nest, but a hand which he cannot escape detains him. If the heart of the poor little bird beats as if ready to break—”

“ Haydn,” interrupted the prince, “ I understand you, and yet I do not wish to understand you.”

“ Your highness, I have a new symphony ready.”

“ Very good, dear master! I shall be delighted to hear it.”

“ When, your highness? ”

“ This very evening.”

Haydn went home well pleased and smiling. “ George,” he said to his servant, “ no one must be admitted to see me this evening.”

“ But if the prince himself should come? ”

“ Tell him that I am asleep.”

“ Yes, and probably you will be playing as loud as you can at the time.”

George was a simple, tried, and faithful man, and heartily devoted to his master. He looked upon Haydn as a being of a superior nature. The latter was accustomed to take a short walk every

day before breakfast, and in the mean time George was to sweep and dust the rooms. Whenever he came to Haydn's work-room, where a portrait of the master—a present from the prince—hung over the spinet, the devoted fellow always made a profound bow to it, as if it were the picture of a saint.

Haydn looked over the partition once more, tried the several parts on the spinet, the violin, and the violoncello, and felt satisfied with the work. Twilight came on. The cold autumn wind swept over the fields, rattling the windows, and making the weather-cocks whirl gratingly from side to side. The darkness of the room became greater and greater; near the stove knelt the master in a dark corner, devoutly reciting his beads—a duty which he had imposed on himself for every day of his life, and which he observed with the fidelity of a conscientious man.

Before the concert began, the master had many directions to whisper to the orchestra. It was noticeable how the countenances of the musicians brightened up at the mysterious and confidential words addressed to them; some warmly pressed his hand and said: “Now we know the time of our liberation is near.”

The prince awaited the beginning of the symphony with impatience. To his wish that it should

open the concert, Haydn positively refused to accede; and so he had to practise patience till towards the close of the performance, which was at a somewhat late hour.

The orchestra, at the time, counted but sixteen instruments: six violins, one viol, one violoncello, one contrabass, two oboes, one bassoon, and four French horns. The symphony in F sharp minor began. The first strain was firm, positive; in the *adagio*, gentleness and softness was the prevailing expression; the violins were deadened by mutes, and the oboes and horns were almost entirely silent. The minuet and trio were short; the *finale* spoke out boldly in that cheerful spirit usually prevailing in this part. After hardly a hundred bars all the instruments suddenly made a pause on the F sharp dominant; but instead of the F sharp major or minor, which would naturally be expected to follow, the measure and key of the second strain (*adagio* A major $\frac{3}{8}$) was resumed, this time with a new theme for the leading instruments, the violins being first heard in duets, and then each independently.

The prince listened in rapture to the soft melodies. This was not Haydn's usual style of music, which, even when it was most pathetic, always allowed the genius of cheerfulness to predominate.

Whilst in all his other compositions everything sounded so glad and contented, so inwardly happy, the tones of this symphony expressed suffering, passion, complaint, despair, entreaty, and anger; only once did they flash out in loud jubilation, as if they would for a short moment express the joy that pertains to intense desire, to let it be swallowed up presently in the darkness of grief.

The symphony was drawing to a close. The prince's countenance was lighted up, his eye resting immovably on Haydn. In a short while something extremely unusual occurs: the second horn player and the first oboist, faithful to their instructions, pack up their instruments and leave the platform. Eleven bars further on, the bassoonist, heretofore unoccupied, takes up his instrument, but only to play in unison with the second violin the opening bars of the motive; then he extinguishes the light on his stand, and in like manner withdraws. After seven bars, the first horn player and the second oboist follow. Now the violoncellist and the bass player take up different themes, until C sharp becomes the dominant, when the bass player retires. We are now again in F sharp major, and the third and fourth violin bring back the former theme in this key. In a short time the violoncellist, the third and fourth violinist, and the violist depart. It is

almost dark in the orchestra ; on one stand alone two lights burn ; here sits Tomasini, the favorite of the prince, with another violinist, to whose lot it falls to wind up the performance. Softly, and deadened by mutes, their music alternates, until it seems to swallow itself up at last in thirds and sixths, and dies gently. The last lights are extinguished, the last players have departed. Haydn remains alone on the musicians' platform.

Sadly, dolefully the melodies had resounded through the echoing halls. The eyes of the prince were filled with tears. "Haydn!" he exclaimed, stretching out his hand towards the master, "will you also abandon me?"

"No, your highness," answered the latter, warmly and feelingly.

"Haydn, if I have rightly understood the symphony, it is but the image, painted in music, of the bird which is longing for home, of which you spoke to-day."

"Yes, my prince. By the symphony the musicians have given expression to their petition to be allowed to return home."

"Very well: tell my orchestra that to-morrow we shall set out for Eisenstadt. But when the gentlemen are living in the midst of their families, it is to be hoped that the idea of a new rebellion

will not enter their heads, still less that my Kapellmeister will have recourse to a similar means of helping them therein—eminently artistic though it be.”

Haydn accepted in silence the blame conveyed by these words. The consciousness of having served others outweighed the slight cloud of disapprobation which for a moment interposed between himself and his noble friend.

“Haydn,” resumed Esterhazy, “you will find your wife at Eisenstadt, I suppose? or does she continue to live in Vienna? We will remain in Eisenstadt all winter; it is out of the question to think of going to Vienna.”

These words caused the Kapellmeister painful embarrassment. He had not for a moment thought of calling his wife from Vienna. Had he not reason to know that with this hot-tempered and capricious woman his peace of mind would be put to flight and his muse would mourn? And yet such was his nobility of soul that he preferred to sacrifice his peace and the pleasure of his fruitful labor rather than make the slightest complaint against his wife.

“Your highness, I will to-night write to my wife and invite her to pass the winter by my side in the dear home which I possess through your generosity.”

“And I shall be delighted to become acquainted with her. Haydn, you must be very happy!”

“My art is my happiness. Everything earthly is imperfect, and does not satisfy or make one happy; what comes from heaven alone fills the human soul; what belongs to earth is dissonant, and does not give happiness.”

Esterhazy cast a searching look at his Kapellmeister. It seemed to him as if those words were the echo of a suffering heart. But with refined feeling he dropped the subject.

“It is cruel of me, dear Haydn, to detain you, whilst the musicians are doubtless awaiting anxiously to know the success of your symphony. Tell my artists that we set out to-morrow; but as to yourself, my excellent Kapellmeister, you must promise me not to compose any more music with such a background as your glorious symphony of to-night.”

CHAPTER XX.

IT was in the year 1775 that Haydn's great oratorio *Il Ritorno di Tobia** was produced for the first time in Vienna. The result was by no means what Haydn had expected. On the one hand, the praises bestowed upon it surpassed his most sanguine anticipations; but on the other, there were men whose adverse criticisms went beyond all the bounds of moderation and justice. Admiration for the oratorio and its composer was almost universal, so that Haydn was not left for a moment in doubt as to its worth; but the criticisms assumed a form that could not but grieve him deeply. So sensitive was the soul of this great master that it was indignant and wounded to the quick when made the victim of low jealousy, misrepresentation, and lies. There were people in Vienna at that time who believed that nothing composed by an Austrian could be compared to the work of an Italian, and who therefore thought it the correct thing to find

*“The Return of Tobias.” As Haydn's dwelling in Eisenstadt had twice burned down, it was thought that this oratorio, like many others of his compositions, had been destroyed. But Franz Lachner was fortunate enough to discover it.

fault with everything in Haydn's oratorio. The master was more embittered by these criticisms than he was pleased at the praise. Gluck had often advised him to travel in Italy and France—a journey which would bring him both honor and fame. Haydn had resisted the temptation heretofore through affection for his prince. His vexation now inclined him to follow his friend's advice, and this all the more because the celebrated Peter Salomon, of London, and Prince Oettingen-Wallerstein invited him to that city, the latter accompanying his invitation with a gold snuffbox of thirty-four ducats weight. By this same step Haydn hoped to carry out another wish of his heart, by resigning to his brother Michael, who was Kapellmeister in Salzburg, and whom he tenderly loved, his own good and honorable position as director of the Esterhazy orchestra. But Michael Haydn declared that he could not tear himself away from Salzburg, and Prince Nikolaus in great excitement refused to hear of Haydn's departure.

“Ask what you will of me,” exclaimed the prince, “but do not ask this! You know how highly I prize you; that I am proud of nothing so much as of having you; that my riches afford me no joy, whilst each of your compositions gives me real bliss. Are you dissatisfied with your condi-

tion? Is there not a little troop of men, each of whom is an artist, under your baton? Can you desire better interpreters of your genius than these musicians, and can you wish for a more grateful Mæcenas than I am? How long is it since you assured me, with tears in your eyes, that in the quiet home that I had given you you could pass a contented and happy life! How often have I heard you utter the complaint that you felt solitary and abandoned in the noise of the world, and happy and rich in solitude! And now everything has changed for you! What you heretofore considered happiness is become burdensome; your quiet solitude is an odious prison; and the hated noise of the world, the object of earnest longing. Haydn, I scarcely recognize you any more; and yet I have a suspicion of what has startled you from your peace and would drive you into foreign lands. You have never run after honor and fame; but when they came to you, you accepted them with that innocent joy with which a child reaches out its hand to grasp the flowers of spring, not suspecting that under the fairest flowers a snake may lurk. Your temper is soured by the unfavorable criticisms that have been made through jealousy; you feel the ground burning under your feet, because hatred makes it hot; you long for other people, because

amongst the thousands that honor you there are a few that maliciously depreciate you. Haydn, if you intend to be a great man, you must take care not to be small in anything. You must not have weak shoulders either for praise or blame, and must hold your head and your heart so high that the waves of man's approbation or disapprobation cannot reach them. And therefore do not allow any tempter to come between us, because—and I say this from my inmost persuasion—he would not bestow unmixed joys upon you, but would break off the fairest flower from my existence. You have been growing dearer to me day by day, and it has long been my fond dream that we should not be separated in life. Were you to leave me it would be a severer wound to my soul than any that this changeable world has thus far inflicted.”

Haydn was speechless with emotion, and seizing the prince's hand, he kissed it warmly.

“Matters are satisfactory once more, then?” Esterhazy went on, smiling contentedly. “I suspect now that you do not keep your wine-cellar in good order; for if you drank only good wine, such ugly thoughts could not enter your head. Here, my dear sir, is a roll of one hundred ducats. This must be spent in the purchase of the very best of

wine; and when your money and wine are gone, come to me to renew the medicine."

Before Haydn returned from Vienna to his retreat at Esterhazy, he was the object of a special distinction. The attention of the imperial court having been called to his eminent endowments, the wish was conveyed to him, through Prince Esterhazy, that he would write an opera for the imperial theatre. The master was very happy, for, like a genuine Austrian, he bestowed the full strength of his love on the imperial house.

With that energy and restless activity peculiar to him, Haydn set to work. Esterhazy was considerate enough to make but few demands on the services of his Kapellmeister during this time, well knowing that his composition would be all the more meritorious the more his genius was bent on it alone. And he already rejoiced by anticipation at the triumph of the master, whom he saw in imagination wearing the laurel crown of fame.

In the composition of the comic opera *La Vera Costanza*, which he finished in a short time, Haydn took into account the compass and the strength of the male and female voices in the imperial orchestra, so that each part was beforehand destined for a particular person. He believed, and not without

reason, that he would thus heighten the effect of his work.

Full of happy anticipations, he set out for Vienna, after repeatedly going over the partition with the most painstaking industry, and removing even the slightest unevennesses. The reception that he met with was far from encouraging. The director of the imperial opera treated him in an unfriendly manner, and told him that he could not immediately try the partition; he might therefore return to Eisenstadt, and would in due time be informed as to the fate of his opera. Haydn answered in a firm tone that he was not a *dilettante* who must submit his work for examination; but that there was an imperial order to be obeyed, which no one had a right to question.

This language perplexed and displeased the director. Looking down over his shoulder on the insignificant Kapellmeister, he yielded in appearance, but only with the intention of placing another obstacle in the way of the success of the opera. In glancing over the manuscript he noticed that for the several parts a certain person had been kept in view, and therefore he at once conceived a plan that would defeat the success of Haydn's composition.

Satisfied with the promise that, since it was the will of the emperor, the study of the opera would

be at once begun, although better works would have to be laid aside on its account, Haydn spent some pleasant days in Vienna. Having no guile in his own heart, he suspected none in others, and therefore felt no uneasiness. He became intimate with Mozart, with whom he formed a close and life-long friendship. The nobility and the musical societies vied with each other to draw Esterhazy's Kapellmeister into their circles, in some cases for no better reason than because a ray of imperial favor had fallen on him. Day by day the circle of his friends and admirers widened, and as his enemies kept quiet meanwhile, the unsuspecting Haydn forgot that there were any that bore him enmity.

After two weeks a servant announced to Haydn that on the next day the first act of *La Vera Costanza* would be tried in the concert hall. The master passed a sleepless night; it was only when the first appearance of dawn began to shine in the east that he dozed off. At the appointed hour he entered the hall. Few of the musicians greeted him; most of them measured him with cold looks. The director nodded his head with haughty condescension.

“Herr Haydn can sit wherever it will suit him,” said he, pointing with his staff to some empty chairs.

“But I positively insist on directing my own work.”

“You?” was the insulting reply. “There is only one that directs here, and that is I.”

By an effort Haydn controlled himself. Leaning against a pillar to one side of the hall, he waited for the opening of the performance. The overture was faultless, and brilliantly executed. Haydn’s soul exulted. The *prima donna* began to sing. Haydn looked up, startled; it was not the one for whom the part had been intended. Thus it was all through. Not one vocalist had the part intended for him or her. Though the instrumental work was faultless, the voices struggled wretchedly with the high notes and the low. Haydn put his hands to his face and wept.

“It will not go!” cried the director, giving the sign to stop.

He slowly walked down the steps of the orchestra and went over to Haydn. “You see that your work is a failure,—could not but be a failure.”

He spoke this so coldly, so venomously, that the veins in Haydn’s forehead swelled with indignation. “Yes, you are right: my opera is a failure; not, however, because it is bad, but because you are bad.”

The director bristled up.

“Allow me to finish,” continued Haydn. “You knew that I had measured each part according to the compass of voice of each singer. Had you respected this as it was your duty to do, there would be no discord, still less a failure.”

“As it was my duty!” repeated the other, mockingly; “sir, I owe you no duty.”

“Then I claim the justice that you owe to the author of the work.”

“I owe you nothing whatsoever.”

“And if I entreat you?”

The director turned his back on him, laughing. “If your composition is a piece of patchwork,” he said, scornfully, “where each piece is cut out for a particular place, and can fit nowhere else, then I pity you!”

Haydn stormed out of the hall. An hour later, the director of the imperial orchestra received a note reading thus:

“I demand my opera back.

HAYDN.”

The malicious man had not expected this. He saw now that Haydn read through his intrigue, which he was man enough to checkmate.

“Tell the *maëstro* that I wish to see him,” he said to the messenger.

“I have been expressly ordered not to return without the partition.”

“Take the rubbish along, then!” exclaimed the director, as he threw the whole bundle of papers at the servant’s feet.

No sooner did Haydn receive his opera than he demanded an audience of the emperor. The lord chamberlain elevated his eyebrows.

“*Monsieur*, the hour when *sa Majesté* is pleased to receive has long since passed; and besides, your toilet is *fort mal soignée* for a *représentation*.”

“I regret both particulars,” answered Haydn, bowing; “and yet I earnestly request you to announce me. If his majesty refuses to see me, I depart in all resignation; but by no one else will I be put off *to-day*.”

“But tell me who you are, then?”

“Joseph Haydn.”

“*Fort bien*. It is already something when a man has a name. Tell me now, however, are you a tailor or a grocer or an honest *bourgeois*?”

“Kapellmeister of Prince Nikolaus Esterhazy.”

“Ah!” The gentleman bowed slightly, not to “Joseph Haydn,” but to the name of Prince Esterhazy, whom he knew to be in favor with the emperor. He disappeared, returned after a while,

bowed a little lower, and said : “ *Sa Majesté l’Empereur* is pleased to admit you.”

“ Now, Haydn ! ” cried the Emperor Joseph, cordially, “ is the opera ready ? ”

“ Yes, your majesty : it is quite ready ; I only beg leave to bury it.”

“ I do not understand you.”

“ No prince of Hapsburg’s house has yet sat on the throne of Austria who so regarded his children’s blood and protected their rights as your majesty. Therefore I come, not as a petitioner, but as an accuser.”

Haydn then related briefly the injustice done him. The emperor stamped his foot.

“ Low set of slaves that they are ! Every breath that these fellows draw is intrigue. I am ashamed to have such people near me. Haydn, you shall have satisfaction.”

“ Your majesty, I have myself taken satisfaction : I have withdrawn my opera.”

“ But the opera was written at my request,” replied the emperor. “ Therefore it is mine, and you have not the right to withhold it from me.”

“ Your majesty, the will of the greatest emperor must sometimes yield to that of a subject. The misfortune of crowned heads is, that when they are bestowing benefits with one hand, they cannot with

the other strangle the thousands of serpents that squirm round the foot of the throne. Yes: were the pulsations of the prince's heart those of his people, and did he not often grasp the hand of a Judas, there would be only happiness and weal for the people of Austria. There was a time when any bungler from Italy or France was in all things regarded as a master, whilst the master, sprung from our own blood, was hardly esteemed equal to a bungler. That was and is a stain on Austria. The Italian, the stranger, is made at home, whilst the Austrian of genius may sit down to the table with the servants."

"Haydn, you can be bitter, very bitter!"

"But truthful, your majesty. Look back one hundred years, and you must acknowledge that I am in the right. I have a petition to make, your majesty!"

"It is granted."

"I petition not for myself. In the firmament of Austria a star has arisen. It is Mozart. Show him your favor."

"And Haydn?"

"There is another Haydn, your majesty. It is my dear brother Michael in Salzburg. He is an honorable man and a great one, and pious and good. Take him under your protection."

“ And yourself ? ”

“ I return home to Eisenstadt to my prince.”

“ And your opera ? ”

“ I composed it from the very fullness of my soul. At each note I thought of my emperor. That I now take my work home with me is not my fault. I have merited no thanks for the former, nor do I deserve blame for the latter.”

“ Haydn,” exclaimed the emperor, sorrowfully, “ would that I possessed your power ! When you go home to your orchestra and raise your sceptre, all obey you willingly. A sign from you and your will is law. You are more of an emperor than I am, and in a nobler kingdom than mine.”

When in the fall of 1779 the Emperor Joseph visited Prince Nikolaus, he had the pleasant surprise of hearing *La Vera Costanza* executed in the prince’s theatre in a manner truly artistic. The noble monarch was filled with admiration at the master’s work ; still, he could not refrain from expressing how much he regretted that this composition, full of beauty and sublimity, had not also been produced in Vienna.

“ Haydn, it was cruel of you to take back your opera,” he said.

“ Your majesty,” answered Esterhazy, taking his Kapellmeister’s part, and speaking out frankly, “ not

only did Haydn act just as I would have wished him to do, but, much as I love him, I would have dismissed him from my service had he acted otherwise. My Haydn is too great and too good to be made the football of the malicious intrigues of worthless men."

CHAPTER XXI.

HAYDN'S days flowed on tranquilly. With his growing fame the number of his friends and admirers also increased. After a short struggle he had learned how to bear with those that envied and criticised him. And if our noble master was grateful to God and men for all blessings in general, he was particularly so for the affection that was shown him.

Haydn was now called upon for a composition which, whilst he was engaged on it, was dear to him like a sweet mystery of the heart, and which, when completed, he treasured more than any other of his works; for in this composition the two things that he valued most, Faith and Music, were united to produce a wonderful whole.

The pastor of a cathedral in Spain wrote to Haydn. He described to him how during Lent the mystery of the Redemption was commemorated in the cathedral. The immense building was draped in black—walls, pillars, windows; a solitary lamp hanging in the middle shed a feeble and uncertain light throughout the church. All the doors were

closed ; the people knelt in meditation. The bishop ascended the pulpit, pronounced one of the Seven Words of Christ, made a few short reflections on it, and then came down and knelt on the altar-steps. The master was asked to fill up the seven pauses with music. He was limited to ten minutes for each pause—the only thing that displeased him in an otherwise agreeable task.

How could it be expected that Haydn, accustomed to allow his genius full scope, should sit down, watch in hand, to compose, when his soul and his faith were engaged? He rejected this condition at once, and grasped the splendid conception in its entirety. The Saviour on the cross seemed to him like a harp with seven strings, tuned to sing of the infinite love of God to man. One string after the other snapped, not harshly, but with inexpressible woe. Haydn himself says of that peaceful time when, in the deepest retirement, hardly uttering a word, he was engaged on this wonderful composition: “Never did I feel so penetrated with the spirit of piety as during those days. And if at times the composition halted, I took my beads in hand and prayed for a while, and immediately the inspiration came again, and my pen was not quick enough to set down the melodies inspired by enthusiasm and faith.”

When Haydn had finished the work he felt overflowing with happiness. He carefully packed up the splendidly written composition and carried the heavy package to the post-office himself, although his faithful servant murmured at this. For a long time no answer came. Haydn was uneasy. Although he had kept a copy, still this suspense was painful to him: he feared his work had been lost, and that he might in consequence be thought to have failed in his word, or to be incompetent. At last a little box arrived from Spain. George, the servant, opened it very carefully; but master and servant were surprised when between the boards they found merely a chocolate cake. "Sir," remarked George, "the people of Spain seem to be queer folks. That is a stale cake which no one can eat, and which could not be digested if it were eaten."

Beside the cake there was a Latin letter, wherein Haydn's work was spoken of enthusiastically, and which concluded by begging him to accept the cake as a slight testimonial of the unbounded gratitude of the pastor. Haydn was puzzled; never in his life had he been anxious for money, but this kind of pay seemed to him little short of mockery. As soon as George noticed his master's dissatisfaction, he gave free expression to his own feelings.

"If this is the kind of pay that you are to re-

ceive," he said, "you may as well give up composing. With that stuff you are not even compensated for paper and postage, still less for your labor. But let this be a lesson to you in future. First pay, and then we compose! Am I not right, master?"

Haydn smiled. "Let us try the cake," he answered, taking up a knife. "Have you the courage?"

The servant shrugged his shoulders. "Let us try it in God's name, though I have no relish for Spanish foolery."

"You shall have your share first," said Haydn, attempting to thrust in the knife; but it would not cut; the knife struck against some hard substance. Haydn grew impatient, and broke off a piece; then a couple of ducats dropped out on the table.

"Ah! now I understand!" exclaimed George, placing his finger on his forehead. "Master, I suspect that there are more of those golden messengers in the cake; and the pastor in Cadiz—God grant him the days of Noe!—is a very wise man."

It was winter and an exceedingly cold winter, when the princess, for whom Haydn had the highest regard, died. This separation from his faithful consort overwhelmed the aged prince to such a degree that he fell into a deep melancholy. Grief for her consumed his little remaining strength, and on No-

vember 28, 1790, Prince Nikolaus Esterhazy breathed his last, in Vienna. He was buried at Eisenstadt, and Haydn mourned sincerely as his kind benefactor was laid in the earth.

Prince Anton Esterhazy, who now assumed the reins of government, was a very different man from his father. He summoned Haydn before him one day. "I have to announce to you that the deceased prince has bequeathed you an annual pension of one thousand gulden."

Haydn wished to express his thanks, but the prince signed to him to be silent, and went on: "You know full well how much my late lamented father honored you. I am rejoiced that such a celebrated name as yours is linked with that of our house for all time. But, notwithstanding, I now inform you that I have no further use for the orchestra."

Haydn was painfully affected by this announcement.

"I understand, of course, that this is a surprise, and an unpleasant one to you; but I have no taste whatsoever for music, and you will not blame me for this. Give my kind farewell greeting to all the members of the orchestra."

Haydn started at once for Vienna. He cast a sad, lingering look on Esterhazy, then leaned back

in a corner of the vehicle, and let his mournful thoughts have their course.

In Vienna Haydn was soon employed. His wife received him rather coldly. Silver threads appeared in her hair, but approaching age had not subdued her. The quiet house occupied by Haydn, with its outlook on a shady grove, did the master's heart good, and seemed to tell him that there he could live long and continue his work. But it was to be otherwise.

One day he was occupied with a new composition, and had given orders that he should not be disturbed, when the door-bell was pulled violently, and immediately there began a lively dispute between Haydn's wife and the importunate stranger.

"I will not be put off," declared the latter. "I must speak with the Kapellmeister!"

Haydn threw his door open and looked angrily at the intruder; but the latter bowed and said: "I am Salomon,* of London, and I have come to take you with me."

Haydn was for a moment speechless with astonishment. Offering the stranger his hand in welcome, he led him into his room. Salomon threw himself on a corner of the sofa.

*Johann Peter Salomon (born in Bonn, 1745,) was a very skillful violinist, and concert-master of Prince Henry of Prussia. In 1781 he travelled to England, and took up his permanent abode in London.

“Haydn, your wife has warmed me up. But no matter. You remember, most honored sir, the letter that I wrote you from London?”

“Yes: you invited me most pressingly to go there. As an inducement, you told me that I should have ample opportunity to earn both money and fame.”

“Just so; but you declined my offer at the time.”

“Could I do otherwise? Was I not bound to my prince by the iron bands of duty and the golden ones of gratitude?”

“Certainly; but now your prince is dead.”

“Alas! yes.”

“I understand your grief; and yet I rejoice at your liberty, for it makes you my prisoner.”

“Not so, my good sir; even although I am no longer in Esterhazy’s service, I am not an estray. It seems to me that I still belong to myself.”

“You could have said that twenty, or perhaps ten years ago, but not now. You belong to the world, and to all those that love and honor you. You cannot coop yourself up here in your office; the world not only wants to hear Joseph Haydn, but also to see him. England longs to have you for a few months in her midst. Master, you cannot refuse to gratify the longing of a great people.”

Haydn smiled. “The people of England will be

very much disenchanted when they see me. They perhaps expect to find in Haydn a young Adonis ; you see that I begin to grow old, and this does not cure me of my ugliness."

"Haydn, you can be malicious."

"I am glad of it."

"The following is my proposition : You will engage yourself for a season, write an opera for the *impressario* Gallini, for which I will give you three hundred pounds ; two hundred pounds for twenty new compositions ; two hundred for six new symphonies, and two hundred for the copyright ; and, finally, two hundred pounds for a benefit concert. This is, all together, over one thousand pounds sterling."

"Do I weigh a thousand pounds, or am I worth so much ?" answered Haydn, laughing. "Sir, you seemed disposed to throw money around as children fling a ball."

"I will at once place five thousand gulden to your credit with the banker Fries," answered Salomon, somewhat annoyed.

"And do I not thereby sell my liberty ?"

"The limit of your liberty is your honor."

Haydn arose and held out his hand to his friend. "You are an honorable man," he said, with deep feeling. "Return in the morning ; I could give you

my answer now, but it is better to wait till to-morrow. Let me think over the matter seriously. And besides, you know that I am married? My Carolina must give her consent before I leave her, after having just returned."

"I agree with you in part as to this reason. And yet it seems to me that genius should hold itself free from such chains."

"Better no genius than a genius without heart, without tenderness, without justice," answered Haydn, earnestly, bidding his guest good-bye.

At supper Haydn made known to his wife Salomon's offer to take him to London for some months.

"Are you going to turn travelling musician?" asked she, mockingly. "I cannot understand why you should go to London, since the prince has offered you, in addition to your pension, four hundred gulden, on condition that you be at his service whenever he wants you."

Haydn laughed. "What should the prince want with me after disbanding his orchestra? He, no doubt, added that condition to his gift only that I might not bear the title of Esterhazy's Kapellmeister without some recognition on his part."

"And how long will you stay in England?"

"Perhaps a year."

The wife's eyes flashed angrily. "Now, when I

was at last beginning to hope that you would stay with me, you forsake me again. Really you would have done better not to marry me. I am to live in solitude here in Vienna, whilst you—”

“Lina,” Haydn interrupted, somewhat angrily, “do not speak of your solitude, I pray you. I happen to know that whilst I was hard at work every day at Eisenstadt, you were banqueting here in Vienna with your friends.”

“Always the same reproach,” answered the madam, indignantly. “Am I not worth to you the few gulden that I have occasionally spent with friends? But I know well that you are a niggard, a miser—”

“No, Lina: I am nothing of the kind. I am simply a man who, thanks to your extravagance, will have nothing to fall back upon in old age.”

“Work, then!” answered she, snappishly.

Haydn smiled bitterly. He remained silent for a while, then raised his eyes searchingly to his wife’s face.

“Salomon has offered me twelve thousand gulden.”

These words took Madam Haydn completely by surprise.

“Twelve thousand gulden, Joseph! Have I

heard you aright? How can you hesitate whether you should go to London or not?"

"Then you agree that I should go?"

"Of course! You must go! It is to be hoped that you will have opportunities to earn still more whilst there."

Haydn broke off the conversation and went to his work-room.

"The twelve thousand gulden have converted my wife and made her withdraw her objections. I knew that it would be so. Money is her god, and, alas! her demon also."

CHAPTER XXII.

SALOMON was delighted to obtain Haydn's consent. He was desirous to set out immediately, but Haydn, being engaged on some compositions for the king of Naples, who was at that time in Vienna, so positively refused that the contract was on the point of being broken off.

Amongst those that felt his departure most sensibly was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. A very intimate friendship had sprung up between the two great musicians. We have reserved for this place some instances of that devoted affection which bound the two men to each other, rather than to give them scattered throughout our work.

Mozart wrote in his album: "Love—love—love is the soul of genius!" Towards his friend Haydn he observed his own motto to its full extent. Hardly, in fact, had Mozart become acquainted with Haydn and his works than he became his warm admirer. In the year 1785 he published six masterly quartets for the violin, which he dedicated to his "friend" Joseph Haydn, as a mark of his esteem for that great man. In the same year Haydn said to Mo-

zart's father, who was still living: "I declare to you as I am an honest man that I regard your son as the greatest composer of whom I have ever heard. He has true taste and a most thorough knowledge of the art of composing."

Two years later Haydn wrote to a friend in Prague: "Could I impress the soul of every friend of music, and especially of the great, with so deep an understanding of Mozart's music and so thorough an appreciation of it as I myself feel, then the nations would vie with each other for the possession of such a treasure. Let Prague secure to herself this great man—but let her also reward him. For without this latter the fate of great geniuses is too often a sad one, and there is but little encouragement to posterity for further exertions; and for this reason many promising minds have become sterile. It provokes me to think that this unequalled Mozart has not yet been engaged at an imperial or royal court." This was Haydn's judgment of Mozart.

Once in a private company a new work of Haydn's was produced. An individual who also "composed," and who never praised any one but himself and his own bungling works, was present. When Haydn's symphony had been played, this critic edged over to Mozart, and began to tear the composition to pieces. Mozart listened to him patiently for a while.

"I should certainly not have written such a composition!" concluded the critic.

"Nor should I!" answered Mozart, sharply. "And do you know why? Neither you nor I could have written it."

In a company of the nobility of Vienna, Mozart's *Don Juan* was the subject of discussion. Mozart was not present, but Haydn was. The opera, which was not at all popular in Vienna at the time, was severely criticised. All had given their opinion except Haydn, who sat in a corner biting his lips with vexation. He was finally called upon to say what he thought. He looked at the company, his eye flashing indignantly, and said: "I cannot understand what you are talking about. One thing I do know and I tell you: Mozart is the greatest composer that the world now possesses."

Mozart on his side acknowledged that from Haydn he had learned how quartets were written.

A certain young composer, who imagined that he would be great by lowering others, and who had a particular antipathy for Haydn, often spoke of his compositions in a disrespectful manner to Mozart. The friend of Haydn put up with the man for a while, but at length he lost patience with him. "Sir!" he thundered, "if you and I were both

moulded into one, we should not be equal to a Haydn ! ”

Here we have given but a few incidents to show the affection and regard in which Mozart and Haydn held each other. The two great masters are so much the more honored thereby, as we know that artists are not in general able to look without envy on the brightness of each other's glory.

The day of departure came at last. It was Wednesday, December 15th. On the previous evening, Haydn invited his friends to a social gathering, in order to see them once more about him and to take his leave. He was in high spirits ; he joked and laughed, and reminded one of a healthy and hearty school-boy starting out on his vacation trip. The guests were carried away by Haydn's jovial humor—all but Mozart, who was usually full of fun. But now he was silent and gloomy. After the guests had arisen, Haydn took his young friend aside, placed both hands on his shoulders, and looked at him long and steadily in the face. “ Friend,” he said at last, “ some secret sorrow weighs you down.”

Mozart drew a letter from his breast-pocket and handed it to Haydn. It was from the director of the Italian opera in London, inviting Mozart to go thither for a half year, and to write at least two

operas, for which, in addition to other inducements, three hundred pounds sterling, cash down, were offered him.

“ You are coming with me, then ! ” cried Haydn, exultingly.

“ If I were I should not be sad,” answered Mozart. “ But strong as is the inducement, I do not think I can accept it, as I have received a positive assurance that here in Vienna I am to be called to a high position at court. And yet how gladly would I go with you ! ”

Haydn reflected for a moment. “ You do right to remain here. As long as you have reasonable hopes that you may bask in the sunshine of imperial favor, and that you may in consequence rise step by step to the heights of fame, you should not leave home. And yet let me caution you, my young friend, not to trust too much to smooth words. There is still too much relish in our court for the jingle of the Italians to let them be able to appreciate a Mozart. My dear friend, one must die before he can expect that he will be duly appreciated.* And as we are both still in the land of the living, let us trust in the praises of our admirers

* Haydn spoke truly. Mozart was disappointed in his hopes. When the question of filling the place referred to came up, Mozart's name was simply passed over.

and the promises of the great only after making considerable allowance."

The morning was cold and gloomy. The snow fell in heavy flakes; a sharp north wind blew from time to time and whirled the innumerable crystals round in a wild chase. The travelling carriage drew up before Haydn's door. Haydn and Carolina made their appearance. Their countenances were serious. They joined hands once more.

"Pray for me, Lina," said Haydn.

"And do not forget me," answered the wife; "and work industriously."

Mozart came rushing along the street. His countenance was very pale, his eye was moist, his lips trembled. Silently he grasped the hand of his departing friend.

"We shall hardly meet again," said Mozart, with a trembling voice. "Good-bye, dear Father Haydn."

He held his left hand to his face; with the right he pointed to heaven.

He spoke, alas! but too truly. The good Mozart did not see his "Father Haydn" any more on earth. At midnight of December 5, 1791, Mozart breathed his last in Vienna.

Haydn was now sixty years of age. At this period of life most men retire from the world to solitude, from turmoil and wearing excitement to

peace and quietness. It was otherwise with our aged master. With his laughing and observant eyes he had hitherto seen but a small corner of the world. Rohrau, Vienna, Lukavec, and Eisenstadt—this was the circle in which his existence had hitherto been confined. Now on the threshold of age he takes up the traveller's staff to cross the sea to a land whose people and whose language are total strangers to him. His friends warn him of the dangers of such a journey, and the unavoidable exertions and constant excitement. Haydn shakes his head and pays no heed to those warnings. "My heart is young!" he exclaimed to his anxious friends. "I will see the world before I die. And it is well for me that I can do this with aged eyes and cool reason. My grey hair will guard me against folly, and my matured soul will doubly enjoy all that is beautiful. Let me start for England! Joseph Haydn will bring no discredit on his Austria. And if I return, I only ask you to receive me back into your midst with the same true affection that you show me now. I studied the matter carefully before I gave my promise to Salomon. I have conquered every fear but one: I am afraid of homesickness for my native land."

From Vienna to Munich and Brussels, and thence to Calais in a heavy postchaise, the horses

jogging slowly along! Who amongst us would have the courage to undertake such a journey?—and in the month of December?—and with sixty years weighing on our shoulders?

It was Christmas when our travellers reached Bonn. The holy influence of the season extended itself even to the nervously hurried Salomon, and made him pause in his journey.

Salomon and Haydn went together to church to attend to their devotions, and at the same time to hear the justly celebrated choir of the elector. Haydn chose for himself a place opposite the elector's pew. High mass began; the organ in full blast played the prelude, which grew softer and softer, and then a full orchestra took up the *Kyrie*. As soon as Haydn hears the first bars, he joyfully casts one look of astonishment towards the choir, then buries his face in both hands and listens in raptures to his own music. In a strange land he prays, whilst his own pious melodies contribute to his devotion. This was to him a precious Christmas gift, all the more so the more unexpected it was.

The priest had hardly finished mass when a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder, and he looked up startled. A servant in rich livery stood before him.

“You are Mr. Haydn?”

“Yes.”

“Will you please come with me?”

Haydn was led to the choir. Archbishop Maximilian Franz met him. “I am delighted,” said his grace, offering his right hand to the stranger, “to have the opportunity of presenting to my *virtuosi* the master whom they delight to honor, the great Joseph Haydn.”

“Your highness knows me?”

“Your picture, dear Haydn, hangs over my writing-desk, but your works live in my heart.”

A tear of joy stood in Haydn’s eye.

Loaded with honors and praise, Haydn continued his journey from Bonn. On the last day of December the chaise drew up in Calais. Next day, the first of the new year, Haydn went to early mass and implored the blessing of Heaven. Then he embarked, and his soul trembled and shuddered as he contemplated the boundless expanse of water before him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HEAVY fog covered the land as Haydn set foot on solid earth once more. Salomon embraced him. "England salutes you, dear Haydn!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "She is happy to extend her hospitality to Austria's lark!"

"But can any lark sing in this horrible fog?" asked Haydn, smiling.

"Be patient, my friend! The fogs of England are cold, but her children have warm hearts. In London you will not miss Vienna."

We might at first be tempted to measure Salomon by the rule that now holds between the *impressario* and his musical prodigy, whom he leads from city to city almost as a show-man leads around some strange animal for exhibition, and at night sits down to count his gains. It is a degradation of Heaven-given talent to be thus carried about for mere exhibition by men that have no regard for art, but only for how much they can make by it; and it seems even more incomprehensible that artists will consent to play the part of dancing bears for the benefit of such speculators. Salomon, however, was

not a man of this kind. That he hoped to receive back again the large sum of money that he staked was quite natural; but he did not consider Haydn as simply worth so much to him; and Haydn, humble though he was, would never have consented to be treated as a mere piece of valuable property in the hands of another. Salomon loved music, and it was this love which prompted him to bring Haydn to England. Shortly after his own arrival in London he took a prominent part in the creation and guidance of the celebrated Philharmonic Society, and in his public concerts he made the English acquainted with the German music of the day, especially Haydn's. The result was a complete success. Haydn's works were thus known long before he himself set foot in England, and his name was held in great esteem. A writer of some celebrity, Rochlitz, bears witness for Salomon that on all occasions he worked honestly for Haydn, and that he did this without selfish views, purely through enthusiasm for art and from genuine regard for the great man.

As soon as Haydn arrived in London all the papers published notices of him, and throughout the city there was hardly any other subject of conversation than the celebrated German master.

It was several weeks before Haydn gave his first

concert. He wrote for it a new symphony in D, and made it a condition that in every concert his compositions should be played only in the second part. This demand met with opposition, but Haydn would not yield, and he had good reasons therefor. The lords and ladies were accustomed to dine late, and consequently were not present at the opening of the concert. Hence the first part of the entertainment was frequently interrupted, and Haydn wished, very properly, that his symphonies should receive undivided attention, for thus only could he expect full success. The concert passed off brilliantly. Haydn, directing at the piano, electrified his audience. The applause was loud and prolonged, and, something heretofore unheard of in London, the *adagio* was encored.

At the next concert Haydn's sharp eye took in the audience. There, after feasting on the most dainty viands, which they washed down with fiery sherry, sat those noble lords and ladies in their soft velvet-cushioned chairs and listened to the sweet strains, till their heads began to nod in gentle slumber and they became oblivious of the surrounding world. Haydn regarded this as an insult to his music, and he determined to punish them. For this purpose he composed a symphony in which, in the *andante*, the gentlest *pianissimo* alternated with the

loudest *fortissimo*. After the *allegro* began the *andante* with mutes and *pizzicato*, quite gloomy and almost ghostly. Then the same harmony was repeated with the entire power of the orchestra, the drums and contra-basses especially thundering with all their might. Haydn had particularly instructed the drummers to provide themselves with heavy sticks and to use them unmercifully. The result was just what Haydn wished and expected. The sleepers were startled, and rubbed their eyes. Many a fair lady's heart beat fast and wildly, but the laughing, jesting, singing melody that followed bridged over their fright. Haydn laughed, and his audience took care not to sleep again, however much they might feel inclined to do so.

Where there is light there is also shadow, and where there is fame the serpent of jealousy will appear. Haydn was not to form an exception. London at that time swarmed with musical societies. Heretofore these societies carried on rivalry amongst themselves, but since Haydn's arrival in London they had been cast into the shade. Hence we can easily understand their jealousy, especially as the Italian musicians had good reason to fear that their star was about to set. Haydn expresses himself as follows in one of his letters: "That a number of persons are jealous of me is certain, and I know

nearly all of them: they are mostly Italians. But they cannot come near me, as my credit has been established firmly with the people these many years."

Haydn was so far from sharing in these sentiments that he went one day to visit an Italian *virtuoso*, Felice Giardini, whose compositions he admired. But the Italian refused to admit him, and cried out so loud that Haydn heard the words: "I will not make the acquaintance of the Dutch dog!" Haydn's only answer was a loud laugh.

Besides those that were jealous of the master, he had also enthusiastic admirers, and they far outnumbered the former. One of the most prominent amongst them was Charles Burney, then indisputably the most able writer and the greatest authority on questions of music in England.

At the University of Oxford a yearly festival, lasting for three days, was held before the end of the academic year in honor of the founders and benefactors of the institution. Every third year there was in addition a great musical performance to add to the festivities of the occasion. On the second day, the musical works to which the crown was awarded were usually performed, and the degree of Doctor of Music *honoris causa* was sometimes awarded to the successful composers. Dr. Charles Burney repeatedly urged Haydn to apply

for this degree, and the master, trusting to the judgment of his friend, called on the Lord Chancellor of the University, Earl Guilford, for this purpose. His request was acceded to in the most gracious terms.

Burney accompanied his friend to Oxford. The ceremonies of the occasion were cold and solemn, and are described by a German writer as "buckram." Imagine Haydn, who had grown rather stout, and whose good looks were not at all improved by age, dressed in a long gown of white silk with red sleeves, and on his head a tiny, black, four-cornered cap with tassels. He found everything so intolerably solemn that he kept his eyes fixed on the door of exit; and whenever he happened to look down on himself, he had great difficulty to keep from laughing.

During the course of the musical performance Haydn was called upon to play something from his own compositions. He arose, bowed to the distinguished audience, and said, in a voice of emotion: "I thank you!" These simple words, uttered in English, and with the deep sincerity of a truly grateful heart, brought down a storm of applause.

Haydn went to the organ. This instrument, the interpreter of the whole scale of human affections, was the one that our master preferred to

all others. Here he could exercise his dominion over the kingdom of sound with an all-powerful sceptre; here he could warble like a nightingale hidden in the trees, or sing mighty hymns, or roar like the tempest.

Haydn ended the day, loaded with praises and congratulations; and after his night prayers, before he lay down to sleep, he stood before the mirror, bowed, and said, solemnly: "I have the honor to wish you a good night's rest, Dr. Joseph Haydn!" Then he laughed heartily, and crept into bed.

Next morning, as he was about to make some visits in his usual dress, Burney looked at him in surprise. "Haydn!" he cried, "what a strange man you are! Do you not know that for three days you must wear your gown?"

"Very well," he answered, "then I will stay in bed for three days."

"You cannot do that; you must at once make your visit of thanks to the Lord Chancellor, Earl Guilford."

"In this costume?"

"Yes."

"Then I renounce the title of Doctor. I will not make a buffoon of myself."

Burney had a hard task to prevail on his friend to submit. He finally overcame his repugnance by

saying: "Do it for the love of your Austria, which will share in your exaltation."

Haydn held down his head as he walked along the streets with Burney; but the latter touched him in the side impatiently with his elbow, and said: "Do you not see with how much respect the people salute you?" Quite a number even stepped up to him and said, with unmistakable admiration: "You are a great man!"

Haydn soon became reconciled to his narrow silk gown, and afterward remarked, playfully: "I found myself very ridiculous. But to the dignity of Doctor in England I owe much, I might almost say all; for through it I have entered into relations with the first lords of the land, and obtained admission to the noblest houses." However, when the three days were over, he breathed more freely. "I fancy," he said, "that I am once more the old Austrian Joseph Haydn."

He was tired, and his soul languished for the green fields and woods. It was therefore like a greeting from heaven when a rich banker invited him to pass the spring and summer with him at his country seat. There he wandered early in the morning in the woods and listened to the songs of the birds, and then he went back to his room and composed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE warm, sunny days departed, and autumn came at last. The north wind blew sharply, and Haydn sought the fireplace. Old people feel the frost keenly. Fully rested and with renewed vigor, he returned from the peace of the country to the bustle and noise of London.

But envy as well as fame met him there. In a widely circulated newspaper of the city it was stated that the "Professionals," who had already distinguished themselves by their opposition to Haydn, had brought a pupil of his, Pleyel, to London, as the master himself was old, weak, and unable to produce anything new ;—that he had long since exhausted himself, and was consequently obliged to retire on account of ill-health.

In one of his letters Haydn expressed himself as follows in regard to his position at this time : " You cannot imagine how I am besieged to be present at every musical entertainment, whereby I lose much precious time. And yet there is no year in which I have written so much as in this one, and I am consequently tired out, and anxious to be back again

in my dear Vienna to rest myself. I am working for Salomon's concerts, and am compelled to take all possible pains, as the 'Professionals' have brought my former pupil Pleyel from Strasburg to direct their concerts. There is therefore a bloody war of harmony set on foot between the master and the scholar. Pleyel* at his arrival acted so considerately towards me that he at once gained my affection. He knows how to value his father. We shall share each other's glory, and we shall both return to our homes content.

"My labors are increased by Pleyel's arrival. He came with a supply of new compositions which he had written long ago. He promised to have a new piece for each evening. As I saw that unless I did the same the whole crowd would be turned against me, I am compelled to sacrifice myself, and in order that poor Salomon and I may not fail, I must work unceasingly. My eyes burn, my nights are sleepless, and my strength is failing; but with God's help I shall overcome all. The 'Professionals' thought to put me in a tight corner because I would not go over to them; but the public is just. At my arrival I was much applauded, but I am still more so now. People speak severely

* Pleyel was, in fact, only the innocent and unconscious tool of a miserable intrigue.

of Pleyel's boldness ; but yet I love him, and I have not only been at all his concerts, but I am also the first to applaud."

We preferred to let Haydn speak, that from his own words we might judge of his greatness of soul. The undiminished fatherly affection that the great master showed towards his pupil was like heaping coals of fire on the latter ; he felt more and more the unworthiness of his conduct ; he blushed at his simplicity in being caught in the meshes of the "Professionals," and thereby placing himself in opposition to his honored friend. He would have kissed Father Haydn's hand, even if the latter had heaped abuse on him ; he would have considered this only a just retribution for his fault, and would have accepted the punishment humbly. But Haydn always treated him with the same fatherly love, never said an unkind word to him,—nay, his eye cast not a single glance of reproach. Pleyel regretted the day that ever he set foot in England.

Feeling that he must make some atonement to his master, he gave a dinner, to which all the musical celebrities of London were invited, and amongst them, of course, the "Professionals." Pleyel himself went to invite Haydn. He was embarrassed, and stammered as he asked his "father" to be present ; but the latter at once accepted the

invitation, laughing as he said in his own pleasant way: "I fear that in hospitable England I shall make myself ill by eating and drinking. When I remember how sparingly I once lived, like a hungry mouse that is content with anything, and compare this with the feasts that now follow in a perpetual round, I fear that I am becoming like the rich glutton in the Gospel who feasted sumptuously every day."

"Father Haydn," said Pleyel, hesitatingly, "will you come, even when I tell you that the 'Professionals' will also be there?"

"How can you ask such a silly question?" answered Haydn; "they belong to the fraternity, and they are not the worst, either. You may count on my presence at the banquet, for my opponents shall see that I neither hate nor fear them."

Accordingly Haydn went. His friends received him with hearty welcome; his opponents, with silent respect. Though he was very reluctant to take the place of honor, Pleyel's urgency was so great that he yielded. At first the guests were ceremonious and distant, after the English fashion; but wine soon loosened their tongues, and when at last the sherry passed around, the barriers of cold reserve were entirely broken down. Wit and jest circulated freely. One person only did not

share in the general good humor, but sat gloomy and silent. This was Pleyel. When his neighbors invited him to drink, he shook his head; and if asked why he was so silent, he cast on the questioner a long and vacant stare. But he suddenly seized his tall, slender sherry glass, arose, and requested silence; and then he addressed the guests, in a slightly tremulous voice, as follows:

“I have but little to say, but that little is in fulfilment of a duty of justice and gratitude. Some months ago I was invited to direct the concerts of a distinguished musical society here, and to produce my own compositions. I rejoiced at the honor that was done me, and never thought that I, the pupil, was to be pitted against my master, to whom I owe everything. What I did not feel then, I feel doubly now: I should not have done what I did. Not that with my compositions I could have cast even a momentary shadow on the glory of Haydn; but I am accused, with apparent justice, of attempting to gain a victory over my teacher. Thousands have bitterly reproached me for this; only one has refrained from doing so—Haydn himself. He looked on my fault with a partial eye, and his heart did not doubt mine. For this I thank him. But for having been seemingly ungrateful, I beg him here in presence of you all to forgive me.”

Haydn sat trembling in his chair. Tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. He had repeatedly shook his head during Pleyel's speech, as if dissatisfied with his pupil's self-accusation; and when the latter had finished, he could only offer him both hands in silent emotion. Pleyel hastened to his master to kiss his hand, but Haydn arose and pressed his friend to his bosom. For a moment all present were speechless under the enchantment of the scene; then followed a storm of applause, and "Long live Haydn!" was shouted by friends and opponents.

During his stay in London Haydn received many letters from his wife, none of which was calculated to cheer him in the opposition that he met with; but the last was the crown of all. After speaking of indifferent matters, his wife expressed the hope that he had attended to her advice, and had saved enough to enable her to gratify a wish. In the suburb called Gumpendorf she had seen a little cottage that pleased her very much, and as only two thousand gulden were asked for it, she requested him to send her that amount, for she had made up her mind that "after his death she would take up her residence there as a widow."

"So she expects my death, then!" said Haydn. He sent neither money nor answer. When he returned to Vienna he purchased the house, which,

however, was not destined to be her widow's residence, but where Haydn himself passed the last days of his life in solitary peace.

His contract with Salomon fulfilled, his heart turned towards home. "*Auf wiedersehen!*"* cried thousands of loving friends to him as he was taking his leave.

"If it be the will of God," cried Haydn, deeply touched; "my heart does not say no."

* "*Till we meet again!*"

CHAPTER XXV.

MOZART dead! The news had reached Haydn a good while before, but now that he was back in Vienna, he felt the loss in its full force. His wife received him coldly.

“Did you not save enough in London to gratify my wish to buy the house in Gumpendorf?”

“I did not care to send it to you!”

“Very kind, indeed, on your part! And why not, pray?”

“You would have wasted the money, and not bought the house.”

Madam Haydn bit her lip, and her eyes flashed angrily.

“By accusing me unjustly you wish to cover up your own extravagance in London, I suppose.”

“I have brought back twelve thousand gulden with me.”

These words produced an instantaneous change in Lina. She grew tender and sympathetic, and praised her husband's industry and economy, concluding her speech with the words: “You will go to London again, I hope.”

Haydn made no answer.

It was shortly after this that he purchased the house in Gumpendorf, and he informed his wife of the fact. She received the news very coolly, showing evidently that she was more bent on having the money than on buying the house.

But in this quiet and solitary residence peace did not dwell with Haydn. His wife, by that species of petty annoyance in which some women excel, made life more and more bitter for him. He bore this patiently for a long time, but at length he made up his mind to return to England. And thus, on January 14, 1794, the master made his second voyage. We must be brief in our account of it. One fact is worthy of being related, as showing, not only how highly he was esteemed by the English, but, what is still better, as giving evidence of his goodness of heart.

In a certain company Haydn heard mention of a music dealer who had twelve children to support, and who, without any fault of his, was so reduced in circumstances that the terrors of the debtors' prison stared him in the face. He listened to the account in silence, and got the address of the poor man. Next morning he presented himself at Napire's residence. An elderly man, bowed down by grief, met him.

“ I am Joseph Haydn—”

“ Who does not know you ? ” interrupted Napire, bowing.

“ Good ! I have a little business with you.”

The music dealer turned pale at these words.

“ Tell me, is there anything in the line of music that can set the English wild with enthusiasm ? ”

“ As the German sings the praises of his Alps, so does the Englishman those of Scotland. Scotch songs—”

“ You have said enough. My proposition is this : I will compose fifty songs, which you will publish for me.”

Napire rubbed his hands in embarrassment.

“ I am, unfortunately, not in a position—”

“ Ah, excuse me ! I forgot to say that I will bear the expenses of publication.”

This was a happy relief to the poor man.

“ And your copy-money ? ”

“ This matter also we shall settle at once. Sir, give me your hand. God has not granted me the happiness of being a father, but you have twelve children. After long and bitter poverty, I have been blessed by God with the gifts of fortune, whilst you, without any fault of yours, have fallen into poverty, which is doubly embittered by your love for your children. Let us enter into an agree-

ment. I lend you my talent, and you will let me enjoy the happiness of freeing you and yours from your load of cares. May God grant his blessing to my work! and if he does, pay your debts with the profits; and if the profits should exceed this, you may give me one half the surplus, and keep the other half for your children."

Napire trembled with joyful excitement. "Then I have not prayed in vain to God for help!" he exclaimed, looking up to heaven. "And what you are doing for me and for my family will bring a rich blessing on your own life."

"My dear friend, why should you be astonished that Christianity shows itself living and active in the breasts of those that profess it?"

Haydn went home at once and composed the Scottish airs, with simple instrumental accompaniment, and the sale of them was so great that Napire was not only able to clear his debts, but was also enabled to pay the master a small amount. Haydn rejoiced like a child at this good deed, whilst in secret he prayed that his wife might not hear of it. He afterwards composed two hundred and thirty such airs.

The relations of our master with the English court, which was heretofore taken with Handel's music, and which now began to appreciate the

beauties of Haydn's, were growing more and more intimate. Haydn passed the summer with the Queen at Windsor, in order, as she said, that they might make music *tête-à-tête*, and in winter he was called upon to add to the grand festivities of the court by his compositions. There was a temptation for Haydn in this. The English, and especially the royal court, do not count the cost when there is question of binding a great man to their country. Haydn had already learned from experience that when the Briton is enthusiastic for art, he readily gives pounds where the saving German will hesitate about pence. The one that interested himself most of all to retain Haydn was the Prince of Wales, for whom he directed twenty-six concerts. If the Prince formed an exception to the English nobility, and forgot to pay the great master, it was because of his enormous debts, which had altogether destroyed in him the habit of paying. Later on, Parliament took this duty off his hands, and Haydn was amply indemnified.

The king urged him to remain in England altogether. Haydn refused positively. "I owe everything to the princely house of Esterhazy. It was under its protection that I had the opportunity to develop my talent, and to soar to the eminence

which I have attained. I had rather forfeit the genius of music than be ungrateful."

"Your views in this matter are noble," answered the king. "You need not therefore write your resignation to the house of Esterhazy. When I ask them to resign you to me, Esterhazy cannot be offended."

"And yet I cannot comply with your majesty's wish."

"Oh, I forgot that you are married!" said the king, laughing. "Send for your wife to join you here."

Haydn turned pale. The remembrance of his wife was not a pleasant one.

"Your majesty, all the powers of earth could not induce my wife to cross the Danube, still less to make the journey here."

"Not even love of you?"

"No, your majesty."

The king fixed a long, searching look on Haydn. That *no* was uttered so sadly as to betray a deep secret grief.

There was a painful interruption in the conversation. Haydn was the first to speak, in order to prevent the king from penetrating farther. "And if all the hills were levelled, and all the obstacles

removed, nothing could conquer my longing for my native land."

The king broke off the audience abruptly. Haydn had fallen into disfavor, and when he gave his farewell concert, the royal court was conspicuous by its absence. This was a severe blow to Haydn's sensitive heart. He soon cancelled all his engagements, and packed up his trunk. Again he took back with him twelve thousand gulden. The applause he received in his second visit was not darkened by any jealousy or intrigue, and yet his heart was sad. He was taking leave of thousands who looked gratefully after him, and whom he was not to meet again. But his homesickness, that mysterious pain of the soul, had been growing on him each day, and at last the time of his departure came. It was on the 15th day of August, 1795.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WE find Haydn once more in his quiet Tusculum at Gumpendorf. His wife received him more kindly than could be expected—on account of the money that he brought back with him. This amiability of hers, however, was of short duration, for when she found that she could not handle the money, the thermometer of her good behavior fell immediately below zero.

Esterhazy had raised Haydn's salary to two thousand four hundred gulden ; so that, with the interest of his earnings in England, his old age was secured against the harrowing cares of his youth. The master, however, was not a man to content himself with an idle life ; he looked around for some grand idea that he could embody in music. In England Salomon had suggested to him to set to music a long poem of Lidley's, entitled *The Creation*. When the volume was brought to him he was frightened at its size, and asked whether he was expected to set the whole Bible to music. In addition to the senseless prolixity of the text, Haydn did not sufficiently understand English to follow the poet throughout ; and

inferior poets are often harder to understand than good ones. He struggled with the text for some time, and then threw it into his trunk in disgust. One day, as he was tossing over the papers brought back with him from England, he happened on this work of Lidley's. An idea flashed upon his mind. He put the volume aside, and when evening came he took it under his arm and walked off towards the interior of the city.

The Baron Gottfried van Swieten had become a particular friend of his, and during Mozart's life he used frequently to visit Van Swieten's hospitable dwelling. Years had drawn them together in closer bonds of friendship. The baron had charge of the imperial library in Vienna, and in his leisure hours he cultivated poetry and music. Haydn, it is true, found Van Swieten's poetry stiff and dry as the author, but he was careful not to say this to the conceited and sensitive baron.

Swieten received him in his usual friendly manner, and yet there was something to show that he did not lose sight of the distinction between the nobleman and the plain citizen. This was in exact keeping with the spirit of the time, and the more fiercely the prerogatives of the nobility were ground beneath the heels of the Jacobins in France, so

much the more jealously were they guarded in Germany.

“Here I bring you something choice!” exclaimed Haydn, producing the thick volume from under his arm. “A silly fellow here describes the creation of the world as minutely as if he had been present and had looked on from his reporter’s table whilst the omnipotence and wisdom of God called the world into existence. I have attempted to weave a melody out of the substance. For the first time in my life my ideas crumbled like fragments of glass, and the longer I tried, the dryer grew my soul. It seems that my experience would have been like that of Jonas and the ivy, had I not thrown the thing away in time. But there is an idea running through the whole that thrills my soul with joy and fills it completely. Use the talent that God has given you, and reduce the ponderous work of the talkative Englishman to a reasonable size; give me ideas, pictures, and not mere words, and I promise you music therefor that will honor me, and still more your noble work.”

Van Swieten turned over the leaves for a long time, read, smiled, now shaking his head disapprovingly, then appearing deeply interested.

“Haydn,” he exclaimed, looking up at last,

“leave the volume with me! I will arrange the text so that you cannot fail to be pleased with it. You are right: in spite of all absence of form, there lies beneath the surface a burning, a mighty idea, which, put in music by you, cannot fail to be overpowering to the audience. And yet—” He stopped, and looked at Haydn intently.

“You have some doubts on the subject?”

“I do not deny it. How old are you now, my dear Haydn?”

“I lately celebrated my sixty-fourth birthday. I understand you: you think that at my age the soul has lost its elasticity and its creative strength. Never mind. Do not keep me waiting too long for the text.”

After eight days he again visited Van Swieten. “I come for the manuscript, for I am impatient to begin the composition.”

“You must wait!” said the baron, peevishly.

“What! wait! Have I not already lost a precious week? I want to begin my work this very day.”

Van Swieten, who was somewhat excitable, especially when his pride was touched, and who had not yet put his hand to the text, was annoyed. “Do you imagine, then, that as God created the

world in six days, I could dash off the text for you in a week? If you do not know what it is to have patience, you had better learn."

Haydn departed, but with the firm resolve to compel Van Swieten to go to work. He therefore gave the following order to his servant: "You are to go every morning at eleven o'clock to Herr van Swieten's; give him my regards, and say that I sent you for the promised manuscript. You may perhaps be treated harshly, or even thrown down the steps, but no matter about that, provided you succeed in getting it."

And he did succeed. On the second day the servant brought back the first page; and, though Van Swieten was at first very angry at the boldness of the servant, who returned every day with the same question, he soon became accustomed to it, and at last he even laughed, and was glad that Haydn forced him to work quickly. When he gave the servant the last page, he said: "Tell your master that now I will go to him every day and urge and drive him."

Haydn laughed at the message, locked himself up in his room, and began the work. But before doing so he knelt down on the floor and prayed: "O Lord! consider it not presumption in me to attempt to sing thy omnipotence. I do it to thy

honor, and I hope and trust that thou wilt grant me thy blessing."

And now he began to work with his usual activity. On the third day there was a knock at his door. Haydn did not answer. The knocking became louder and more importunate.

"What is the matter?" cried Haydn, impatiently.

"I want to convince myself that you are at work," answered Van Swieten from outside, "and to know how far you have advanced."

"The water has not yet left the earth," replied Haydn. "You see, therefore, that I have not solid ground on which to receive you."

Van Swieten had to be satisfied with the answer and to go home again. He had the good sense not to return till after a week had passed, and then Haydn received him cordially.

"Now, my dear Haydn," asked Van Swieten, "have you got out of chaos yet?"

"The grass begins to grow," answered Haydn, in the same pleasant humor. "We only want the animals to feed on it."

"They will soon come."

"I hope so."

Haydn seated himself at his instrument and began to play the parts that were ready. Van Swieten was entirely carried away by the mighty

strains which fell upon his soul like the breath of God ; he closed his eyes, and saw in the melodies the picture of the world coming into existence. Long after Haydn had ceased to play the baron sat dreaming in his chair. At last he opened his eyes slowly. In silence he reached both hands to the master ; his eyes were filled with tears.

“ It is not you alone that have composed this : God has spoken to your soul. Haydn, I will not return again until you send for me : it would be a sin to disturb you in such a work as this.”

The success of the *oratorio* at its first performance was unexampled. All tongues sang the praises of the great master ; jealousy was silenced. Even poets like Wieland took up their pens to immortalize the greatness of Haydn. Michael Haydn, after reading the partition, cried out, enthusiastically : “ The manner in which my brother deals with eternity in his choruses is something extraordinary.” Haydn himself says of this work : “ Sometimes I was icy cold all over my body, sometimes I was all on fire, and more than once I feared that I should have a stroke of apoplexy.” Vienna, Austria, Germany joined in singing the praises of the creator of *The Creation*. Haydn’s name was on all tongues, in all hearts. Foreign lands also took up the praises of this great work. On December 24, 1800, Napoleon Bona-

parte was on his way to the theatre to hear the famous composition. An infernal machine threatened his life. For a moment the little Corsican stopped to watch the flashing flames, his lips compressed, his eyelids unmoved; then he cried out, in a firm voice: *Allez toujours, ne manquons pas la "Création" de Haydn*,—"Go on; let us not miss Haydn's *Creation*."

When the performances of Haydn's *oratorios*, and especially of *The Creation*, had produced large sums for charitable purposes, the authorities of the city of Vienna at last felt called upon to issue a medal in honor of the great master,—a man who gave his partitions around to every good work without asking any return. And this was the extent of the recognition of the city authorities.

Haydn now wished to rest and recuperate. He had not overestimated the powers of his soul, but he had overtaxed those of his body. It was his intention to keep at work till the end of his days according to the inspiration of the moment: the melodies would keep humming and buzzing in his soul like glittering chafers in the evening sun: but for a great work he felt that he had no longer the strength, the composition of *The Creation* having shaken his nerves thoroughly.

But it was to be otherwise. The brilliant suc-

cess of Haydn's *Creation* set Van Swieten in a fever of excitement. He who had entertained serious doubts about the former gigantic composition on account of his friend's advanced age, designed a new and similar work for him, though he had meanwhile grown older and weaker. He prepared the text of Thomson's didactic poem, *The Seasons*, for an *oratorio*, and suggested to Haydn to write music for it. The master could not help feeling serious doubts as to its success.

"I am afraid that the oil in the cruse will not hold out. And besides I should injure my own reputation; for either my new work will exceed the former in beauty, and then I shall be throwing my favorite work into the shade, or *The Seasons* will fall below the previous work, and my reputation will be diminished."

But Van Swieten would not listen to reason. "Are not all the stars in heaven beautiful?" he asked, enthusiastically. "Does one of them diminish the brilliancy of another? Certainly not. Thus it will be with you, dear Haydn. One work will raise the reputation of the other, and will increase the glory of your name."

"And my strength?"

"It will not fail."

Haydn shook his head doubtfully. "I will make

the attempt," he answered. "If it be the will of God, I shall bring the work to an end; should he refuse me strength, at least I shall die like a good soldier on the field of battle."

But Van Swieten, whose artistic and æsthetic taste we are not going to deny, committed not a few grave errors in the preparation of this text, which he would have criticised severely in any one else, but to which he was entirely blind, because they were his own faults. As soon as Haydn began the composition his refined feelings at once perceived in those unfortunate passages a harsh discord. Baron Van Swieten went so far that in one place he required Haydn to express in music the croaking of frogs after nature. The master was shocked at such an idea, and at once rejected it.

"I will not turn into caricature an art which to me is holy!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

But Van Swieten was obstinate. "I will not change a syllable in my text."

He proposed to Haydn that he should adapt airs from other operas. It was now Haydn's turn to be angry.

"I also will not change anything,—not a single note!" he cried. "I will not steal, and adorn myself in the feathers of other birds."

The friends separated in anger, and their long-

lived friendship was in danger of being totally destroyed. That it was not was owing to Haydn's noble heart; the proud, cold baron never would have taken the first steps towards a reconciliation.

In the composition, Haydn proposed to imitate nature. To revenge himself somewhat for this constraint, he represented drunkenness to the life in the concluding *fugue*, with that genial *abandon* that was one of his characteristics. He himself says of the passage: "My head was so full of the crazy trash, 'Long live wine! Long live the bottle!' that I let everything go wild; I can, therefore, find no better name for it than the drunken *fugue*."

"At last!" With these words Haydn laid down his pen. The work was finished, but his strength was also gone. He fell into a severe nervous fever, during which his wild fancies were constantly running on music. It seemed as if the Angel of Death were extending his dark wings over him, but the spark of life blazed up again.

The Seasons was first presented in the Palace of Schwarzenberg. Haydn himself directed. During the performance tears often flowed from his eyes, so affected was he by the beauty of his own work, which the whole world of culture still continues to admire and applaud. What his opinion on this *oratorio* was we learn from the answer that he gave

the Emperor Francis, when asked which of the two *oratorios* he preferred. "I esteem *The Creation* higher," he said; "for in it the angels of God speak; but in *The Seasons* it is only the peasant Simon that talks."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was April, 1799, a month of clouds and hail and storms. But there was something more gloomy in the air than the mere disagreeable weather of April: Napoleon, after his victories in northern Italy, had forced his way into Styria, across the Alps, which divide Italy from Carinthia, and, at the head of his victorious army, was coming towards Vienna, which had no longer a defense in its own troops, they being in full flight before the enemy.

When this news reached the city the gay inhabitants were filled with consternation. There was still another cause for their fears. The imperial court had fled from Vienna to Pressburg. The people stood whispering in groups in the streets and in the squares. A train of wagons passed along. Hungarian soldiers, with drawn swords, rode on both sides of the twelve wagons, on which great iron chests were carried. The crowds moved aside. For a little while there was deep silence; nothing was to be heard but the dull rolling of

wheels, as the heavily-laden wagons moved slowly over the pavement.

"They are carrying away the dead from the imperial vaults!" was whispered from mouth to mouth.

"It is a poor outlook for the living when even the dead flee from Vienna!"

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed an excited individual. "Do you think that the emperor now troubles himself about the dead? Fools that you are! In those iron chests they are carrying away the treasures of the country. We miserable wretches must give even the shirt from our backs. The best thing we can do is to imitate the emperor: let each one pack up and leave the city. Whither, I do not know; perhaps to join the gypsies or the Turks. It is better than to fall into the hands of Napoleon's soldiers."

The people became more and more excited, and their excitement was soon turned into a tumult.

"We owe all our misfortunes to the 'Emperor of Vienna'; he is to blame for all," a shrill voice shouted. The title "Emperor of Vienna" was given by the populace to the all-powerful but exceedingly unpopular Prime Minister Thugut.

The mob took the direction to the palace of the minister, and with loud outcries demanded that he

should make peace with Napoleon, and thus avert the threatened danger.

The minister appeared on the balcony, and gave the people fair words to pacify them ; but when he saw the police and the military hastening forward, he turned his back on the crowd and went into his dwelling.

Haydn knew nothing of what was going on. Buried in deep solitude, when his friends came to entertain him with the news of the day, he answered : “ Leave me in peace ! With all our complaining we cannot change things. It would be better for each one to do his duty as a citizen, and say an occasional ‘ Our Father ’ for our afflicted country, than to find fault with the emperor and his generals.”

Serious, melancholy, at one time praying, and then composing, Haydn felt as if a heavy cloud hung over him. Now he attempts to compose, but finds no melody, then he takes up his beads once more. He feels as if his room were too narrow for him. Suddenly he starts up, throws his cloak across his shoulders, and hurries out towards the centre of the city. He wishes to look on his fellow-men once more, and to gather comfort and hope from their countenances.

The president of the regency, Count Francis Saurau, had appealed to the patriotism of the Viennese, and his appeal for the defense of the capital

was enthusiastically received. It was resolved to surround the city with intrenchments ; thousands of hands worked at the defenses, and numbers capable of bearing arms joined the *Landsturm*. Students, artists, merchants, formed themselves into separate corps. On the 17th of April the blessing of banners was to take place near the gate called the Schotten-thor. Haydn went with the crowd. The troops had filled the entire square and awaited the beginning of the ceremonies. A happy chance directed Haydn to the immediate vicinity of the musicians' stand. His surprise was great when he found there his young friend, Ludwig von Beethoven.

“You here !” he cried, joyfully reaching him his hand.

“Of course I am ! Why should I remain at home when all devote themselves to the protection of fatherland ? Even though my arm is not trained to use sword and musket, I will, as leader of the musicians, take care that the fire of patriotism does not become extinct in the hearts of the soldiers.”

Haydn looked at his friend with a sort of jealousy. “Happy are you !” he exclaimed ; “you can serve your country with the strength of your soul, even as though you were fiercely driving a thousand swords through the ranks of the enemy. I have grown old, and I must look on idly while fiery youth

and strong men expose their lives for their country. Friend, in my lifetime I have seen days when I could have measured my poverty against that of the last beggar, and I should have come out victorious ; but never was I so poor as at this moment."

Beethoven shook his head. " Were I Joseph Haydn," he answered, significantly, " I would call up the wealth that God has bestowed upon my soul, would go home and compose my grandest piece, in which I would express all the love of emperor and country and people that lies in the truest heart, and I would cast the song like a dart of fire amongst the people."

" Beethoven," cried Haydn, enraptured, " may God reward you for that word ! "

" Will you do it ? "

" I must ! "

Homeward he rushed. It was almost noon. His wife received him peevishly. " Where in the world have you been ? I have packed up all that is valuable in the house."

" Then you may unpack again : I will not move a step from here."

" And if the enemy come, I shall perish through your obstinacy ! "

" The enemy will not set foot in Vienna."

Haydn went to his room, where he sat for a long

time plunged in thought. Then he suddenly remembered those simple words: "God save Francis, the Emperor, our good Emperor Francis!"*

He sits down at the piano; his countenance is lighted up. Over and over he plays the mighty and yet child-like melody, and then the old man sings the words in a tremulous voice. Now there is silence. He seats himself at the table and sets down the melody.

George appears at the door. "Bring me something to eat, and a bottle of wine."

The old servant looks at his beloved master with a happy smile, whilst the latter eats and drinks heartily.

The door-bell rings, and Beethoven is announced. Haydn receives him with a hearty embrace. Beethoven looks intently into the beaming countenance of his aged friend.

"You have kept your word!"

"How do you know it?"

"I read it in your flashing eye."

"You have read aright."

George brought another bottle of wine and a second glass, and retired. For an hour or so the friends chatted familiarly. Then Beethoven went to the piano.

* *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, Unsern guten, lieben Franz!*

“Haydn, come here. You owe me a song.”

The master played, *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser.*

“Play it again, I pray you.”

And then they grasped each other’s hands.

“You have sung a song,” said Beethoven, deeply moved, “which will become the heart-pulse of our people. God bless Austria! Days of peaceful sunshine or of gloomy trial may pass over our fatherland, and yet will this air ever continue to rekindle the fires of patriotism; and woe to the day when it is laid aside for another! On that day we may look for the downfall of Austria; for there is no one that sings the love of emperor and fatherland more truly than you do, my dear, my great, my *Austrian* Joseph Haydn!”

Their glasses clinked. “God save our Emperor Francis!” whispered both men, with tearful eyes.

Haydn’s melody was caught up by the whole people, and served, not to enkindle their love for the emperor’s house, for this had never been extinguished, but to reanimate their courage and their hopes; everywhere the grand melody was sung and played. And when the author of this imperishable air appeared on the streets, the Viennese saluted him respectfully, or pressed forward to grasp his hand with overflowing gratitude.

Eight years later, there came once more sad times for Vienna. At Brünn and Austerlitz the thunder of cannon had shaken the earth. Napoleon was this time opposed by a superior force, and it seemed that at last victory must be on the side of Austria. In growing expectation the Viennese await the news of victory. At last columns of soldiers are seen coming along the roads, and the people shout for joy, and cry out: "Our victorious soldiers are returning!" But after a while they perceive to their consternation the French tricolor waving in the breeze. Terror overpowers them. The wild strains of the *Marseillaise* tear their hearts, and, with flashing eyes, they look on as the columns enter by the suburbs of Gumpendorf. Suddenly the music is hushed, the soldiers halt, the leader and one of his officers converse for a short time, four soldiers move from the ranks and with difficulty make for themselves a passage through the spectators towards a plain-looking house, which is well known to the Viennese. It is Haydn's residence. For a moment the people look on in silent expectation, and then from a thousand voices comes the cry: "They are going to make Father Haydn prisoner!" But the four men do not enter Haydn's dwelling, near which they place themselves as a guard of honor and protection. The Viennese are surprised; and

their surprise is increased when the French band strikes up that charming air from *The Creation*,

“ With verdure clad the fields appear.”

The good people of Vienna at that moment did their enemies great injustice : they looked upon the whole proceeding as a bitter mockery of their beloved Haydn and of themselves. And even our great master was moved to indignation, and he appeared at the window, his furrowed cheeks giving evidence of his feelings. As soon as the people caught sight of him, they threw their hats into the air, waved their handkerchiefs, and a thousand voices sang in chorus : *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*.

The French troops moved slowly along the streets towards the interior of the city. They had not intended to insult the great Haydn, but rather to express their grateful homage to the author of *The Creation*. That neither the Viennese nor Haydn understood them is easily accounted for, but their conduct does none the less honor to a chivalrous enemy.

From that time forward Haydn every day played his national anthem after his morning prayers. He thought it must bring down a blessing on his emperor and his country.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE master's hair had long since turned white, his cheeks were wrinkled, and a peace that belongs not to this earth beamed in his countenance. His wife was dead. She had brought but little sunshine to his heart, had never known how to value him ; but now that she was gone, he thought of her only in his prayers. He passed his days like a hermit that has long since forgotten the world, and thinks only of eternity. But his silent meditations were broken in upon for a moment. In the hall of the University, *The Creation* was to be performed. The people wished not only to listen to the glorious production, but also to gaze upon the master for the last time. Haydn was alarmed when he received the invitation. He hesitated for a long time, doubting whether he would have the strength to appear in the concert-hall. But his heart conquered. The musicians await near their stands in silent expectation ; the hall is packed to the utmost ; people speak only in whispers. Then the folding doors are thrown open and Haydn is borne in, accompanied by many of Vienna's highest nobility. A shout of

joy rings through the hall which sounds like thunder: *Es lebe Haydn!*—"Long live Haydn!" The drums and trumpets add to the noise.

Haydn's place is beside Princess Esterhazy, whose hand he kisses in silence. The Rector Magnus, Salieri, Beethoven, surround him with hearty greetings. He grasps their hands in return. Ladies press forward and throw their costly shawls on his knees and over his shoulders. All are deeply moved at sight of the trembling and happy old man. The *oratorio* begins. It is performed in a masterly style. Haydn sits with his head bowed down. The first part is ended, and thunders of applause ring through the hall. The master arises and points to heaven. "It is all given from above!" he cries, in a trembling voice. Then he signifies a wish to be taken home. The sedan-chair is brought; he is lifted into it tenderly, and is borne from the hall. Thousands of hands are reached out to him in farewell. He cannot press them all, much though his heart would wish it, but his eye thanks them. Then the folding doors—and the world—close behind Haydn.

His friends came with loving anxiety to see him; each wished to look at him, to speak to him a word of affection. And he would gladly have admitted them all, but his strength did not allow it. Seventy-

seven years bow a man down and sap his strength. The shoulders stoop, the limbs refuse their accustomed services, the hands tremble, and mists gather before the watery eyes.

Haydn once remarked : “ The people of Vienna do not like my church music, and perhaps they are right. In this I am peculiar. In the *Kyrie* I prayed to God, not as a despairing sinner, or one that feared reprobation, but calmly and with resignation ; and I considered that an infinite God will surely deal mercifully with a finite creature, and will forgive dust for being dust. These thoughts made me joyful, and I could not contain my joy, so that I wrote my *Miserere* as an *allegro*.”

In his testament the great master had long before settled his earthly affairs ; and he also humbly and quietly regulated the affairs of his soul. “ I have regulated my life in the same manner as my compositions,” he said. “ As I began these with God, and always ended them with a *Laus Deo* !—‘ Praise be to God ! ’—so also the thought of God has been the golden thread that ran through all my life. With a *Laus Deo* I also wish to conclude my earthly existence.”

On the night of the 30th–31st of May, 1809, he calmly breathed forth his soul. The French, who

then held the city of Vienna, were not the last to show their reverence for the great man.

The inscription of Haydn's tombstone is simple enough ; but does not his mere name express more than high-sounding words ?

HAYDN
NATUS MDCCXXXII.
OBIT MDCCCIX.

